



風華正茂



風華正茂 STONE

昨天上



風光之華



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昨天 by 風弄 Introduction

Relying on my outstanding looks and

celebrated family's social standing, I engage in intriguing battles in the financial markets. Carefree and mischievously, stirred up *some*

trouble. Rong family's guileless and sincere eldest son, Rong YuJiang ignited in me noble aspirations like never before. I do all I can, using all my wiles, throwing myself behind him in the Rong family struggle for inheritance. Was it my compassion for the weak? Was it my delight in an amusing situation?

Or was it due to another reason for which I am unwilling to admit, that I have already fallen in love with him

Translated by non-native speaker. Suggestions

encouraged.

Posted on Sep. 25th, 2014 at 08:12 am

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 1

Yesterday by Feng Nong

Hong Kong, the so-called 'Pearl of the Orient', welcomes me

with open arms. Just as I'm entering the Rong family mansion, I see that the Rong patriarch is already standing by the door.

"A difficult journey eh, ShengSheng." the master of the house greets me.

"Uncle Rong." I politely answered him with a familiar kiss.

I don't know if this old man would mind my Western-style greeting. After all, Hong Kong is a place that still steeped in tradition. Nevertheless, he smiles and accepts my kiss. Dressed in a clean-cut suit, is the ever carefree Rong YuTing, hand in pocket, lightly smiling showing his white teeth.

"We were all looking forward to your arrival."

"Sorry to disturb everyone."

I'm a little unhappy with acquaintances using my familiar

name. It could be that this is how people from Hong Kong express affection.

"I was only going to stay in Hong Kong for a little while. I

didn't expect father would tell me come inconvenience Uncle Rong."

"Your father and me are old friends. Please don't be reserved and treat this place as your own home. "

Uncle Rong was all smiles. I exchanged a few more

pleasantries with the two of them before noticing a silent onlooker

in the background.

"Oh, YuJiang, you too come over and meet

ShengSheng"

Uncle Rong brings the taciturn person before me.

"ShengSheng, you are already familiar with YuTing but I don't

think you know my eldest son, YuJiang."

"Welcome to Hong Kong."

He extends his broad palm. Examining this bashful man, I

suddenly feel like smiling.

"How are you? Looks like I will be inconveniencing

you."

I intentionally squeezed his hand. Aware of my intention, he

only replies with a polite smile. Looks like this eldest Rong son

has a halo on his head. However, lacking the perceptive and

resourceful qualities of his younger brother, YuJiang is most

probably at a disadvantage when it comes to succeeding the

company.

"Young master Huang, I have already placed your luggage in

the your room."

The maid who helped me with my luggage politely informed

me.

"Thank you."

I released Rong YuJiang's hand and turned around to Uncle

Rong saying: "I would like to first take a bath. The long distance

flight was very tiring."

Uncle Rong replied: "Take your time and properly rest a

little. We will wait you to join us at dinner. I specially

instructed the kitchen to prepare French cuisine as I was not sure

if you would be used to Chinese dishes."

I returned a grateful smile while preparing to go upstairs.

Rong YuTing quickly came over: "I'll bring you to the guest room. Follow me." Worthy to be called the polished second son. Ready to take this opportunity to make a favorable impression on the son of an important director. I follow him upstairs. At the corner, I turned my head and caught sight of Rong YuJiang that was still standing in the living room. Coincidentally, Rong YuJiang also just raised his head to look at me. Seemingly following my movement upstairs. Meeting my gaze, he smiled lightly and nodded. I responded in kind and followed Rong YuTing's prompting into the room.

After a comfortable bath, I was almost too lazy to move.

Can't help resenting father turning my relaxing vacation into something like this. Asking an old friend to keep an eye on me. On the surface, the convenience of provided meals and accommodation. In reality it is to keep me from my mischief. On top that, looking for an opportunity to forge connections with the new Rong generation. Crafty old man. When does he ever stop thinking about his business dealings. No use in complaining, the host family is waiting for me to join them at dinner. I graciously changed my clothes and headed downstairs.

"Sorry for taking my time in the bath."

The three Rong family members were already seated in the spacious dining room. A few dishes have already been served.

"Not to worry. You arrived at just the right time."

Smilingly Rong YuTing said: "Looks practically alike." This person always effortlessly gives off an approachable vibe. I flipped my freshly coiffed hair, realizing that Rong YuTing and myself were dressed in matching white colored casual clothes. He constantly glanced over at me from behind gold wire framed glasses. Compared to him, Rong YuJiang appeared excessively introverted. Dressed in a conventional black suit with matching black framed glasses. Black framed glasses that are seldom seen in today's fashion. Rong YuJiang's attire gives off an even more docile feel.

"Elder brother Rong's are very unique."

"Eh?" Seemingly not expecting me to speak to him. He looked up at me stunned.

"Oh? I'm used to this set of glasses. I've worn them for many years."

"Seems sentimental. This type of people attach importance to emotions."

I smiled at Uncle Rong.

Uncle Rong said: "ShengSheng, YuJiang is quite reserved.

Please don't take offence."

"How could I? One look and I can tell that we would get along very well."

Someone at the side lightly coughed. I turned around and caught sight of Rong YuTing's uneasy expression. Rong YuTing brought a piece of steak to mouth, chewed and swallowed before asking me: "ShengSheng, where do you plan to have fun? I'm the best

guide there is in Hong Kong."

"Won't I get in the way of your work?"

"As the host, I must of course act like one."

I refused to accede, leaving an indifferent smile on my face.

The reason why these two sons are so eager to accommodate me, apart from my father's share in Rong's company stock, is also because I also have a powerful adoptive father. Before I came, mom already told me that the competition for succession in the Rong family had already reached the white-hot stage. Looks like Rong YuTing is already going all out to best his older brother. On the other hand, the pitiful Rong YuJiang calmly lowers his head and slices his steak oblivious to the impending crisis. He has essentially no vigilance, or maybe he is well aware that he is no match for his brother and resigned to the outcome. Why don't I comply with my fathers wishes for my visit here with the Rong family. If not only for my own personal excitement, looking on dispassionately is quite stimulating and amusing. Furtive look at YuTing's plate revealed that he had cut his steak to little pieces, quite like what I myself had done. He caught my looking and cracked a joke at the apparent similarity of our ways. I told myself that he one that is good at using calculated actions to seek affection.

"Rong 2nd brother..."

"ShengSheng, just call me YuTing."

"YuTing, you're such a busy person. I think it would be

better to ask Rong elder brother to accompany me wander around."

Once again, Rong YuJiang raised his head, stunned.

Turned his head towards Uncle Rong: "Pa, my **Sha Tou Kok** land development plan is not yet..."

"Alright, I won't bother Rong elder brother." I opened my mouth, not waiting for him to finish speaking after realizing his unwillingness. I HuangSheng am not used to being refused. Rong YuTing smiles on the side. I wonder if he always shows such an expression when his older brother carelessly offends someone. After dinner, I looked to my left and right. Looked like I learned a little something at dinner.

While sleeping in the room, I suddenly felt thirsty in the middle of the night. I got up and headed downstairs myself to look for the kitchen. After all, as a newly arrived guest, I did not want to put on airs and summon the maid to deliver water upstairs. The design of wealthy mansions are in fact, all about the same. Less than a minute, and I found the kitchen. Sauntering over, I discovered that the light was on. Don't tell me that the calculative Rong YuTing actually foresaw that I would be thirsty and is patiently waiting for me. My own merits I am well aware of. Relying on my considerable good looks and family pedigree, I am more than used dealing with influential people. Flirting among men. Often a dance will wind up dancing to bed. As a born businessman, each romp in bed carries the flavor or a business transaction. My old man never really had an issue with my irreputable deeds mostly because of this _____ my liaisons have served him well in **certain difficult situations**. Looking at Rong YuTing today, I'm already well aware that he has every intention of playing with me. Not only will he be able to show me off, he would make use of my

varied influential connections to his benefit. Hmph! He has severely miscalculated! Snickering, I entered the kitchen. I immediately froze. Surprisingly the one seated next to the little table is none other than Rong YuJiang. Changed from a suit to pajamas, black framed glasses nowhere to be seen. Slowly drinking mouthful after mouthful from the beer bottle in his hand. Silently looking at his back, I found his silent drinking manner extremely sexy. I like thick broad backs. Honestly speaking, Rong YuJiang's appearance is not even a little inferior to Rong YuTing. It's just that there is always something concealing his brilliance.

"Secretly drinking in the middle of the night, aren't you afraid that Uncle Rong will catch you?"

Jumping up in surprise, he turned around to look at me.

Smiling embarrassedly: "Looks like it's you." I could make out his attempt to conceal the worry between his eyebrows. Naturally, the inability to strike back at his younger brother in this power struggle, how can he not worry.

"I was a little thirsty. That's why I'm bold enough to commit a petty theft, coming to the kitchen to steal a little drink of water."

"I'm sorry. It's our oversight. We forgot to tell you that there is a fridge hidden in your bedside nightstand. Ai, that is of my design, resulting in guests always unable to find the fridge." He guiltily apologized sincerely. All of a sudden, I find him very interesting. I snatched away his beer with a flick of my hand. I looked straight into his eyes and pressed my lips on his. He

widened his eyes, seemingly a little at a loss, causing me to giggle happily. Turning on my seductive eyes, I said: "Really not willing to take me sightseeing, have some fun?"

How many financial notables have succumbed to my seduction?

How could Rong YuJiang resist?

"I...." He even started to breathe unevenly: "Tomorrow I have to...."

"Who said anything about tomorrow? Are we not allowed to open the Rong mansion gate at night?" I reached over and grabbed his hand. His jerky reaction suggests that he is not used to a man's seduction.

"Dressed like this?"

"Don't tell me Hong Kong forbids wearing pajamas in the streets." I dragged him out to the garage and forced him into his sportscar. Picked a random point on the GPS and asked Rong YuJiang to bring me there to have some fun. It was a well-made car. Smooth and steady yet fast. I opened the car window and let the wind rush in.

Rong YuJiang while driving had no choice but to look at me:

"The A/C is running out." I turned around and smiled sweetly at him. He immediately blushed up to his ears and turned back to look ahead. Not knowing the reason, I suddenly feel the urge to seduce. This naive fella has yet to taste a man's seduction. I casually unbuttoned my pajama top, allowing the wind to strike at my chest. Screeching brakes as we almost collided into a tree by the roadside.

"You...you..." The driver looked at me while breathing

unevenly.

"Don't tell me exposing one's chest in the car is forbidden under Hong Kong law?" I raised my brow. He looked at me for a long time.

Calmed down, and regaining his former gentle manner: "Put them back on ok, you'll get the chills." I really dislike people that resist my charm. I suddenly pulled him up by his collar.

"YuJiang, have you tried it with a man?" I asked breathily into his ear. Truly entertaining. The younger brother wants to seduce me while I fail to entice the older brother.

He struggled not to get up and wrinkled his brow: "I'm not gay."

"Ha! You think I am? It's the trend of the world these days.

Playful trysts in high society, who wouldn't have a go?" I've always hated prudes. More than willing to mess them up. However, this naive person's expression is really amusing. I couldn't help myself from provoking him.

"Kiss me." I ordered him.

"Why?"

"Then why did you agree to accompany me so late in the night?

What more in pajamas."

"Don't be unreasonable." He furrowed his thick black brows looking at my lips that I had delivered to his doorstep. Was he getting a headache from my provocative behavior or was it his sensible nature wrestling with his impulsive side? I leisurely watched him. More often than not, it is the most proper, most traditional, most obedient, most introverted people that succumb to

such taboo matters. Rong YuJiang being one of them. Such a night, with such a good atmosphere, dressed like this, and above all with me confidently oozing with sex appeal. How can Rong YuJiang not fall into this trap? Sure enough, he submits and lightly kissed me.

I smiled. Once again I've ruined something. I have lured this perfectly behaved young master Rong into a seductive abyss. My old man would surely benefit from this. Rong YuJiang's kiss was very tender. Although not extremely skilled, it was very pleasant. A very sincere feeling.

Hearing me giggle, he asked: "Why are you laughing?" One kiss later and his voice was unexpectedly full of tenderness. His deep voice leaving me a little drunk. Not all like those who could jump into bed one night and act like nothing happened the day after.

"Do you like me?" I asked with my head held high.

He looked at me and earnestly replied: "I do."

I sneered: "Just for how long have you known me? One minute and you've already fallen for me?"

"Just one second." He said: "I took one look at you when you entered the Rong house and I couldn't stop staring at you. Except that I was a little embarrassed."

I snorted. I really didn't expect that this rigid person could suddenly spout sweet nothings. At the pitch-black roadside, I simply took off my pajamas.

"Touch me."

He asked: "Touch where?" His heart was thumping, his throat dry.

"Right here." I grabbed his hand and put in on my groin. He hastily withdrew his hand as if he had been bitten by snake. I laughed.

"Kiss me." He obediently leaned over carefully towards my lips.

"Do you really like me?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"I don't know." I like the feel of my naked body on his. Rong YuJiang is very sturdy. I reached into his pajamas and stroked his back muscles.

"Do you like me touching you like this?"

"I do." He responded like a schoolboy. Must answer when asked. Clear and simple, incapable of deception.

"我知道自己的魅力已經散發出來，又多一個西裝褲下的臣子。估計著時間，花點心思，大約平均每晚上可以擺平一個。">****Sorry,**

I have no idea what these sentences mean.**

"YuJiang, call my name."

"ShengSheng....."

"Keep calling."

"ShengSheng, ShengSheng, ShengSheng....."

I smile as if I'm

"One of the four beauties of ancient China">**Yang**

GuiFei's descendent in the night. Silently return

to Rong mansion. The next day, the Rong father and sons were already in the middle of breakfast when I came downstairs.

"Good morning, Uncle Rong, YuJiang, YuTing." There is a bowl of plain white congee in front of Uncle Rong. He said:

"Good morning ShengSheng. I wanted to ask the maid to call you downstairs for breakfast but YuJiang said that we should let you sleep in after your long distance flight. That's why we didn't wake you." I shot a quick look at YuJiang and caught sight of him overcautiously lowering his head to look at his own breakfast. I couldn't help but smile, curling up my lips to say:

"YuJiang is very attentive. Thanks to you, I managed to get a good sleep." Rong YuTing interjected:

"That's right, big brother is attentive. ShengSheng, what are your plans today? I will act as your appointed driver."

"There's no need for that. Papa said that since I'm here in Hong Kong, I should play less and learn from Uncle Rong. I think it would be better for me to follow all of you to Rong enterprise to observe." I smiled as I lowered my head to hide my look of despise from Rong YuTing. It's much too late, Rong YuTing. This time you can't compare with the swift-footedness of your elder brother. I furtively looked at the warm and gentle Rong YuJiang. My heart suddenly filled with sweetness. Incomparably alluring, a feeling I have not experienced before this. That's right, the swift-footed one is actually me. I secretly laughed. After breakfast we all headed for the office. I declared in front of everyone that I wanted to sit in YuJiang's car.

"I really like this car model. Comfortable and reliable."

Rong YuTing who all along wanted to drive me had an unsightly look on his face but forced a smile and opened Rong YuJiang's car door for me. Sitting in the driver's seat, Rong YuJiang didn't know

whether to laugh or cry.

"What is it? Are you afraid that I leaked out my intentions?"

I asked.

"I didn't expect you to be so bold. Aren't you afraid that they would start to wildly speculate?" Sure enough, this well-behaved son behavior is back one night later. I

groaned:

"The more evasive you are, the more people will suspect.

These tactics you should learn a little."

"Yes, yes, I don't understand." The man laughs lightheartedly while driving, looking at me with eyes full of tenderness. I suddenly feel happy sitting like this by his side. I realized to my dismay and said to Rong YuJiang:

"You know what? You are inherently very seductive."

"Oh?"

"That's because one look from you, and my heart leaps." These words were half truths but he seemed to take them at face value. Happily glanced at me with his handsome face suddenly bright red. My heart leapt and I blushed. I couldn't help but imagine how it would be when he and I made love. This simpleton. Last night was such a good opportunity but he actually grit his teeth and restrained himself from touching me. I know there is an intense struggle in his heart. I feel a little moved with how he regards me with respect ----- but this respect is not at all what I wish for.

Two men dressed in pajamas with unresolved feelings returned to their respective rooms. On top of that the passionate kisses. The

end result was me tossing and turning in frustration the whole night. Raining curses on the lovable but conservative Rong YuJiang. This really is the first time I've come across a man with such integrity.

Upon reaching the company, we grandiosely entered the office.

Simple furnishings, desktop piled high with files. One glance and I'm already well aware of how Rong YuTing throws all the toilsome work at his elder brother. I walked up to the files. Carefully divided files with neatly written instructions. This person is actually not stupid, with a conscientious work ethic.

"Papa's office is up one floor. YuTing's office is next door." YuJiang closed the door and smiled at me.

"Did you tell me that to warn me not to be brazen in the office?" I narrowed my eyes at him. YuJiang smiled shyly and came over to stand at my side. I know he wants to sidle up to me but lacked the courage to be suave. I sighed and guided his hand to encircle my waist. That hand immediately tightened around my waist seemingly unwilling to ever let go.

"Does YuTing always take advantage of you?" I sneered.

"This type of younger brother will sooner or later swallow you up." His refined and polished face showed no signs of change as he lowered his head towards my neck and breathed:

"Don't speak of YuTing this way. This is unavoidable when you're born into a rich and powerful family." I suddenly remember the story of the Buddhist monk who felt pity for the hungry wolf that was about to eat him. Simpleton..... Scary to think how I

have such a favorable impression of a simpleton. I stayed in YuJiang's office the whole day, looking at him busily working. His secretary and him just like him, born under an ill star. Carrying files back and forth like a spinning top. There was no activity on Rong YuTing's side. Definitely not hard at work like YuJiang.

"Papa has called for us for a little meeting. You coming?"

Although I must have attending meetings, I find myself nodding my head as I was too used to having him in my sights.

"Of course I will go. I'm also considered a future shareholder." I pulled his hand and left the office and ran into YuTing that was also coming out from his office. Rong YuTing's face changed slightly when he spotted our joined hands. This fellow who is probably used to be better at everything than his elder brother if probably furious at his failure in tempting me into his own hands. We entered Uncle Rong's presidential office together. Uncle Rong came straight to the point.

"Have you all seen this round of urban construction tender recruitment from the government?"

"I have already seen it. I just had a meeting with the subordinate engineer." Rong YuTing vied to be the first talk. I looked at YuJiang. He was just on the phone confirming all the details and should have a good hold on this subject. Who would expect him to say:

"It would be good to have YuTing handle this matter. He is very experienced with urban construction." This project is a big undertaking. Why is he unwilling to vie for this in front of Uncle

Rong? I furtively pinched him. No wonder you are always getting bullied! YuJiang silently suffered my pinch. I turned around to see Rong YuTing's arrogant manner and at once felt my hate for him increase. Coming down from the short meeting, our ears were full of Rong YuTing's boastful description of his own plan. I rolled my eyes a few times and finally calmed down. Once inside YuJiang's office, I asked him to his face:

"Why did you not open your mouth? Aren't you also capable of handling this?" His desktop was full of meticulous official documents. All showing his obvious capability. He said:

"You don't understand."

"Fine, you tell me. What is it that I don't understand." He simply said:

"I am adopted. I am not papa's own son. Only YuTing is." I

was stupefied. Rich and powerful families undoubtedly will have a great deal of secrets. Among them there will be a lot of bits and pieces that are hidden deeply. Yet he calmly revealed this secret to me who he has just met for one or two days. Made me a little unsettled.

"Even YuTing doesn't know this." YuJiang gave a wry smile.

"He wholeheartedly takes me as an adversary not knowing that I can't contend with him."

"Then why did you tell me this?" He smiled:

"I don't want you to be resentful because of me." Of course I am resentful because of him. All the work in the company is done by him , but the glory is all for Rong YuTing. In this manner, this

Rong family eldest soon would probably not inherit a single cent of the Rong family fortune in the future. Looking at him seemingly like an oppressed willing-ox, I felt even more resentful.

"Why not challenge?" I bit my lip: "The adopted son also has the right of inheritance." He paused slightly and gave me a disapproving look. Such blind devotion, since ancient times have also met with the same sad end. With me at his side, of course it won't end in such a pitiful condition. I secretly clenched my fist and regarded myself as a hero to help those who were oppressed. Looks like the psychological tests I have taken were right. I really am the impulsive type. But why should I not be impulsive for the sake of this lovable yet meek YuJiang. Maybe this plan will also be beneficial to my family. Can't say I'm snobbish. It's just that in my position, I can't but consider such things. Since it's settled, I will start my plan of playing the redeeming hero ----- Rong YuJiang's redeeming hero. Of course I have to first enlist some support. That very evening, I called my dad.

"Pa, what do you think of the Rong family internal power struggle?"

"What power struggle? Rong YuTing is already the clear winner."

"Not necessarily. I want to help Rong YuJiang."

"Oh? Why?" This old man can only be persuaded by profit. I said:

"Rong YuTing is devious. Rong YuJiang is honest and considerate. You as a shareholder should look for a president with

a good character. Furthermore, it would be easy to control an honest and straightforward person.

"Rong family is such an old and illustrious family. You think you can influence it?"

"Just sit back and watch. However, when I need the shareholder influence, Pa, you have to help me." Pa did not utter a sound on the phone but I know he is already persuaded. Perhaps he has already **shua shua**

shua written down the takeover Rong enterprise masterplan in his hand. After chatting on the phone, I lied down on my back on the bed. Momentary overcome with lofty ambitions. Kick open the firmly grasped in Rong YuTing's Rong enterprise and let the adopted Rong YuJiang take over. Can't explain why I truly want to help Rong YuJiang. Don't tell me I have already fallen in love with this person. I shake my head. This can't be, all my life I have never fallen in love with someone so quickly. My loins start to warm up as I remember the sweet moment when YuJiang hugged me in the office this morning. Let's just say it is for the sake of the Huang family. After all we already have a significant investment in this Rong enterprise. After all, it would be better to have Rong YuJiang at the helm, than to have to deal with Rong YuTing in the future. Finding an excuse for myself, I finally feel at ease and fell asleep.

Half dreaming and half awake, I suddenly sense movement before my eyes. I woke up with a start. One look and unexpectedly it is YuJiang sitting at my bedside. I feel a little pleasantly

surprised.

"It's you." I pat my frightened out of my mouth heart. He said:

"It's me." He lowered his head and lightly smiled: "I can't sleep, thinking you might be once again looking for water to drink, so I've come to check on you."

"But my room door is locked. You broke into my room in the middle of the night to check if I might be thirsty?" He said embarrassedly:

"I have the key." I suddenly feel that he is actually quite smooth. Prone to tempt people and start trouble. With ten thousand types of amorous feelings towards him I laugh:

"Looks like you had prepared the key a long time ago. At any time can request illicit sex with Rong family's guests." I boldly lift one of legs and put it on his shoulder and watched his flustered manner. The look in YuJiang's eyes were dying to eat me up into his belly but his manners remained as proper as always. He took my leg and gently placed it back on the bed. He pulled the coverlet over me:

"Be careful not to get chilled. The A/C in Rong house is especially strong."

"I'm not cold." I purposely revealed my delicate fair ankle and waved it under his eyes. He couldn't help but shake his head and caught my ankle and stuffed it under the coverlet. "YuJiang, do you truly like me?" Seems like I have already asked this question before. But there's no harm in asking once again.

"I do. Truly." I discovered that I have fallen in love with his voice.

"I want to work together with you."

"OK. With your status, you can absolutely participate in the executive council."

"I want you to accompany me everywhere wander about."

"Wait until I've finished the work at hand, and I will properly accompany you." After chatting for almost half an hour, I yawned and narrowed my eyes. YuJiang stood up and gently kissed my forehead. I closed my eyes, too lazy to keep them open. I grasped his pajama front firmly and brought his mouth towards my lips. I brought YuJiang's breathy kiss into the insides of my mouth. Tender and leisurely like thin rivulets flowing freely over moss covered rocks.

"Go to sleep." He whispered in a low voice in my ear. I entered into a deep deep sleep.

Translated by non-native speaker. Suggestions encouraged.

Posted on Oct. 1st, 2014 at 01:51 pm

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 2

Yesterday by Feng Nong

I awoke to the sound of birds. Everyone says that Hong Kong is the city of concrete and steel bars. Real flowers, birds, worms, and fishes have already vanished. However, the Rong mansion is halfway up the mountain. Exquisite spacious surroundings with expert gardeners, it is no wonder that there are birds. Life in all its forms, yet money is actually the most important. Whether one is able or unable to hear birds singing also comes down to finances. Not sure why after listening to bird calls this morning, I started to think of snobbish things. I repeatedly shook my head and clambered up from bed. I chose a white suit from my suitcase, in order to let the awaiting by the breakfast table YuJiang admire with surprise. I imagined his shy and restrained look when he catches sight of me and smile towards the mirror. The person in the mirror is highly frivolous, delicate features with every inch showing the elegance of an aristocratic prince. Rong YuJiang, you are indeed fortunate. Even I am starting to envy you. One burst of narcissism later, I headed downstairs. Hong Kong's rich and powerful families are very respectful of house rules. Born into excess yet practice strict rules. Sure enough the Rong father and sons are already assembled at the dining table. "Uncle Rong, good morning." I brightly greeted Uncle Rong. My eyes however aimed straight for YuJiang. I intentionally paused at the top of the stairs to let him clearly see my splendid attire. 3

persons simultaneously looked up and concentrated their gaze on me.

"ShengSheng, you're dressed up so splendidly today. Can't be you have a date with your girlfriend?" The first one to speak was Rong YuTing. He looked at me as if seeing a rare piece of treasure. Pity it only made my hair stand on end. Only YuJiang in his elegant refined way nodded saying:

"Come on over and eat something. Your habits acquired from living abroad are actually not good. You should eat breakfast on time." Can't help but feel a little disappointed that I failed to see his open-mouthed flustered reaction. My smile turned into a

"turned into the figure eight (八\)">**frown** and I walked over, pulled out the chair and sat down.

"ShengSheng, your father contacted my yesterday evening. He wished for me to arrange a position for you in Rong enterprise to let you train a little and familiarize yourself with business operations. I think, since you're still young, for the moment like YuJiang and YuTing handle external business. What do you think?" My old man really acts quickly. Opened up a golden opportunity for me with such speed. I modestly replied:

"Uncle Rong, I don't understand anything. Rong enterprise is such a big company, how can I carelessly enter? How about this? I first follow YuJiang and act as his assistant, learning however much it ends up to be." Uncle Rong gave me a position out of consideration, but probably has a headache inside thinking of yet another pest asking for a favor. Hearing my reply, he at once felt

relieved but still said:

"That won't do. How can YuJiang be compared to you?" He praised me a few words and hastily changed the topic lest I go back on my word. YuJiang turned to me and gave me a look as if accusing me of again up to no good. I feigned a look of seriousness and ate my breakfast without looking to my side. Since my presence by YuJiang's side will be perfectly justifiable, this breakfast should be not bad. It's a pity that I chose the wrong seat and ended up facing Rong YuTing. Throughout the entire breakfast he repeatedly looked up and stared at me with a faint glint in his eyes. Almost made me put the soy milk spoon into the white congee a few times.

This fellow is not a good person.

After breakfast, everyone headed together to the company.

Naturally, I once again rode in YuJiang's car. Once in the car, YuJiang was not in a hurry to start the car. He turned towards me smiling:

"You look very handsome today. I was so shocked that I almost fell off the stool." Listening to his flattering sentence, I immediately forgot about the little unpleasantness earlier that morning. I snorted and pursed my lips in a smile.

"ShengSheng, I want to kiss you."

"Then why don't you?" He actually earnestly asked:

"Are you willing?" Why did I meet such an ill-matched character? I sighed and lost my temper:

"Not willing!" I turned my face to the other side. He sat uncomfortably silent for a long time, seemingly at a loss to the

cause of my temper. He straightened the black-framed glasses on his nose bridge and started the car. Fuming mad, I waited until the car entered the Rong enterprise underground car park. I flung away YuJiang's hand and entered the elevator. He cautiously followed me lest I threw another fit, unconsciously bumping into the elevator door. In the empty elevator the two of us faced each other. The more I glared at him, the angrier I got. I myself don't understand why I flared up over such a trivial matter. However, if he continued like this, straight-laced and bull-headed, old-fashioned like my great-grandfather, how would I pass the days together with him? Heavens, why am I even thinking of "pass the days" such a ridiculous phrase. The elevator door opened and I angrily rushed out. Right when I turned the corner, one impressively tall and large object jumped out at me.

"Watch out!"

"Ah....." Unable to stop in time, I bumped my forehead

painfully. Damn it! I didn't bump into the elevator door yet ran into this filing cabinet. Where is this damn cabinet going?

"ShengSheng, how is it? Should I call the doctor?" YuJiang

asked as he rushed in front of me to examine my forehead. The staff member transporting the cabinet was so frightened that he apologized continuously:

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I was not careful....." This carried

on for a while. Turns out it was because of my new assistant post that the cabinet was being moved. I'm forced to smile bitterly. I stood up with a blank face and as before ignored YuJiang

completely, letting him follow me from behind. Once we entered his office, he grabbed my wrist.

"ShengSheng....." Worried yet no choice but to call my name:

"Really, why are you so angry?" I don't want to answer. This anger came without rhyme or reason. Even I was at a loss to offer an explanation. Therefore, I wore a sullen look. His gentle face at this time was full of worry. He sighed and turned away, letting me go. Once I could no longer see his face, my heart felt a sudden coldness, to the point of flying into a rage just to attract his attention. He suddenly turned around and with one grab, pulled me tightly into his arms. Only now do I realize how strong he is. My whole heart and face filled with his unique presence. After his forceful kiss, I realized that he is not as pure and innocent as I had imagined. If he is able to take me, young master ShengSheng, and kiss me until I'm out of breath, he must have had a few lovers. It's too late for me to be jealous of these things. I have already fallen into YuJiang's abyss.

Right after the kiss, YuJiang's secretary appeared. She was carrying a big stack of files that reminded me of the time of my graduation project with my similar mountain of reference books. YuJiang sat down and took out some files and said to his secretary:

"Jie-r, Mr. Huang will be starting as my special assistant today. Please prepare for him the necessary work things." Even though she is called "Jie-r" she is actually already a middle aged attractive woman. Come to speak of it, she is not really

attractive, completely lacking gracefulness. One look and one can see her attire is that of one never to be promoted. She's probably just like YuJiang, a willing-ox type. Jie-r complied with one sound, and turned to me and politely nodded. YuJiang continued:

"Mr. Huang although is my assistant in name, he is also a friend of the Rong family. He is only here to observe for a while. Please notify the junior staff to treat him with respect." I see the seriousness in his face and felt a slight sweetness in my heart. I couldn't help but shoot him a flirtatious look. This person is showing me that since I'm following him, a good natured person, he is worried that I will be bullied. Officially I'm the assistant so I can't just not do anything. I simply leaned on the sofa and carefully look through the documents that had been checked by YuJiang. This many files, he flipped through very quickly and yet also frequently jotted down instructions. I originally thought that this type of working manner will certainly have mistakes and omissions, so I inspected his work for him. I didn't expect that the more I looked, the more my admiration grew. Surprisingly I couldn't find a single fault. At times when I didn't understand his notations, he even stopped to explain them to me. From building site topography, to the quality and composition of soil up to the high level government connections, to the reason for adopting certain tactics, not the least bit overlooked and crystal clear.

"Rong enterprise previously built an administrative

high-rise. Why was the non-glossy type facade adopted?"

"That year I consulted many experts because of this issue.

Although the glossy facade is fashionable, it must suit the building structure. After drawing up multiple plans, we finally decided to use the non-glossy type." YuJiang answered me without raising his head. I nodded absent-mindedly:

"Oh." That year Rong enterprise won the architecture award due to the design of this high-rise and became Hong Kong's foremost construction company. The one on TV receiving the accolades was actually YuTing. How unfair. How much of Rong enterprise's current success is due to deceiving YuJiang? I look over to this person that looked like he is fighting bravely while captured in the middle of a briefcase and couldn't help but feel a little sorry. I stood up and walked to his side. I clearly know that the office is climate controlled, so there is no way one will sweat, but I still stretched out my hand and ran it over his forehead. Gentle and filial, the more I looked at that eminently handsome face, the deeper I fell for him. He put down his pen and abruptly took my hand and turned it over in his palm, and lightly asked:

"What is it? You look like you're unhappy." I smiled vaguely and conveniently sat on his leg. "Don't be like this. Jie-r can come in at any time."

"Oh you....." I took the initiative and presented my lips while thinking in my heart of how to deal with Rong YuTing and forcefully take Rong enterprise into my hands. The one who sweats

for Rong enterprise should be the one who gets Rong enterprise. Therefore I resolved to take all my own energy to help YuJiang. Let me indulge myself fully, after all I am also from a big enterprise family background. With all my strength I immediately made repeated contributions in several meetings. Actually he had already established his contributions a long time ago. It's just that he good-naturedly allowed other people to take credit. I am exactly the opposite. I am determined to fight for credit. Even Rong YuTing is not my match. YuJiang said:

"ShengSheng, you shouldn't be like this. Harming YuTing such that he gets caught in an embarrassing situation. Where is the need to contend with him?" I widened my eyes, 120% wish that there would be an

"turn iron straight into steel">**improvement**

"Rong YuJiang, you're virtuous in every way. It's precisely because you are too kind-hearted. In the stock market, father and son, husband and wife, let alone brothers all also don't matter. You should quickly learn this for your own good. Otherwise it would be too dreadful to contemplate later." I carry on instilling the **worst**

possible outcome on this defenseless person. I

even went so far as to list numerous examples of cruel realities, resolutely willing him to be instantly crafty without par, incomparably vicious. YuJiang laughed and shook his head:

"ShengSheng, you can really talk. Non-stop for one hour,

don't tell me you're not thirsty. The next meeting, it would be better if you presented my report." I was so furious that I almost passed-out. I can say in all honesty that I, HuangSheng, in my whole life have never so completely supported someone. It must be that I owe a serious debt in my past life. I prevented YuTing from claiming credit several times in a row. I also enabled YuJiang to get recognition from the outside world. It became such that in media reports ----- <> made the front page headline of the economics journal. When YuJiang attended elite cocktail parties, there would be a continuous line of people that would engage him in small talk. Some people even turned their back on Rong YuTing and started to butter up YuJiang. Rong YuTing's manner towards me became creepier and creepier. At one time looking like he was dying to cut my bones and scatter my ashes, at another time lascivious intent 100%. Facing him during mealtimes was like sitting on a bed of nails. I simply forced YuJiang to leave early and return late, avoiding meals at the Rong mansion as much as possible. I amused myself with YuJiang, whispering sweet nothings. He frequently sneaked into my room in the middle of the night to sit by my bedside. Sometimes I woke up and we would chat and kiss. Other times I would not wake and that was how it carried on. One day I woke up with a sore throat and with my head starting to ache. YuJiang came to call me and saw my suffering expression while fidgeting in bed. He hurried over to ask: "What happened? ShengSheng, are you sick?" "I feel very bad....." I intentionally acted a little hazy. "Don't worry, I will immediately call the doctor." Inside I was

howling with laughter but I suddenly remembered a serious matter:

"Today is the day to sign the contract with UK's Ruita company. Why are you still here?"

"You're sick. How can I toss you aside and not be concerned?"

Heavens, this is not some soap opera. Most likely I became like this only because I kicked open the coverlet last night and caught a cold from the A/C. This contract cost him countless effort, and would result in considerable profits for Rong enterprise for the next 5 years. How can he not go? As if I would let Rong YuTing seize this opportunity and sign his name on the contract. He would surely have a devious laugh.

"Go quickly! Be sure you're not late. Aiya, don't bother about me!

I really dislike you hovering like an old auntie." I haphazardly punched him away and picked up the phone to call the doctor myself.

Rong family physician was very efficient. Arrived within half an hour in his sports car. He listened to my condition and asked me to stretch out my tongue to take a look. He smiled:

"Don't worry young master Sheng, it's a little cold. But you should improve your immune system." The doctor was humorous and prescribed some medication for me. He also earnestly performed a short whole body checkup before leaving with his medical kit. Just as I stood up to pick out today's outfit, the phone rang. Just as I suspected, it was YuJiang.

"ShengSheng, has the doctor arrived? What did he say?"

"A small cold. But I should strengthen my immune system."

"It must be that you kicked off your coverlet. It's precisely this

bad habit of yours. I clearly saw you do it last night and helped tuck you back in. Why did you kick it again just after I left....."

"OK! OK! Did you sign the contract already?"

"Signed already. I just returned to the office. There will be visitors from Taiwan in the afternoon."

"I know. I'll head over after I eat a little something." After putting down the phone, I went into the washroom. After changing my clothes I was floored. There was another person in the room. The last person I wanted to see, Rong YuTing. At this time, shouldn't he be at the office? How hateful, such bad luck and he still has the audacity to sit at my bedside.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

Posted on Oct. 3rd, 2014 at 10:09 am

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 3

Yesterday by Feng Nong

The light outside the window had long ago become very bright.

Sunlight in the summer is naturally dazzling. I stared at him,

feeling a sudden chill, I couldn't help but curse the Rong mansion A/C that was too strong.

"YuTing, why are you not at the office?" I asked him while

standing at the washroom door. No matter what, Hong Kong is

considered a law abiding society. Can't be that there will crime in broad daylight? I felt a little uncertain since I may have come

upon the one in a million chance. YuTing laughed

grimly:

"It's rare for big brother to leave you at home, how could I

not take advantage of this good opportunity?" My plight just

worsened considerably. I can only regret that the distance of the

room door from the washroom is too far, couldn't be crossed in a step.

"You speak as if it is difficult to see me, am I not staying

in your house?"

"Too bad you keep hiding from me everyday. I really don't

understand why you have to oppose me in everything. I have not

offended you in any way." YuTing slowly walked and stopped in front of me.

"Have you had sex with big brother? I don't know why he is

dressed in sportswear today. I had already changed into a trim

black suit. In the event of a fight, this alone would be a

disadvantage, restricting my movements and causing exhaustion.

"Does it feel good to play around with my brother in bed?" He asked this obscene question and even assumed a depraved manner. I smiled and answered: "I have never heard a younger brother talk about his elder

brother in this manner. And you were still chosen as one of the top 10 young gentlemen in the magazines." YuJiang is extremely

respectful towards me. Until now he had never made such demands.

But there is no need to tell YuTing this type of person. He raised his hand and touched my chin:

"I can also make you feel very good." I react as if bitten by a snake, raised my hands to block him and further shoved him with all my strength.

"You better be careful, this is your house." I yelled.

Earnestly wished to attract the Rong family maids. YuTing cackled evilly.

"Our maids are most sensible. All along they have never intervened in their master's private affairs. It's no use even if you shout until you wear your throat out." I can't help but silently curse the fact that the Rong family built their mansion midway up a mountain surrounded by trees. Even the connecting road is clearly a private road. YuTing took a step towards me and actually dared to wrench both of my hands behind me. I was really furious. Since birth I have never been subjected to such an insult. The question of chastity is a small matter, the matter of self-respect is huge. If it gets out that young master Sheng was forcibly taken, what self-respect could I possibly have to meet people.

"Rong YuTing, have you lost your mind?" I yelled, both arms held behind my back. Forced to move my head left and right to evade his

harassing kisses.

"ShengSheng, you are really a worthy celebrity. Innately able

to seduce people." He spoke gibberish that was not akin to praise, and extended his tongue inside with an impatient look. I ruthlessly bit down on him but he unexpectedly did not seem to mind one bit.

He continued to use his bloodied tongue to stain my lips.

"Rong YuTing, have you lost your mind?" An abrupt holler

reverberated through the entire middle of the mountain. However, the one that shouted wasn't me, but someone else. Uncle Rong with his eye sockets almost split open stood astounded at the room door.

"Papa?" Rong YuTing jumped in fright, practically leaping

away from my body. Thank heaven and earth! I silently released a huge sigh and hastily scrambled to watch a good show. Rong YuTing calmed down and asked guiltily:

"Wasn't papa at the office? Why....." One violent palm

struck his words away. I loudly cheered in my heart. I didn't expect Uncle Rong's hand strength to be still pretty good. Rong YuTing was hit until he was

"frostbitten eggplant">**unable to move or speak**, silently stroked his face, not daring to speak. Uncle Rong turned

purplish green and was gasping *huhu* in anger. I hoped that he would immediately drive this unfilial son out of the Rong family and accordingly appoint YuJiang to inherit all the property.

"ShengSheng, you are you alright?" Seems like Uncle

Rong was also aware of my outside reputation and heard some

stories. Although he considerably asked of my well-being, his expression carried faint doubts. I supposed he was pondering if YuTing had been seduced by the degenerate me. I solemnly assumed the

"Her husband was summoned to repair the Great Wall on their wedding night. When she went there to see him again, they told her he had died and was buried under the wall."> **maiden MengJiang crying at the Great Wall's**

moving and tragic manner, but I did not cry, but said in a deep voice:

"Uncle Rong, please don't bring up this matter any further.

After all, my father still needs to appear in public. I will immediately pack my things and return to France." I turned around and opened the wardrobe. His son had just committed such an act, how would he dare to let me go home? Is he not afraid that I would throw myself at papa and complain tearfully? If such a disgraceful matter leaked out, the stock price would probably immediately

suffer a huge fall. He immediately stopped me:

"ShengSheng, this matter I will definitely give you a

resolution. Don't pack your things and let's have a friendly discussion." He turned around and gave Rong YuTing who was still standing nearby staring blankly, one tight slap, yelling:

"Still not getting the hell out?" Rong YuTing gave me pointed

look and rushed out. Haha, this type of matter how can it be explained? Can't be that he still won't let Rong YuTing take responsibility. But the few slaps he gave Rong YuTing did make me quite happy. It's a pity that YuJiang is not here to see with his

own eyes. The Rong family head consoled me with kind words for a long time. Uncle Rong also promised me numerous Rong enterprise privileges. He also made all sorts of explanations for Rong YuTing's crude and rash manner. He also suggested that if this leaked out, it would effect the future of Rong and Huang enterprises. I finally nodded and agreed to keep this matter a secret and treat this as Rong YuTing's foolish actions after being drunk and suffering a broken heart. This excuse after all fits with his son's manly eagerness to excel when sober. Truthfully I never

planned on leaving. YuJiang is still here. How could I toss him aside to deal with Rong YuTing, this hardened brute?

That night YuJiang returned. I treated this matter as a joke

when I told him. His expression changed from shock and he said:

"YuTing actually did such a thing?" I disdainfully said:

"Why is it such a surprise? Don't tell me that you are the only one who sees my charm? Hmph." He pulled me into a tight embrace.

"I must look after you carefully. I can't let this happen to you again and must not let you stay inside the house by yourself."

Preposterous, even I would absolutely not stay by myself in the house. Especially when YuJiang is not here. I still remembered clearly the hateful look Rong YuTing gave me before leaving. Have a score to settle must take revenge. I myself am that type of person.

The following days, it was as if YuTing went missing. Decidedly not let me meet, hanging down his head during meetings. I didn't know if he was ashamed or if he was still continuing to hide his evil

intent. But I'll

"Original phrase was -confront soldiers with generals- part of a phrase that continues with -stem water with earth"> **deal with it as it comes**, not afraid of whatever action he takes.

Of late, YuJiang had been soaking up the limelight. His

dominant young master prestige also immediately rose quite a bit.

Only Uncle Rong seemed not terribly happy. Showing an unfavorable expression to this suddenly ascendant eldest son. Actually this is not surprising. The formidable adopted son overtaking his own son

in the company. How can he not start to worry about the long-term future? Chinese people say, flesh and blood and close kin, blood is thicker than water. Not his biological son, is just not his

biological son. It doesn't matter if the adopted son is ten thousand times better than his own son. YuTing was dispirited for half a month before finally achieving something that made Uncle Rong happy. He succeeded in winning the previously mentioned big tender for the government contract. Truthfully YuJiang also made considerable contributions to that tender but he just couldn't speak too much about it. For this reason, Uncle Rong greatly praised YuTing at the Rong company meeting, simply doing it on

purpose to show YuJiang. YuJiang sat next to YuTing, and gave him a faint smile. His gaze was as if experiencing a spring breeze except that it did not bring a good reaction from YuTing. YuJiang, why are you so gentle and kind-hearted? Do you not know? They are all

jackals and wolves. Commandeering your intelligence, bleeding your hard work, without any reward whatsoever. I felt very resentful for YuJiang. He is in the middle of an unfair competition. The judge of the competition ----- his father, only gets even more displeased

with his outstanding performance.

At night I awoke to see YuJiang sitting by my bedside.

Compared to being part of the

"Golden horse, jade hall - Imperial Academy">**upper**

echelons, seemingly already enjoying life to the

limit, I actually felt that it would be better off for him to

continue gently and tenderly sitting this way. I said:

"You don't look too good. Is it that you're too tired? There

is no need to suffer such hardships for Rong enterprise. You would only suffer grief."

"Me, I've never suffered any grief. See, aren't you very good

to me?" I took my hands from the thin coverlet and held YuJiang's

hands. For a long time I still have not tried to maintain this type of pure yet profound relationship with one man. I almost felt a

little moved.

"YuJiang, we are comrades in arms, right?"

"ShengSheng, don't do too much because of me. I will not be

able to bear it." I laughed:

"Dummy, I most like your naive manner. Such a place like Rong

family, how is it that you were raised to be such a sincere and

kind-hearted **silently**

suffering individual?

"If I was not such a person, how could I have endured until

now? Papa also would not have agreed to let me enter Rong

enterprise to help out otherwise. Matters in life are

interconnected and interdependent. Everyone has their own luck.

Like YuTing, he is fortunate. Pity he failed to live up to

expectations" YuJiang sighed faintly as if still showing

pity for this younger brother that opposed him in all respects. I

listened to these profound words and softly asked:

"What happened to YuTing?"

"YuTing messed with the company accounts and embezzled about

two to three hundred million. I don't have this amount of money to help him cover it up. Ai ... I don't know what should be done. If

news of this leaks out, I don't dare to imagine what would happen to Rong enterprise stock."

"YuTing is really daring." I sat up and hugged the furrowed

browed YuJiang who was still simple-mindedly worried for YuTing.

"So be it. You reap what you sow. It's of no use for you to worry."

He nodded his head:

"Why are you sitting up? You just got a little better from

your cold. Be careful not to get chilled. You clearly know the A/C

in my house is very strong." He supported me back onto my back and tucked me in under the coverlet.

"YuJiang" Seeing him about to part, I suddenly

couldn't bear to part with him. So many days later, and he still

hasn't touched me. The occasional kisses really cause me to suffer from my burning lust.

"What is it ShengSheng?" He bent over and kissed my lips.

Throughout my life, I have never asked anyone to share my bed. Why am I willing to make an exception today? I grit my

teeth:

"It's nothing."

"Alright. Good night." YuJiang left after leaving several

light kisses on my forehead. I saw him carefully examining the door lock, presumably to prevent YuTing from entering in the middle of

the night to make trouble. After YuJiang left, I climbed up and

took the phone in my hand.

"Papa, it's me. Could you ask another director to come check on Rong enterprise's accounts tomorrow? I know you are also a director but I don't wish for Huang family to appear personally. Right need to find a trusted person so that in the event of some problems it still can be secretly resolved. I know Don't worry" Putting down the phone, I lie back in bed satisfied. I know that Yujiang will definitely be very unhappy if he found out that I did this, it would probably result in a huge row. But I do this for him. It is truly for him.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 4

Yesterday by Feng Nong

There was no describing papa's efficiency. The next day, once we reached the office, we caught sight of an unfamiliar figure in the VIP lounge. Sure enough it was a Rong enterprise director who could also be counted as another one of my uncles. In order to keep YuJiang from finding out, I just pretended that I had no knowledge of the matter and entered YuJiang's office together with him. Just a little after we started to bury our noses in files, the phone rang. I was a little tense. YuJiang simply picked up the phone, not knowing the matter that would soon take place.

"Hello, this is Rong YuJiang." After listening for a while,

YuJiang's expression took a huge turn. He abruptly stood up and put down the pen in his hand.

"What? OK, I'll be right up." He hurriedly hung up

the phone and looked over at me who had long ago assumed an innocent look. I worriedly asked:

"What's the matter? Why are you so worked-up? Was there a change in the stock market?" My so called worried manner as if it was only natural. He actually attempted to cover up the matter and comforted me saying:

"It's nothing. Looks like there is a director in papa's

office. He wants to see me and YuTing to have a little chat." He gave me a light kiss like a woodpecker and hurriedly left for Uncle Rong's office. From behind the blinds I could see YuTing coming out

from his office all flustered and exasperated, hurrying towards the elevator, probably just in time to bump into YuJiang. Haha. My heart is very satisfied. YuTing, meeting me can be considered bad luck. I am definitely not YuJiang, so kind-hearted and gentle. I obediently waited for quite a while before a pale-faced YuJiang came back to the office. I went up to him and asked:

"So what was it about?"

"Uncle He suddenly came by and said he wanted to audit the accounts "

"Ah? Then YuTing's actions " YuJiang shook his head and said dejectedly:

"I tried my best to prevent him in every which way. This big brother is really useless. The way YuTing looked at me, is as if I wanted to force him into a hopeless situation." I secretly laughed at his woman's soft-heartedness and hugged his waist and consolingly said:

"Fortunately it is a director from Rong enterprise and also considered as an Uncle. Even if anything is discovered, the news would not be leaked out. As long as Rong enterprise remains stable, what else can YuTing complain about?"

"YuTing is after all my little brother " I spoke with double meaning:

"YuJiang, people in life, how can one not take care of oneself? Once one becomes formidable, only then can they protect those they love. Everything that came before can then be forgiven."

YuJiang is actually exceptionally perceptive. I was very afraid that he would discover my secret maneuvers. I very cautiously

reassured and pacified him for a long time. That was how we got through that day.

Three days later, the Rong enterprise executive board convened. Rong YuTing was removed from his position and all his privileges as the president's son was cancelled. Publicly it was said that it was due to work errors but actually everyone understood the real reason. Rong family spent over two hundred million, unwillingly filling in the deficit to preserve a way out for Rong YuTing. Uncle Rong managed to maintain a position for YuTing because YuTing was still nominally in charge of the government construction project. After the meeting, YuJiang treated me lovingly and preciously. Laughingly I asked:

"Why are you in such a good mood?"

"YuTing's matter is finally settled. I can finally stop worrying. As long as he does his work well, papa will quickly promote him again." I snorted:

"How could it be that easy?" This good-intentioned elder brother actually was still having wishful thoughts for YuTing. "If that big government project is a big success, it will be considered as repayment for his crime. I will then go beg papa, wouldn't that be enough?" Heavens! Uncle Rong is dying to take your position and immediately give it to YuTing, why would he need you to go and plead? Keeping you here is just for the sake of exploiting you and deceiving the public.

****Sorry I don't get**

this sentence.**

I said: "YuJiang, why do you take Rong enterprise's favor of

nuturing you as more important than heaven? One should be a little more carefree, only then can one obtain happiness."

"ShengSheng, Rong enterprise's favor of nuturing me and your affection towards me are both the same, my most treasured things." I inwardly stuck out my tongue. If he found out that I was the one who told papa to get someone to check the accounts, how would he react? This matter I absolutely cannot let YuJiang know.

"Hopefully, YuTing's project will quickly produce a little success." I insincerely chimed in:

"That's right, hopefully he will get a little credit." That night, I called my influential godfather.

"Godpa, it can't be that you are already sleeping? Isn't it daytime in the UK?"

"Me?, I'm very well. I'm in Hong Kong. Godpa, I have a favor to ask of you."

"Regarding the Hong Kong government tender project right those contractors"

After hanging up the phone, I slept very soundly. I dreamt about the carefree and handsome YuJiang standing in front of everyone, absolutely without equal in the world.

I caught sight of Rong YuTing stamping his foot, with no right to inherit Rong enterprise in this lifetime. Everyone decidedly wanted YuJiang to sign his name to his succeeding in advance. My heart is extremely satisfied. The ordinary Rong enterprise employee didn't know the inside story of the Rong family but only knew that this authority will definitely not fall into the hands of the failed to live up to expectations second young master.

A few of them even began to show it on their face, fully supporting YuJiang's plans right in front of YuTing. YuTing's hatred was to the extent of itching teeth, in the event that he caught sight of me with YuJiang, his expression could almost be described as savage. However, after a few days, he unexpectedly calmed down. He even smiled and greeted YuJiang when they came across each other:

"Big brother, why are you so early? I have some files that require your signature." He respectfully placed the documents in front of YuJiang and patiently waited for his signature. Naturally YuJiang was extremely happy. His doting behavior on this younger brother was simply intolerable. But what made me even more worried was this change in YuTing's behavior. This can only mean one thing, uncle Rong has told YuTing about YuJiang's unfortunate situation. Moreover YuTing must have received some kind of guarantee that YuJiang will absolutely not have any chance of succeeding the company. I suddenly felt a little discouraged. Even if I constantly instigate, let Uncle Rong know how bad YuTing is, and how good YuJiang is, he won't choose YuJiang to inherit Rong enterprise. My YuJiang, who towards Rong enterprise, towards Rong family, the loyal and devoted YuJiang, don't tell me it really will be that after Uncle Rong is gone, YuJiang will not have a cent to his name. YuTing's character will not tolerate any comparison with his capable elder brother. Even if this elder brother will forever be unable to contend with him for succession, will forever be considerate of him. No way! I absolutely won't allow it! This

matter caused me grief, I've lost one round. YuJiang felt very sorry and hugged me asking:

"ShengSheng, what is it that is making you feel uncomfortable? What are you worrying about?" He is really at a loss while simply taking me as a woman that is too weak to withstand a gust of wind. Godfather's intervention was very fruitful. I heard that YuTing's government project became a complete mess. The board of directors raised protest one after another. They wanted Uncle Rong to put merit above family, and expel YuTing from Rong enterprise. Unfortunately for YuTing, the government intermediary caused trouble. It's often said that people in business circles are very unprincipled, let you eat bitterness without being able to say one word. Who asked you to fight with my YuJiang? Who asked you to bully YuJiang? The problems with this project caused Rong enterprise stock to fluctuate wildly. YuJiang had to go all out for a stretch before it finally calmed down. Looking at him working so hard, of course I was a little uneasy. Especially gently, considerately and sparing no effort, I shared his burdens and sadness. Speaking of relieving burdens and sadness, of course it is by using my own methods. HuangSheng's business network, HuangSheng's flirtatious skill, who can be like YuJiang in exercising self-control? In this circle, who is not a star? Contracts, inside information, everyone else even when sparing no effort will fail to get a hold of. I only need one expression in my eyes, plus a few half real and half fake kisses, and a show of reluctant love. Everything I got, I told the surprised YuJiang. I

found satisfaction in his surprised and excited expression when I told him the good news. I realized that I had really fallen in love with him.

Heavens, I warned myself that homosexuals can only have fun, why did I truly fall in love with a man? Even though I have gone to bed with many partners, I still longed for the first time with YuJiang. When I told YuJiang of my wish, he was actually so bashful that he turned completely red. Of course the Rong mansion is not a good spot. I specially chose an auspicious date and reserved a not well known but yet tasteful hotel. I left the time and address on YuJiang's desktop and headed off first while giggling to myself. I was in a good mood, humming while sitting in the bathtub. I also prepared my favorite perfume. Hopefully YuJiang will like this scent. I dressed myself and intentionally left my robe opened wide and left the bathroom. All at once I was scared stiff. The last time it was at the Rong mansion, this time it is at a hotel. YuTing like an evil spirit was once again sitting by my bedside.

"Why are you here?" I gritted my teeth and asked him while hurriedly pulling close my wide open robe. What terrified me is that it was not just YuTing in the room, there were also a few sinister looking men standing to one side. What damned luck, for the sake of making this evening perfect, I actually reserved the whole top floor for ourselves. Because I thought YuJiang would be too embarrassed, I even tested out the sound insulation before deciding to book the room.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 5

Yesterday by Feng Nong

"Why am I here?" YuTing caustically replied. He patted the

bed that I personally prepared and sneered: "Why do you think I am here? Of course it is to taste your seductive flavor." He gnashed

his teeth and walked towards me. I recoiled in alarm and quickly

looked for a weapon to protect myself. Heavens, YuJiang where are

you? I grabbed a towel and threw it at his face, temporarily

obstructing his vision, and ran. There were those big fellows that looked like gangsters standing to the side, so of course I couldn't foolishly run towards the entrance. I hoped to escape into the

bathroom, lock the door, and fight for a little time to call the

police. Unfortunately, heaven was not on my side. I could only

smile wryly when I was dragged and tossed onto the soft bed. As it turned out, today is not a lucky day. The person who wrote the

almanac should really be arrested and used for target

practice.

"Slut!" YuTing arrogantly gave me a ruthless slap. He hit me

so hard that I rolled over to one side only to be immediately

pulled back. "Do you think I don't know who did those things? Do

you think I don't know that YuJiang slips into your room every

night? Do you think I don't know who harmed me? Since you came, I

have not had a good day! You disgraceful male prostitute!" He

slapped me again and again. My face was already swollen, my mouth

full of blood, my eyes full of stars. YuTing tore open my robe with a ferocious look.

"What is so good about YuJiang? Has he not already accompanied you in bed? My technique is also not too bad." He pulled apart my legs and pushed me down. "I can also bring you to the brink of death." He was too brutal, simply took me and tore into two. My lower body was so painful that it was almost numb. I shouted and struggled but only managed to attract those frightful observers.

"No! YuTing, you doing this " I have a hundred thousand threats for him but it's a pity I lacked the strength to speak them out. My mouth was forcibly opened and gagged by someone and many hands grabbed all over my body. My lower body also received constant repeated stabs of pain. Each and every action was brutal. In the middle of the mess, I felt YuTing withdraw from within me. Another unfamiliar person immediately took his place and stabbed into me. My ear started to buzz. I couldn't make out their conversation. I knew that I was being gang-raped. This type of situation, in order to not face prosecution, YuTing will definitely be capable of killing the witness. I was not the least bit angry,

but my completely broken body suddenly suffered a shock. Heavens! I left the note for YuJiang. If he hurried here after I was killed, then

"No No " I shook my head hysterically and tried to kick the man that was above me. A heart-rending scream of pain. I didn't know what they had done to me, maybe they have already given me the finishing stab. YuJiang, my gentle and kind-hearted YuJiang Everything turned to black and I closed my eyes.

"ShengSheng ShengSheng " YuJiang's voice

woke me up. I opened my eyes and at the same time awakened the pain from all my wounds.

"Hurts " I furrowed my brows as that one word and my parched throat caused a burning pain. The angelic, gentle and handsome face came closer to me. He gently held my hand.

"ShengSheng, have you come to?" He was so agitated that he was almost speechless, once more at a loss. Even suffering extreme pain, I wanted to smile, leading me to aggravate my face injury. I immediately groaned. "What is it? It is painful isn't it? Must be very painful.

It's all my fault, I should have returned to the office sooner.

It's all my fault, YuTing hid your note in between the documents, I found it very late. It's all me that let you suffer so much pain

..... " He continuously apologized. I didn't know someone could have so much remorse.

"YuJiang " I forced myself to speak: "It's very painful, kiss me?" He quickly moved closer and carefully kissed me. Actually my mouth must have been so swollen and indescribably ugly. But he just carefully and gently licked me. I closed my eyes and peacefully fell asleep.

Turned out that God really does exist. Right when YuTing

wanted to cut open my chest, he instead hurriedly left. And also he didn't hurriedly leave by himself. Jie-r told YuJiang that after

YuTing hastily left after he went into his office. Therefore,

YuJiang brought a group of Rong enterprise security personnel and

rushed over to discover that I had been gang-raped and at the point of death. Uncle Rong also hurried to the scene and stopped YuJiang from hitting YuTing to death, imploring YuJiang to leave a way out for YuTing. Those who knew the

details were all from Rong

enterprise and it was all kept hidden. Too many things in this world are concealed with money, leaving no shadow, no trace.

YuJiang was unwilling but he was also incapable of going against Rong's family favor of nurturing him. He waited for me to recover and decide.

"What you're saying is that YuTing's future is in my hands?"

YuJiang nodded. I asked:

"YuJiang, what do you wish for me to do? Do you want me to forgive YuTing?" YuJiang thought for a long time before gritting his teeth saying:

"His actions towards me, I really want to cut his flesh piece by piece with my own hands. But But " His gentle face again showed his unbearable look. I sighed. I said:

"Fine, I will decide."

Uncle Rong really locked up the facts very tightly. Even my father thought that I was doing very well. Today my spirit felt a little better, so I invited Uncle Rong over.

"Uncle Rong, please sit." I leaned on the side of my bed and pointed at the sofa. He heaved a long sigh and sat down, showing signs of age. I stroked my own forehead. Uncle Rong, the doctor said that this type of injury will forever leave a scar." I

indifferently continued: "YuTing used two knives and carved my face from both sides. Even the world's best plastic surgeon would not be able to fix it. He intentionally disfigured me and cut me into

pieces." Uncle Rong was so tense that his head was full of sweat.

That is his only real child, how can he not suffer turbulence in his heart. I am also wealthy and from a powerful family, definitely not someone he can buy over. If I brought him to court, YuTing's this lifetime will be over. Rong family has lots of assets but it's of no use. Two rich and powerful families contending in the court of law is fair and equal, furthermore there is supporting witness testimony and material evidence.

"ShengSheng, it is YuTing's fault. I am willing to compensate for all the damage, I swear"

"Uncle Rong, how do you think you're going to compensate me?"

I coldly said: "What type of compensation do you think will let me regard this matter as if it did not happen?" He was at a loss for

words. This crime of YuTing, would result in a lifetime sentence.

Rong family is wealthy but of what use? YuTing, this pampered son from a wealthy family, once in prison, would be considered finished. Looking at his broken-hearted and hopeless look, I knew that the opportunity had arrived. "I can treat this matter as if it never happened, only if Rong enterprise will not go to YuTing." My old man once taught me, anything can be used. The injuries I have

already received. The bitterness I have already swallowed. YuTing in prison at most will let me feel a little at ease in my heart.

How can that compare to an actual benefit that will let one be

happy? Uncle Rong raised his head in shock. I said: "Sign a

statement, all the Rong enterprise shares in Uncle Rong's hand is to be immediately handed over to the eldest son, Rong YuJiang. I

will then treat this as myself running into gangsters while

strolling down the street, only to wake up and discover these

facial injuries, no connection whatsoever to YuTing." Uncle Rong remained silent. This statement once signed will force the handover of all of Rong family assets to the adopted son, YuJiang. YuTing would be left with whatever remaining real estate property and perhaps some bank savings. I calmly looked outside the window. He has no choice but to accept, he has no other option. Losing Rong enterprise after all is better than losing a life. If he treasures his only real child, he would have to sign. I recuperated at ease for a few days. I lay down in bed and calmly watched the TV in the room. "The current president of Rong enterprise issued a statement today, that he has transferred all the shares under his name to his eldest son Rong YuJiang. The transfer of leadership is at the early planning stages. This is because Rong enterprise has decided to promote the younger level staff to get ready for the change, all legal issues have already " I smiled faintly, and stroked the ugly scar on my forehead. The door was pushed open and YuJiang walked in and sat by my bedside. "Papa has transferred all his shares to me, YuTing gets nothing whatsoever." "I know, they just reported it on TV." I softly replied and raised my head, letting him kiss me on my forehead. I know YuJiang would never shy away from that scar. He is so gentle and kind-hearted. He loves me that much.

My bodily injuries gradually got better except for the scar on my forehead. My appearance had become unsightly but I didn't take notice. In any case, I don't plan to seduce people in that circle anymore, where good looks is all important. Why would I need to be broken-hearted because of my outward appearance. Furthermore, if I let my hair

grow out a little, it may even cover the scar. I'm not physically strong, my facial features could be considered

pretty good, with this scar, it's also not terrifyingly hideous. I comforted myself like this a few times before having no more

complaints, tossed aside my forehead injury. Uncle Rong retired, supposedly because of his age, and moved to a faraway villa in Taiwan. YuTing left the Rong mansion to who knows where. Rong mansion now belongs to YuJiang, my YuJiang. Thinking of this, I couldn't help but be happy. Not more than several short months, so many things happened. I recall those days where outsiders

overlooked this Rong family eldest son that couldn't hold a candle to the second son. So laughable. These days, YuJiang received many invitations, each piece clear proof of society's disgusting habit

of worshipping success. I called father, and told him I had run into a minor incident.

"You called me just to specifically tell me of a small incident? ShengSheng, if something happened, do not hide it from me." I was a little touched by my old man's concern. After all, one really needs to be comforted after experiencing a gang-rape.

"It's nothing. It's just that there is a cut on my forehead."

"What? Your face? What about other places? Any more injuries?"

..... " Yes I was touched but his long-windedness is really troublesome. After persuading him for a long time, I managed to coax him out of immediately flying over. I hung up the phone, wondering what YuJiang was up to at that moment. I stretched out my hand to the nightstand, thinking of calling YuJiang to check in

with him but because I was not careful, I instead swept the phone onto the floor. Why was I so careless? I shook my head. I carefully got down from the bed and picked up the phone. Luckily YuJiang was now in charge of the house, there is no need for me to feel embarrassed even after making a mess. The receiver was already broken to pieces. I wondered if such a high nightstand was also part of YuJiang's design. With nothing better to do, I fiddled with the pitiful receiver. A little part rolled out and dropped into my hand. What is this? I held it up and examined it. After looking at it for a while I suddenly remembered that I have often seen this thing on TV ----- a listening device. Since I was particularly fond of detective shows, I also frequently fiddled with these things at home. A young master from a powerful family, which one would not have some peculiar hobbies? I lifted it up. The more I looked at it, the more it seemed like one. I finally concluded that it was a real bug. Can it be? My first thought was the hateful YuTing. Don't tell me he eavesdropped on my nightly lovey dovey conversations with YuJiang? Pervert! But after thinking it over, I felt that that was not right. If it was YuTing who bugged the phone, then how would he not know about my conversations with papa and godpa? Why would he let me catch him unprepared? There were no other people in the Rong mansion. I suddenly thought of one possibility. Alarmed, my whole body broke out in cold sweat. No, it can't be! I slowly shook my head in the room by myself. I struggled off the bed and ran out of the room. I wanted to throw myself in YuJiang's arms and let his deep voice drive my fears away. At this point, I was very scared. All my life, I have never felt this terrified.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 6

Yesterday by Feng Nong

I hastily wrapped my pajama clad body in a long overcoat and strode anxiously across the Rong enterprise lobby at a hurried pace. I was pale with the fear of someone recognizing me and kept my head lowered. YuJiang, I want you to hug me, I want you to comfort me. I was extremely terrified. YuJiang had changed his office. He is now the president of Rong enterprise, naturally he would use Uncle Rong's the biggest and topmost presidential office.

I exited the elevator and nodded towards the receptionist and said with a smiling face:

"No need to notify the president, I want to give him a pleasant surprise." I don't know why I said such a thing, but I was a little apprehensive. Don't tell me I don't even trust YuJiang.

The girl gave me an understanding smile and pointed towards the door at the corner. I entered the outer vestibule where Jie'r sits.

YuJiang's presidential office is still behind another set of doors.

Jie-r was not there, probably in YuJiang's office to discuss work.

I was just about to push the door and go in but I stopped for no reason. Frozen for a moment, I lowered my head and looked at the bug in my hand. As if a ghost attached to my body, I really don't know what I was doing. I actually quietly twist open the doorknob to the presidential room, and opened the door a little crack.

YuJiang's voice came floating over.

"Have we settled the matter with YuTing?" Jie-r replied:

"All taken care of."

"What about the Huang family shares?" I immediately pricked

up my ears when I heard 'Huang family'.

"Also done." YuJiang fell silent, as if signing some files. I stood outside the door, my heart beating like crazy. I should not be suspecting YuJiang, he is such a good person, he is the first person that I have fallen so in love with. It was like being

tempted by the devil, deciding if my heart was going to betray him.

I should throw myself into his embrace instead of continuing to

stand at the doorway and go against my wish and further hope to

hear a few words that could validate my suspicions. I grit my teeth and decided to trust him. Before I could lift my leg, I once again heard YuJiang's voice.

"ShengSheng will soon move into my office. All those things

related to him need to be thrown out to avoid exposing our scheme."

It was as if lighting struck me directly on my head, and thunder penetrated into the middle of my ears. In that moment, I grabbed the doorknob, frozen to the spot. Everything started to sway and for a moment I thought there was an earthquake. Jie-r

said:

"Congratulations President. Finally the matter is

settled."

"These things, it would be better if we keep it from

ShengSheng. He is too naive." I listened for a long time, but my ear began to buzz and I didn't hear a lot of it. Just like the time when I was gang-raped.

Confused and at a loss, my throat was so dry that it almost stuck together.

Standing soulless for a long time, someone patted my shoulder. I struggled to awaken myself. The

towering figure before me was YuJiang.

"ShengSheng, how long have you been standing here?" YuJiang

smiled faintly, his manner the same as always. My lip shook as I tried to tell a lie but my throat was so hoarse that nothing came out. He shifted his gaze down to my hand. I wanted to hide the bug behind my body but I simply did not have

any strength whatsoever, as if I was ready to collapse. YuJiang stretched out his hand and took the bug. He took one glance at the bug and casually tossed it into the wastebasket.

"ShengSheng, come in." He pulled me, that was already

starting to feel weak, into the president's office. My face must be very unsightly. YuJiang poured a cup of warm water and put it in my hand. I desperately poured it in my mouth, causing myself to choke and cough repeatedly. "Drink slowly, don't rush." YuJiang sat down by me and lightly patted my back. The large hands stroking my back suddenly terrified me, deathly afraid that YuJiang would suddenly turn hostile and strangle me right there and then. I blanched and hastily dodged to the other end of the sofa, on full alert. YuJiang smiled lightly: "I thought you would have realized a long time ago, I don't understand why you were so slow on the uptake." That's

right. I am a fool. Not towards other people. Just toward YuJiang.

"Don't you have anything to ask me?" He casually offered

generously, as if he had already prepared all the answers. I shook my head. What need is there? Even though I am stupid, now that it has come to this, how can one not clearly connect the dots? The

whole matter of dealing with YuTing, it was YuJiang who leaked the information to me. Every night he would listen to my phone

conversations from a different spot to see if this fool would act according to his plans. I thought I had personally brought up a

rising star in Rong enterprise, but it turns out that I was only a puppet that was manipulated. But I still had some

questions.

"That night, why were you in the kitchen?" YuJiang

said:

"At dinner time, I applied a harmless chemical in your bowl

that would cause people to feel thirsty." He smiled and continued: "Actually the Rong mansion is not that large, no matter where you were it is not difficult at all to manufacture a rather romantic encounter. Your ability to totally avoid

YuTing, was of course

helped along by me." I was suddenly captured by his black-framed eyes, YuJiang immediately changed to a different appearance that I practically could not recognize. So confident, so formidable, and also so terrifying. That night I also saw his face when he took off his glasses, how was it that I found it sexy at that

time?

"The day that I caught a cold and YuTing raised his hand

against me, it was you that told Uncle Rong?"

"That's right, papa's impression of YuTing was too good. It

was actually not easy to destroy. It needed to penetrate gradually and slowly corrode away." I sneered. ShengSheng, you are too

laughable. You actually tried to instruct this person in a hundred ways to be crafty, this person of such treacherous skill. These

things he has already studied and reached the peak of perfection, second to none under the heavens. I lightly ground my

teeth:

"Rong YuJiang, you intentionally let YuTing enter your office and see the note I left you, isn't that right?" I asked: "You

intentionally let them take the situation so far out of hand before you came rushing over to play the part of a triumphant

hero."

"ShengSheng, you have to take the whole situation into

account. You should know how to react after suffering a loss. We are really good partners." His expression was still gentle, kind, and full of consideration:

"Don't let this matter stir up until

like this. If not for this opportunity, how would father agree to wholeheartedly sign the transfer of ownership statement?" Hahaha! I swung my arm and slapped him in the face such that it turned to the side. YuJiang took my slap with his head held high and chest out, using his fingertips to wipe away the traces of

blood at the corner of his mouth. He softly said:

"ShengSheng, from now on, don't act like this." His words were not forceful and only let me feel bitterly disappointed. I have heard this kind of most brilliant threats ever since I was born. I said:

"Rong YuJiang, you intentionally allowed me to be gang-raped." YuJiang said:

"ShengSheng, the one that harmed you wasn't me. It was

YuTing." I numbly looked at that familiar face and suddenly fell weakly onto the sofa. YuJiang, I am willing to die for you, I only beg that you don't let me give up all hope. YuJiang wanted to help me stand up but I gripped my fist and yelled hoarsely:

"Move away! Don't touch me!"

"ShengSheng, your wounds have not yet healed, you shouldn't

be so agitated." I coldly looked at him, like someone that had fallen into a trap looking up at the wild beast on top of his head.

I stood up and shakily stepped away.

"ShengSheng, where are you going?" I turned around and answered with disgust.

"I am no longer of any use. Rong enterprise is already in your hands. Of course I will retire after such success. Don't expect me to wait around

"kill the hounds once the cunning rabbit is dead">**to be**

eliminated. I straightened my back and slowly

walked to the entrance step by step. I thought YuJiang would pull me back, because he felt remorseful, or because of rage that his plot has been exposed, anything would have been fine. Even if he immediately knelt down in front of me and cried bitterly, I

wouldn't forgive him. Yet he looked on unfeelingly, completely

without any reaction, calmly watch me leave. My heart suffered yet another layer of pain. That's right. I am no longer of any use.

Everything was fake. His frequent visits in the middle of the night was nothing but to carry out his scheme, maybe even to conveniently check on his bug. To think that with such a terrifying person by my bedside, I actually peacefully fell asleep, completely without

cares, believing myself to be absolutely secure. I can't help but shudder. HuangSheng, it turns out that the most foolish person on earth is you. I staggered back to the Rong mansion and carelessly stuffed all my clothes into my suitcase, fearing to stay for even one more moment, and escaped carrying my suitcase. The Rong family maid was puzzled when she opened the door for me, asking:

"Young master Sheng, would you like the driver to send you?"

I sullenly shook my head. "Should I call master?" When I heard her mention YuJiang, my eyes started to blur, and I hurriedly left,

flinging the magnificent gardens of the Rong mansion far far behind me.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 7

Yesterday by Feng Nong

I can only be grateful that Hong Kong is a major airport with

many scheduled flights. I immediately asked for the fastest ticket to return to France. While waiting for the plane I was still afraid that YuJiang would come. Right now I'm terrified of this person,

even Hong Kong, his birthplace, has turned into a place of horrendous terror. After experiencing this matter only now do I really understand the saying

"no matter how good you think you are, there is always someone out there that is better"> **there is a heaven beyond the highest heavens, a person beyond**

this person. Before, papa had taught me all sorts of things, saying that I was arrogant and love to act smart. As it turns out, each and every word is true. Once I deplaned, I decided not to call the driver but hailed

a cab and told him the address. When I saw the familiar building from a distance, only then did my ice-cold body start to warm-up a little. Once she caught sight of the car, the Filipino maid

hurriedly took the umbrella to shade me while opening up the gate for me and greeted me in fluent English. It was only then that I felt that I have finally returned home. I heaved a big sigh of

relief. Once in the main door, a few domestics came to greet me and carry my suitcase.

We are after call Chinese, even if we live in France, at this

moment mother was sitting at the mahjong table. Once she caught sight of me, she surprisedly said:

"Why didn't you tell us you were coming back?" She stopped playing mahjong and stood up to come over and give me a

hug.

"Ma " I said miserably, the feelings of having been

wronged bubbling up to my throat. But there were still a few ladies from prominent families waiting for my mom by the mahjong table in the hall, so I was forced to endure. Looks like I still have not

grown up, still the pampered and spoilt only son.

"Aiya! ShengSheng, what happened to your face?" Mom, who was

starting to think that I was acting spoilt, immediately exclaimed

when she raised her head and saw my forehead. She anxiously stroked my face. Her well maintained soft and smooth finger cautiously and distressfully stroked my cut, immediately letting me feel warm

inside. One's own parents is really always the best in the whole

world. I forced a smile:

"Ma, it's nothing. It's only a small scar. Once covered by my

hair, it can no longer be seen." Actually the scar is not

considered small, definitely won't be completely covered. In the

end, it's also considered disfigured. I tried to coax mom but mom's tears started to increase:

"How can this be OK? How can this child not know how to

treasure oneself? One playful excursion and this is the result. I

also wonder why your dad agreed to let you go by yourself to Hong

Kong. Couldn't you have just stayed at home where all is perfectly well? I looked after you so carefully, ten over years and not a

single scratch, today " Mom's words were even more than her tears. I don't know whether to laugh or cry, supposedly I was

the one to be consoled but now I can't help but come up with ways

to console mom.

"ShengSheng is back?" Dad comes down from the second

floor.

"Pa." Dad walked up to me and furrowed his brows.

"Why are you crying? You shouldn't pamper your child. Ai, loving mother spoiling her child." He turned around and caught sight of the scar on my forehead and suddenly froze on the spot. I touched on this lightly on the phone but it looks like he did not expect it to be so damaging. Dad looked at me with an understanding and distressed look but still words of rebuke came out of his mouth:

"I told you to study properly and you still insisted to go to

Hong Kong for holiday. And what type of shenanigans were you up to such that you ended up like this?" He then stamped his foot saying: "Why are you still not quickly going to take a bath? You're

sweating all over." Ai, my old man, at all times still wanting to keep up appearances. I was reluctant to part with mom's tearful and woeful face but I hung down my head and went upstairs. Mom wiped her tears and summoned the domestic:

"Aunty Wang, help young master with the bath water!" She

continued with her bombardment of dad. "It's all your fault! Look at ShengSheng's face, what are you going to do now? If it was not for you " Before I entered my room, I heard dad ordering people:

"Go! Find out who is France's most well-known expert plastic surgeon. Go quickly " I guess this is what you call

returning home. Looking at the room that I had left for not even a few months, it seemed like it had been a century ago. YuJiang,

you're really awesome, I admire you.

Touching the scar on my forehead, I lazily let myself soak in

the warm water. The threads of steam rising from the bath water wave to and fro, making the entire bathroom dim and hazy. Calmed down, I could start to think back on all the things that happened. However, recalling set off an intense pain. Actually, YuJiang's tactics were definitely not absolutely brilliant. There were hints, except that I was blinded I closed my eyes and put my head under the water. My eardrums felt the effects of the water pressure and started to buzz. This kind of feeling, let me recall the time when YuTing pushed me down and also the time when I found out YuJiang's true colors. *wengweng, wengweng* I suddenly sat up in the bathtub, fearfully checking all four corners. *ke, ke* Someone is knocking at the door! I open my eyes wide and fearfully shielded my chest with my hands.

"ShengSheng, it's time to eat. Why are you taking so long in the bathroom? Are you alright?" It's mom. I heaved a sigh of relief. As if I had just got through a point of life and death.

"I'm alright. I'm coming out." Everyone was silent at the dining table. Maybe it's because I'm keeping silent, so they are afraid of speaking carelessly and hurting my feelings. Only using their worried, doting gazes to lightly stroke me. Mom's face was showing courage but was dying for me to open my mouth and start venting so that she could immediately hug me and have another cry.

Dad was evasive, always wanting to assume a stern fatherly look. He only has me, this one son, of course it would be heartbreaking. I felt sentimental, looks like my family is such a good place.

YuJiang probably never felt such a warm feeling ever since he was

small. He most probably had to go all out to hide his talents at the dinner table, preventing the Rong family members from really understanding him lest they start to gnash their teeth hatefully at him. Why is it that when you finally have HuangSheng who sincerely feels for you, you fail to treasure him.

After the meal, I found an excuse and hurriedly slipped back

to my room. I tossed and turned in my bed, and fell into a foggy sleep before waking up with a start. I looked to my bedside just

like I have become used to. Sweet and tender feelings crossed with terror churn in my heart. I pulled the coverlet over my head and

covered myself tightly. Close your eyes HuangSheng, close your eyes alright? I sat at home moody and depressed for a few days. Mom

continuously brewed medicinal soups everyday as if hoping that these things would make my scar disappear. The expert plastic

surgeon had already come by and stated clearly that the scar could not be erased. I already knew this a long time ago, it only made my parents broken-hearted, nothing more. Dad asked:

"ShengSheng, did someone harm you? There is no harm in saying

it out." I kept silent. The fearsomeness of YuJiang is that he can harm you and yet leave you unable to speak about it. I really have no choice but to suffer in silence. I saw a spirited and dynamic

YuJiang on several successive magazine covers. It reinforced my

inability to judge people. The person by my side was actually such a formidable character. Truthfully, even without me, YuJiang would have eventually taken over Rong enterprise. How could YuTing

possibly match this person? But I refuse to yield, I really refuse to yield. Maybe if it wasn't YuJiang, I would resign myself. Such a formidable foe, who would willingly incite? But it is YuJiang.

Everyone else supports me, except for him

One day, after eating, I was chatting with dad in the study.

We talked about Rong enterprise's sharp rise and outstanding achievements, leading to huge stock gains.

"Pa, since you already have so much Rong enterprise stock in hand, why not go for a little more? If Huang enterprise and Rong enterprise were to merge, who could overcome?"

"O? ShengSheng, looks like you are starting to apply yourself."

"Pa taught me, fighting for

"rivers and lakes">**more influence** is when one

is most satisfied." Dad took out his pipe and narrowed his eyes,

not saying a word. I know that I had created a big crisis for Rong enterprise and shrewdly left the room. The following days, dad was especially busy with official business, repeatedly not coming home for dinner. Mom said:

"I have no idea why he is so busy, how many years and he is still going all out." I said:

"Men go all out for their careers is not necessarily for

money nor for things." Maybe dad already faintly suspects what

happened and is going to war for me to demand justice. Old scores

in business are naturally settled in the market. Mom again strokes my forehead:

"Business this, business that, yet not taking care of his own

son. If he had a little more care for the family, how could you

have ended up like this?" Her words were already carrying a nasal

tone. It gave me a shock and I was afraid that she would start

crying again. Good heavens, why do women have so much tears? Weep

for their husband, weep for their son. Although I was treated so

cruelly by YuJiang, I still have not shed tears. I hurriedly

pacified my mom, and escaped to my room with some excuse.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 8

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

Since it is a battle, naturally one would throw in everything

to battle it out. Old man is at the office defending the base camp, while I go move from side to side at a dance party. Tonight's party is at a splendid villa. Even though it is not a big party, there

are a lot of participants. Upper class parties usually don't depend on other things, but just rely on the influence of the host. If the influence of the host is not sufficient, even if the walls were

covered in gold, silver, pearls and jewels, these elegant princes would not deign to attend. I picked out a new set of formal attire and intentionally wore a single ruby earring on one ear. I am well aware of the influence of today's host, NiLuo. NiLuo's power and

influence is not limited to France, but also extends to the distant Hong Kong, exerting some subtle effects. It is very hard to tempt this person, but we had experienced one night of passion together.

Hopefully he still remembers my name. This intention is in my heart, but with the scar on my head, I still actually dare to think of tempting others.

The venue was packed with the splendid jewels of society, all

dazzling to the eye. Sumptuous interior decorations and beautiful women all elegantly dressed, is something I am accustomed to.

Suddenly there was a stab of pain from the scar on my forehead, as if it was reminding me of its existence. I immediately felt

pitiful, HuangSheng, what capital do you still have now? Who among those gathered here is not an elite prince, masterfully playing

around? One wave from NiLuo and anyone would respond, what need is there for you to cause your own humiliation? Before, seducing

others was usually for the sake of my own desires. Not caring one way or another. Once in hand, I may forge some connections for the sake of the family but that was just

"adding flowers to brocade">**frosting on the**

cake. Today I actually plucked up enough courage to come here because I want to battle with YuJiang, causing me to be so keyed up. Only now do I realize how much I've been trying to forget my scar, how much inferiority I actually feel. The way

society treats people, I have seen my share of mortifying scenes. I definitely do not wish for myself to play the leading role. While I was hesitating, someone spoke up beside me:

"ShengSheng, why are you standing outside the door? When did

you become my doorman, and how come I don't know anything about

it?" I turned around. Looks like it's NiLuo. His face was glowing, smiling and waving the glass of red wine in his hand. Seeing that he is in such a good mood, my anxiety was greatly reduced. "What

happened to your face?" He suddenly frowned when he looked closely at my face, stretching out his hand to touch my scar.

"Of course it is because I violated the law and committed

crimes, trying but failing to steal chickens. Let's not talk about it, since I'm already disfigured, I'm doomed to be an ugly man from now on." I smiled. Because the hand that was touching my scar was still continuously stroking it gently. This significance, of course I understand. NiLuo said:

"It's really not ugly. Instead it adds a little charm." No

matter the sincerity of those words, I felt a little better

listening to them. I gratefully smiled and looked at him

seductively.

"How about we look for a place to discuss this charm?" He

happily agreed and pulled me inside. I was by NiLuo's side

throughout the whole party. The woman that was his original dancing partner

sent me ten thousand cutting looks but I pretended not to notice. For the sake of preparing the foundation for revenge, I

also reverted to my former ways, not sparing any effort in greeting people. In those greetings, there were a few jokes, reconstructing my image to that of a corrupted prince. Luckily not only did these people not avoid me, they even thought that a little imperfection suited me better, one after another coming over to greet me. At the end of the party, my confidence had recovered considerably. I

smoothly accepted the host's invitation to join him in his big
luxurious bed.

"You are very charming tonight." I said:

"Thank you."

"You're already in my bed and yet you're so reserved?" He

started to tease me. His fingers stroked my scar and this was
followed by kisses. Looks like everything is going smoothly but

unfortunately I start to recall the most unwanted thoughts of the time when I received this wound. I fought to control myself. He

still hasn't entered me, and I have already become so stiff, almost like a mummy. "What's the matter?" NiLuo asked me while parting my legs. I wanted to find a humorous reply, since I had already taken great pains in preparing for this night, and I have yet to achieve what I came here for. But my throat was hoarse. Seeing that I was not going to reply, NiLuo faintly smiled and lowered his head and started to prepare me. He had just put the lubricant at my entrance when I jerked as if from a snakebite, almost falling off the bed.

"Are you alright?" I forced a smile. My face must be as white as
snow:

"NiLuo, my condition today is a little off, could we take

this up another time?" NiLuo answered:

"Look at the condition I'm in. Don't tell me you're

intentionally punishing me? ShengSheng, how did I offend you? Come tell me."

That's right, how can one refuse after getting in bed?

NiLuo would lose face if this were to get out. It would be lucky if he didn't retaliate, let alone help me out. "But speaking of this, you are very tense." I grit my teeth and let myself calm down.

NiLuo's smiling face returned and he gently kissed me and continued to raise my leg. All my terrified feelings started to howl like a whirlwind. I only wish that this bed would change into an abyss and swallow me down, so that I would never have to do these things from now on. NiLuo used his finger to gently stroke the place where I

was injured before. I trembled and stretched taut. "ShengSheng, you're acting like I'm going to rape you." He said such but his hands did not stop, slowly inserting himself little by little.

Unspeakable pain. I felt like I was being operated on without anesthesia. But I also know where he will insert his blade. I felt like I was going to pass out but I forced myself to remain

conscious. Endure, I have to endure! In order to battle with

YuJiang, I can't not have this advantage. That year, for the sake of YuJiang, I had already gone to bed with several people. During that time, he could appease all my sufferings with his gentle

smile. I told myself, in the business world, behind the dazzling exterior, who has not done all sorts of sleazy unprincipled actions? One can only rise in society after having suffered the hardest of hardships. I grit my teeth. NiLuo started off very

gently, looking at my suffering expression, slowly rubbing in and out. Gradually he started to move more passionately. Not only did he start to speed up but his actions also became more pronounced. I said trembling with fear:

"A little slower it's very painful " I was

actually at the point where I could no longer endure, the pain was indescribable. Maybe that provoked his lust, for he no longer

propped up my body on the bed but instead pinned me down by my shoulders and started to go all out. This type of rhythm gave me a strange violent feel. As if it was the day of my tragic situation.

YuTing and those few people, taking turns at torturing my body. Not only holding me down, but restraining me. Not only groping me but also grabbing me. Dying to do bodily harm to me while I was still alive. Once again, my ears started to buzz. Just when NiLuo was

going all out, right at the point of release, I used all my strength to push him away. At desperate times, one's physical strength is quite considerable. NiLuo from my one push, fell right off the bed. Turns out I cannot bear the hardest of hardships. I

won't be rising above all others. He simply had no reaction, looking at me in shock. Of course, he must not have had someone kick him off the bed in his lifetime. If I don't leave now, then when? I know that if I wait for him to recover, my personal safety would not be guaranteed. I hastily grabbed my clothes and ran away rolling and crawling, and escaped from where NiLuo was. Luckily he chose to hold this party at his new villa. If it was at his main

house, it wouldn't be as easy to escape. Reaching home with my body in a terrible condition, I

couldn't attend to the servant that opened the door for me in the middle of the night, and just hurried into my room. After soaking myself in hot water for a good while, I managed to force myself to calm down. Now I can't help but laugh at myself and then think

about the retaliation that would subsequently come from NiLuo.

Damned YuJiang! After another night of turmoil, I went downstairs the next day, my face all dark with despair. I run into dad that still had not left for work.

"Pa, NiLuo, that presides over GuiDe bank

"

"What happened?" Dad opened up the newspaper in his hand and looked for the finance pages. I'm really a little too embarrassed to bring it up. Although my family have long known about my outrageous actions outside the house, but we're still considered a traditional chinese family, to discuss this type of matter with dad Yet, I can't not say it. The stock market is like a

battlefield, if Huang enterprise were to suddenly receive an attack from GuiDe unprepared, there would be losses.

"I kicked NiLuo off the bed last night." I plucked up my nerve and casually said it. The newspaper was immediately crumpled into a ball. Dad raised his head and looked at me. I know what he is thinking. Playing these games, why did it turn into such a dangerous extent? I lowered my head: "Pa, we were not playing. We really had a falling out. You have to be careful."

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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Posted on Oct. 17th, 2014 at 01:27 pm

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 9

Yesterday by Feng Nong

Because of this current battle, I still don't dare to attend parties as I please. I discovered that I am really useless. If it's talking about business circles, YuJiang's schemes I have already experienced. Who could possibly match him? I only hope that dad's lengthy experience could control him a little. I hid myself, all depressed in the house. I watched as my old man's expression became more and more unsightly and as he started to lose weight. I know that things at the office is not favorable and yet I did not help one bit. I looked at my reflection in the mirror, the person that looked back has an ugly scar on his forehead, wan and sallow

appearance, no sign of the former lively energetic demeanor. Dad asked: "There is no use in shutting yourself indoors, you should

properly complete your studies." I know that Huang enterprise is suffering a huge crisis, the shares continuously propped up a

hundred ways by dad. But it is akin to building a mud house on a sandy beach, suffering continuous surging attacks. How many

prominent families, glorious for a hundred years, brought to ruins when caught unprepared. But since I don't have any fighting

ability, it's best that I just don't create any difficulties. I packed my luggage and returned to Harvard to complete my final year of business studies. I conducted myself as before, dressed in the latest branded clothes, a rich young man with gold card in hand.

Standing among my classmates, I however lack my previous carefree and uninhibited warm personality. My classmates said:

"ShengSheng, you've changed a lot since your long absence." I laughed:

"Rather than changed, it's better to say

matured."

"Congratulations! It must be that you have experienced a

major incident that brought about such a steady and controlled temperament. Your previous strong points were all on the surface. Now with your maturity, it reveals even more of your inner charm."

I forced myself to smile, accepting their flattering words:

"That's too much. You're all going to mature too, so what's

there to admire?" These words are just a matter of fact. You all have no idea how I feel when I say these words. There is no use in worrying about matters in the business world. I tried my best to emulate a scholar that shuts both ears to things outside his

window. I was faintly aware of the extremely critical constant change of events happening outside. The rise and fall of finance tycoons are abrupt and constant. The changes in this world is

really frightening. Everyday I would receive mom's phone call, idle talk, nothing more than repeated words of encouragement. I

patiently answer the phone, and continue until I feel sleepy before hanging up. Today the phone rang again. I was dumfounded when I answered the phone. It was actually my old man.

"ShengSheng, how about you come back for a bit?" Dad sounded very tired and sleepy, his old age showing in his voice. My heart suddenly sank. An uncertain feeling enveloped my entire body. I simply said:

"OK, I'll return right away." After hanging up the phone, I

immediately left without even a word. Once on the plane, my imagination started to run wild. The more I thought, the more anxious I got, as if suffering in a burning fire. If something

happened to Huang enterprise, it would definitely be related to YuJiang, and also definitely related to me. Heavens! I only wish I never met this person. Upon arriving home, all corners were quiet, not a servant to be seen. Mom was sitting alone on the sofa in the main hall. The mahjong table was standing desolately on one side, the tiles on top still

"mess of seven and eights">**in a mess**, scattered in all directions.

"Ma."

"ShengSheng!" Mom abruptly gave a clap and turned around and looked at me affectionately while pointing towards the study. I nodded and simply put down my luggage and immediately entered the study. The study was just as before, except that for some reason there was a heavy smell of smoke, that filled the dim room with despair. Dad was sitting quietly in his chair, numbly looking at the desktop screen. The screen was showing the ever changing stock charts. There's no need for me to look at it. I know that the chart has already changed to terrifying extent, capable of harming

goodness knows how many family fortunes.

"Pa, I've returned." He raised his head to look at me, and

slowly nodded saying:

"Ask your mom to come in here as well. We need to talk as a

family." I grimly went out to guide mom inside. Everyone sat down and waited for dad to speak. Dad opened his mouth a couple of times yet swallowed his words. After staying silent for a long while, he finally said: "Victory or defeat although common in military

operations, however, I have suffered a crushing defeat this time. I fear it would not stand for another day. You all should prepare yourselves. I widened my eyes, who would have thought that it would have come to such a desperate situation? Dad looked at my shocked expression and calmly smiled.

"ShengSheng, you're still young. An army in flight is like a landslide. Everyone rushing with great momentum, naturally stepping on one another. This is not like a one to one combat, it is a one against all fight. A little show of a decline in power, and it's like an invitation to launch a fatal attack, until you give up the ghost." This type of situation, yet dad can still speak calmly with confidence, showing his broad-mindedness. I really admire him. Only at this time do I realize my old man is so respectable and lovable.

But I was still unwilling.

"There is still hope, since we have not declared bankruptcy, so how can we give up? Where is godpa " Dad shook his hand in admonition.

"That is your godpa, not your real father. It is easy for him to **add flowers to**

brocade but not so when it comes to sending charcoal in snowy weather. There is no need for us to throw away our self-respect. Furthermore, this large crisis, he is unable to help. I underestimated my opponent and greedily and insatiably

wanted to annex them. This could be considered a fitting punishment for my crime. Ai, I have wronged your mom She all along advised me to reduce my appetite, and be happy with our current assets, unfortunately I did not listen. How many years have we been husband and wife, now I have harmed her in our old age." Mom, who usually likes to cry, today, not a single tear:

"So many years as husband and wife, how many times have you

listened to me? However, I have enjoyed so much happiness with you, as matters stand, I don't feel that I have been wronged at all."

Mom turned towards me and looked at me with heartache. "Only

ShengSheng has been wronged." It's really only when one is at a hopeless situation, that one's true character is revealed. Mom, calm and content looked at my bewildered self indulgently. Before, I have always considered that the older generation could not

compare with us. Only can be pretentious because of wealth,

operating in business circles as if like the rich ladies gossiping together by the mahjong table, frittering away life. How can it compare to our new outlook on life, attending school with our

relaxed and unrestrained vitality. When met with disaster, the one most unable to understand, the one most unable to accept, is

actually me, who always regarded myself as most carefree and

relaxed, uninhibited me. I felt very ashamed, and snuggled up to mom's embrace.

"Pa, on the capital side, if the bank is willing to help, can we get over this crisis?" Dad said:

"The economy is not good, small banks do not dare to get

involved, the only one with capacity " He looked at me and softly sighed. GuiDe. I felt really guilty. Who would have thought that with one kick I had lost the last straw that could save my family. Don't tell me we should just sit quietly

and wait for

death? No way! There are two ways out. Either beg YuJiang, or beg NiLuo. YuJiang I would absolutely not go to. I'm only left with NiLuo. It was not at all easy to trace NiLuo's whereabouts but

unexpectedly he was again having a party tonight. I grit my teeth and solemnly vow that even if I have to handcuff myself to the bed, I would definitely not make any untoward movements. But I don't know if NiLuo is willing to give me the opportunity. I was already so anxious the last time, this time compared to the last is ten thousand times worse. The last time, it was only a scar on the

forehead, my wealth and status were still as before. This time, Huang enterprise is suffering a big crisis, who wouldn't be able to tell the reason for me being there. How extremely

insufferable.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 10

Yesterday by Feng Nong

I don't have an invitation card. I could only wear my finest clothes and find myself hesitating at the entrance of NiLuo's

villa. The opulence and status of this place, even the hired help carry a distinguished air, discreetly waiting upon the host's

esteemed guests. Surely they won't entertain anyone trying to buy their way in. I was already in dire straits, how can I go do such a disgraceful thing? In the middle of my frustration, a limousine stops at the gate. The attendants at the gate probably guessed that these were important guests, so they fell over each other to open the door and greet the guests. What luck! I slip through the gate like a wisp of smoke. Once in the door, the music and dancing went up a notch, a festive atmosphere. I'm well used to this scene but today I feel especially uncomfortable. I feel everyone's stares on me. NiLuo is chatting on the staircase with the usual glass of red wine in his hand, gleaming as it waves slightly. I am very

uncomfortable. I really don't want to let this opportunity slip by, so I walk up to him.

"NiLuo." NiLuo turns around and is slightly surprised when he sees me. But worthy of his status, he quickly put on a gentle

smile:

"ShengSheng, looks like you have come." He greets me

intimately. I heave a little sigh in my heart. He didn't

immediately call security, there's still a chance. I

said:

"I've come to apologize." I don't use my usual casually

joking manner of speaking, but apologize very earnestly. NiLuo shakes his head:

"Small matters, why take it to heart? This is not like you."

I bow my head and consider if I should now ask him to aid Huang enterprise financially. As long as he agrees, I'm willing to say anything. But am I worth such a high price? Wouldn't it be shameful if he outrightly rejects me? NiLuo asked: "ShengSheng, do you have something to say to me?" I raise my head and look at his

expression. There are no signs of him bearing grudges in his heart.

But those in business circles always have

"10, 7, 8">**numerous** masks on their head. Just like Rong YuJiang, did I ever understand him even a little bit?

Perhaps he only wants to fool me into begging him before turning it around to make me a laughing stock of the party.

"I " I'm really useless, things have come to this and I'm still hesitating. I hem and haw for a long time, face probably turned scarlet, before finally gritting my teeth:

"Huang enterprise is currently unstable. Is it possible for GuiDe to consider our longtime relations and accommodate us a

little on the capital loan side?" NiLuo was still gently smiling.

I'm sure he had long foreseen my purpose in coming here. Right when I was anxiously waiting for his response, someone casually spoke up:

"NiLuo is such a busy man. Having to talk business in the

middle of the party." My whole body shook once that voice entered my ear. I quickly turn around and my eyes almost fall out of their sockets. Rong YuJiang, impeccably attired, decked out with his whole person glowing with splendor, standing behind me. He

smilingly approaches me: "ShengSheng, long time no see. Why is it that you have slimmed down so?" I ought to hate this person to the extent of gnashing my teeth. Once I heard those words "slimmed down", I felt my nose tingle, and the feeling of having been

wronged rose up to fill my chest. I step away and say

caustically:

"Thanks for your concern. After coming to know you, Rong

YuJiang, who wouldn't lose a few pounds?" YuJiang chuckles, tolerantly not reacting. NiLuo pats his shoulder intimately:

"YuJiang, you're late. If we take Chinese customs into account, I should make you drink as a punishment." Their affectionate banter shakes me to the core. Looks like they were already long in cahoots, why have I come to bring on such disgrace?

I think of immediately leaving this awkward situation but it is as if my feet were nailed to the floor. I can't stop looking at YuJiang's face that was beaming with satisfaction. Hate hate hate indescribable hate! NiLuo chats a little with YuJiang before walking away to greet other guests. I know that asking him for help is pointless, so naturally I don't bother to stop him. I let him walk further away and stare furiously at the person that destroyed everything, YuJiang. YuJiang fixes his gaze on me and slowly comes closer.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Such an innocent way of speaking. Hmph! I scornfully glance at him, but can't help breathing unevenly. "ShengSheng, your lips are very beautiful." He whispers tenderly into my ear: "I long for you everyday." This scoundrel! The flames of fury burned until my head starts to smoke.

I can only think of venting out all this anger. I stare at his gentle face for a long time, getting angrier and angrier. I simply grab something close by and brought it crashing down on his head. I smash it using all my strength, quickly and violently. YuJiang didn't have time to dodge. One loud **kuang dang** sound rising above the festive music. The priceless vase that NiLuo had placed on the banister was smashed to pieces. YuJiang stands in front of me, staring blankly at me, head covered in blood. An immediate hush descends on the room, everyone shocked speechless.

"Ahhhhh!!!!!" Suddenly someone shrieks. I'm not sure which respectable young lady it is. This started the commotion in the hall. I stand

stiffly looking at YuJiang slowly topple over and tumble down the stairs. Everything happens in a flash. I suddenly come back to my senses and ran. The security guards outside were still unclear of what was happening. They watch me jump into a sports car, slam on the accelerator and

"shake one's sleeve and leave">**fled.**

I speed away, the wind blowing into the car but not blowing away the anxiety in my heart. I've killed someone. YuJiang, even if he isn't dead, he must be seriously injured. I suddenly think of YuTing, whether he was in the same frame of mind when he attacked me. YuJiang, you caused YuTing to go crazy that day. Today you made me go crazy. YuTing still had Uncle Rong and Rong enterprise to trade for his freedom. What about me? Huang enterprise is teetering on the brink, why would YuJiang consider it of any value. I catch sight of lamps at my gate from a distance and think of my mom and dad. I fiercely step on the brakes. The car screeches to a halt, coming to a stop at the dimly lit road side. Can't go home, I can't go home. After committing such a serious crime, how can I run home?

I don't want to go to prison. I immediately check all the assets I had on me. Luckily I still have some money. Even though I don't know how many days it will be before Huang enterprise declares bankruptcy, I still have this gold card in my hand. I rush out of the sports car and scurry to several ATMs, withdrawing as much cash as I could. I don't dare to contact my parents. I hurriedly buy a long distance bus ticket and escape far far away. Who would have thought that I, ShengSheng, would this day become a fugitive, like a mouse running across the street. If someone had told me

yesterday, that I would turn into an escaped criminal, I would have undoubtedly laughed until my insides hurt. Life is really

unpredictable. On the long distance bus, I felt bleak and

discouraged, my imagination running wild again and again. Yet my eyes are dry, not a single tear. YuJiang, YuJiang, what have I done, why have we become such enemies, causing me to fall to such desperate depths. Don't tell me it's because the debts from my previous incarnation that are now being repaid. Then your debt to me in this lifetime, will it still be counted in our next

life?

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 11

Yesterday by Feng Nong

How could it have come to such a mess? I constantly changed

buses all the way until I reached a train station. I myself had no idea where I wanted to go or which roads I went through. In any

case, I just thought it would be the best option for me to choose the furthest destination when I bought the ticket. Now I was

finally all tired out, my whole body was like a fox that has come up empty, standing at a corner of some unfamiliar town. It was

already a long long time later. The early morning sunlight shyly popped its head in until it started to show its strength in

lighting up the world. I numbly look at everything starting to come to live around me. People hurrying by me while I nibble on the hot dog in my hand. I bow my head and wander aimlessly. I pace around in a daze. It is as if the initial stages of my escape completely used up my energy. I'm like the battery powered rabbit that had ran out of power, straining with each movement. I casually buy a

newspaper, copying the conduct of ordinary people, and scan the

society pages. There is no news of YuJiang. I then search the

finance and economics pages. Also nothing. I casually throw away the paper. That's right. YuJiang is just a tycoon from Hong Kong, nothing more. Even if he died, why would it be in the newspaper of this French town? I always considered him all-powerful but he is also just a man. I hobble to a street corner looking for a run-down inn. I have never been to such a place, filthy and decrepit, with rough characters going in and out, spitting on stools.

"I lost my ID card. Can I stay here?" I ask expressionless.

The fellow that answered me was even more expressionless, using his hand to ring the bell on the desk.

"As long as you have money." I give the place a once over,

wondering if this place specializes in lodging for escaped criminals and bandits. I resolutely enter inside. I shut myself in the room, not daring to leave. I don't even dare to look at the person in the bathroom mirror that was split into two. Is that me? I stroke my chin. It has only been two or three days. It's no longer smooth and fine like before with stiff bristles pushing through. With the scar on my forehead, it makes for a frightful appearance. From today on, I would have to live in seclusion.

I sneak out to buy a computer to act as window from which I

spy on the world. Ai, don't tell me this is how I'm going to spend my days from now on. I scour the newspapers and foreign news sites online. There is some good news, YuJiang isn't dead. I sigh. I

laugh out loud when I see the vigorous and sparkling photo of YuJiang on the slowly loading webpage. The scar that was left behind by the vase is unexpectedly similar to that on my forehead.

The length and size is ironically extremely similar. The muscles on my face started to ache from my belly laugh. All this time I had put on a stiff face, practically not putting any of my facial

nerves to use. There is also an exclusive interview with this young mogul online. It is full of YuJiang's hypocritical modesty and

towering heroic spirit. I sneer. But the last paragraph catches my attention

"..... very bold question. These days, medical innovation is so advanced. Why didn't you remove the scar

completely?"

"This scar, can serve as a good warning for me."

The interview ended right there. I inwardly curse that stupid

interviewer. Why not add one more question? "Warning against what?

What is it that you're using it to remind you of?" My mood becomes heavy after I finish reading the interview. Overall, I feel that YuJiang has bad intentions behind that statement, some other hidden meaning. It's possible that YuJiang knows that I will be paying

close attention to this interview and added this fearful sentence at the end especially for me. Is he really that formidable? Or is it that I'm so terrified of his schemes that I'm **jumping at my own shadow**. I close the webpage with disgust. This scar, can serve as a good warning for me I stroke the uneven scar on my forehead. That's right. It can also serve as a very good warning for me. There is no news whatsoever of YuJiang suffering a surprise attack. It is as if the scar came out of thin air. What is YuJiang's plan, concealing the incident? It can't be that he wants to protect me? I firmly shake my head. If I am implicated, the media will definitely investigate why I, a well-known heir, would commit such an act for no reason. Maybe they would completely uncover the matter between me and YuJiang. He is only thinking that prevention is better than cure. I told

myself: this is only a way for him to protect himself. Once I

decided such, I relaxed considerably. Looks like I'm not an

runaway criminal. I was only scaring myself. Recalling how I ran helter-skelter for days on end, hiding in such a place, I'm really incompetent. I continued searching the internet, acutely waiting for news regarding Huang enterprise's bankruptcy. But I couldn't find any news of Huang enterprise after turning the finance and

economics website upside down. Can it be? I look through once

again. There really isn't anything. Aside from feeling stunned, I can't say that I'm not pleasantly surprised. I jumped up from the chair. These few days I never had such a lively reaction. This

whole filthy room, the only thing in common with my former self, is that newly bought computer. I immediately make a phone call.

"Ma? This is ShengSheng." Mom was astonished on the other

end:

"ShengSheng, why did you disappear without a trace in a blink of an eye? Where did you go for so many days? This child, you are worrying mom to death "

Mom was chattering away while I listen, I heave a huge sigh. For mom to be able to chatter like

this, Huang enterprise must have passed through the rain to
brighter skies.

"Ma, is the company business settled?"

"Ai, how would I know about company business? Your dad said
it's alright already." Thank heaven and earth, we definitely

received aid from someone powerful. I won't get a clear answer from mom on these things. It's better for me to discuss this personally with dad. While I was pondering, mom already asked me over ten

thousand questions:

" where are you now? Why didn't you notify us before leaving, kids these days, I was just mentioning to Mrs. Wang

..... "

"Ma, I'm coming back right away. Goodbye!" I hang up the

phone in a flash. I rush into the washroom and shave excitedly, and change into a new set of clothes. I put the remainder of my cash into my pocket. I was unable to hold myself back from leaving this place. After settling my account, I walk out the door as if **reborn**.

Life is really unpredictable. It turns out that emotions are really important. The small town that looked dismal and gloomy yesterday now appears beautiful and charming. There's even a spring in my

step.

I'm unable to hide my smile as I walk up to the window to buy my train ticket to return home. It's a pity I don't have my

passport, so I can't take the plane. There will be a lot of free time on this very long journey. I happily buy a newspaper in order to fill up the time. The paper vendor looks at me strangely as if he hasn't seen such a brilliantly smiling person

buying a paper

before. I strive to smile even more brilliantly hoping to infect him with my happiness. Once I got the paper in my hands, my

happiness suddenly disappears without a shadow, without a trace.

The photo of me myself is front and center on the front page. It's a gigantic, no expense spared missing persons announcement. It is accompanied by an especially big front page headline ----- the son of the president of the renown Huang enterprise disappears

without cause or reason!!! Below that, the subheading: Huge reward for any information on the whereabouts of this person. I glance

sideways at the paper seller by my side. He is looking at me with extreme interest. I casually look at the other newspapers to see if they also have my photo. Sure enough. I shiver. I start to feel

nervous yet grateful. Looks like I am so important, this for the current me, is definitely an injection of adrenaline. But I shiver.

The contact information for the huge reward is alarmingly a Hong Kong number. Not only that, but it was actually Rong mansion's

number and YuJiang's cell number.

I feel dizzy, maybe due to my not being used to my recent

diet. I place my hand on the stone pillar in the station, cold air rustling up my back from my waist opening. The steam whistle is

blowing loudly. I can't go home! YuJiang is waiting for me. What about my parents? Why is he looking for me? That's right, that

scar, isn't it always warning him? Reminding him to look for me, to look for the person that left him the scar, that let him shed

blood, HuangSheng. I look at the train leave slowly, the train that was supposed to carry me happily home. I hatefully gnash my teeth at Rong YuJiang. Why didn't that whack take his life? Only leaving a light touch of a scar. The sudden change is too much for me to accept and I shudder. I cover my head with my hands, almost

wailing. It turns out that I am a little strong, yet a little not.

I want to go home. I want to go back to mom and dad and just spill out all my feelings of having been wronged. Let mom direct the maid to prepare the bath water for me, to once more wear my comfortable pajamas, to sleep peacefully in my own bed. This is not an

extravagant wish. Previously, I could easily stretch out my hand and receive this treatment.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 12

Yesterday by Feng Nong

I cover my eyes with both my hands as if trying to block out all the things that are making me anxious. I desperately hold back the feelings of depression. I force myself to straighten out my thoughts and lift up my head only to alarmingly discover that the world had already changed color. I'm surrounded by a few men that from a glance anyone could tell that they were hired guns. The newspaper seller that was here earlier has long gone to who knows where, leaving the solitary newspaper stand behind. I retreat and terrifyingly bump into a solid chest. YuJiang! It must be him, I know it definitely must be him! Even if I am to suffer real

violence, I still think that I have a few seconds to show my **quick**

wit. At the least, I can publicly announce Rong YuJiang's name to the world in order to leave a pitiful clue to my whereabouts. Who would have guessed that before I could open my mouth, I feel an itch behind my neck. Looks like modern medicine has developed to such a degree that in a flash, a person can be paralyzed, shutting down the brain. I weakly topple over

.....

When I open my eyes, a familiar feeling came rushing back.

The guest room in Rong mansion. The clear and melodious singing birds outside the window. One can't help but force a smile. There is also the person sitting tenderly and sincerely at the bedside. I stare at him expressionless, but I soon start to laugh. Simply doubling up in laughter. How ironic, that ugly scar on the

forehead. Proof of my naivety, proof of his viciousness. YuJiang sits calmly at my bedside with an extremely gentle expression, looking at me as if looking at a spoilt child. It's just too bad that I was once bitten by a snake. However, it has not even been 3

months. Naturally I still remember the excruciating

pain.

"Have you laughed enough?" He softly asks. When he used to come visit me in the middle of the night, he also behaved like this, speaking softly to me, his tender and deep voice leading me to my dreams. I slowly stop laughing, awkwardly as if I took some medication to control my sickness. Not at all natural. The phone at the bedside has been replaced with one of the same

color.

I'm unwilling to look at YuJiang. With each glance my heart would ache like crazy. So sincerely falling in love, why is it only a sham? What if it was real?

ShengSheng, even if it was real, what would you do? Not wanting to think of that possibility, I turn around and look at the bedside phone. Could there be another

listening device in there? Perhaps every guest that stays in the guest room of the Rong mansion will have him sitting calmly at the bedside, will be subject to his seemingly gently caressing gaze, will listen to his voice that crushes the heart.

"ShengSheng " YuJiang leans forward and stretches out his hand. I am extremely terrified, after having discovered oneself successfully toyed with, like a prey in his palm. I

scramble and recoil my whole body. I tremble with fear looking at his shadow, as if looking at the rising of the devil. I plan to conserve my energy, to store enough strength to give him one swift kick. Except that he only leaned forward to tuck me in and leaned back. I find it hard to believe, my eyes opening even wider,

looking at him. He asks uncertainly: "What is it?" I turn my face away. Hmph, it's only an old trick. Allowing more freedom first before keeping a tighter rein later, using an attack as a mean of defense. As expected my jaw suddenly felt hot. YuJiang twists my face and we silently face each other. His indignant breath on my face. "ShengSheng. You've changed." Tender feelings like water. I suddenly think of laughing out loud. How laughable. I've changed, apparently the one that changed is me. My laughter choked at the top of my throat, changing into a mournful whimper.

"That's right, I've changed." I can only admit. Isn't it so?

From start to finish, YuJiang is still the same person. It's me that blinded my eyes, and read him wrongly. YuJiang

asked:

"What is it? ShengSheng, are you not happy? I have finally obtained Rong enterprise, isn't this what you've always wanted?"

What can I possibly say? He added innocently: "You always wished that I would gain experience and train my competitive business skills, why then do have such an expression?" I don't even have the right to smile wryly. I can only sneer. That's right, that's right, I'm the one that's wrong. I can only wait for this crafty and ruthless without peer person to suddenly smile derisively and show his true colors. Compared to my expectations, we performed even better, even more brilliant. I ought to throw myself at him and hug him closely and congratulate him endlessly. YuJiang takes my hand in his palm, as he used to do frequently in those days:

"ShengSheng, why do you no longer love me? Why did you leave me and ask your father to go against me?" Love? I felt like I was

"evening drum and morning bell">**struck**, the shock making me restless all over. In that instant my vision blurs and becomes confused, I no longer know where I am. I suddenly fling away his hand and again slap him hard across his face. It's a shame that it didn't smash that hypocritical mask. YuJiang, YuJiang, I really want to see what is inside you, what is under your skin, what is it actually in there? His stunned look is unsightly. I grit and gnash my teeth.

"YuJiang, your most frightful point is that even after you made me reach this point, I still can't utter a single word to refute it, I still can't

"pour out a little bitter water">**utter a single bitter**

complaint." I grind my fine white teeth and softly enunciate markedly: "It really makes me admire you." I bow my head and say: "I really admire you." YuJiang does not stretch out his hand to stroke his own reddened face, as if he didn't feel that slap. Perhaps his mask is too thick, too tough, that my

insignificant slap was insufficient to budge it even a little bit.

He stands up and looks at me wordlessly. Looking down at me from above, with the manner of an imposing king. How many times have I seen this situation in my dreams. How many times have I dreamed for him to dominate the world, and wake up smiling? Now that I have seen it, where have even a shred of those

feelings gone? I am only left shaking in fright, nothing more. In a flash, a hundred years has passed. I am only left with bitterness.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 13

Yesterday by Feng Nong

I thought YuJiang would show his dominance but he only smiles indifferently and leaves the room. I feel miserable, lying in bed. I sit up halfway and throw up except that there was nothing that came out. Not even saliva. I should at least get in touch with mom and dad, to check on their situation. I can only hope that YuJiang won't put too much pressure on them. After lifting the receiver, before I dialed the number, a pleasing female voice comes through:

"Mr. Huang, who would you like to call?" I am astounded.

"I want to call home." The female voice apologizes profusely:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rong has instructed that for the time being, I can't put you through. If you were to discuss this later with Mr. Rong" "I quickly hang up and lean weakly on the bedside. This is precisely like Rong YuJiang. I'm actually not sick but my steps are shaky when I get off the bed. I open the room door to find two men dressed in suits waiting outside the door.

"Mr. Huang would like to go out?" asks respectfully, showing extreme dedication to their work. I nod:

"I want to go home." The leader smiles:

"Please wait a moment, I'll call Mr. Rong to confirm." Not waiting for him to take out his cell phone, I close the door with

a ****kacha**** sound. I would have flown into a rage before but instead I lie back down peacefully on the bed. Isn't this fitting? Only like this can it be considered YuJiang's style. Pinning me down like getting stuck in a spider web. These filaments binding without end, letting you struggle and struggle, up to the point of death still letting you think that there is a chance to fight. He must have taken care of the outside details. From the outside, I'm just a good friend that is here for a leisurely holiday while being taken care of with great care. I smile bitterly in this desolate room. Who would have thought that after suffering a big loss in YuJiang's hands, it unexpectedly increased my confidence in him to such an extent. I regard him as omnipotent, capable of overcoming all obstacles. The next few days, I did not lack for clothes nor food. I tried the phone a few times but the female voice still greeted me like before. The men assigned outside my door are only two or three, changing in shifts, but just looking at them, I already feel defeated.

YuJiang comes by frequently, still showing continuous affection, taking care of me with great care. But I could no longer touch a single hair on his body. Everytime I swung my fist, he is already on guard, grabbing my fist and pulling me in to kiss me on my lips, saying smilingly:

"Don't be like this already. You've already hit me once in the president's room, and once more in this room, doesn't it hurt?" Everytime he touches me, my heart suffers a piercing pain. My heart is in thousands upon thousands of knots. I rack my brain but still

can't figure it out. I ask:

"YuJiang, what is it that you want?" He calmly

replies:

"Rong enterprise is already mine. Of course it is for us to

stay together all the time."

"I don't want to. Please let me go." He asks:

"ShengSheng, if I were to let you go, why would I have gone

through so much to bring you back?" My heart shrinks and I beg

him:

"YuJiang, I am already powerless against you, please let me

go."

"How have I constrained you?" He doesn't understand: "Do I

ill-treat you? Do I hit you or scold you? If I don't love you, why

would I have used my connections to help Huang enterprise overcome

the crisis?" I can't stifle my sigh and recline back on the bed. He

stretches out his hand to hug me and gently stroke my lips. The

numbness I feel outside contrasts with the suffering I feel inside.

YuJiang says: "ShengSheng, my whole life, the person I treasure the

most is you." I stay speechless. I recall what he once said

----- "Rong family's favor of nurturing me, and your feelings

for me, are both my most treasured things." Look at how Uncle Rong

dejectedly resigned, and how YuTing has sunk so low. "ShengSheng,

why don't you believe me? Why is it that you hate me

so?"

"YuJiang, I don't dare to believe you." I look into his eyes

and say miserably: "I really don't dare to believe you." That's how

it was over and over again. I rise and fall in the ocean of

feelings, unable to touch the ground, unable to keep my head afloat.

Even though I don't have freedom, I still receive news from the outside world. One day, YuJiang's image flashes across a financial tv program. It turns out that Rong enterprise has been expanding recently, annexing several big companies in a row, leading to a sharp rise in the stock price. I quickly changed the channel. The other channel was showing an international financial news broadcast. "The large Chinese-run French fund is once more announcing unfavorable news " I fearfully watch on pins and needles. My wan and sallow old man emerges on the screen. Huang enterprise! Huang enterprise is again experiencing a crisis. My heart aches terribly and I fall onto the sofa. People say that intellectuals are useless. What about HuangSheng? I fear that I am even more useless. I despise myself. Everyday I am fidgety and restless, feeling awful and anxious, frequently unable to eat my meals. Mom and dad are fighting hard to preserve the family fortune while I can't even manage to contact them. This kind of unfilial son, there can't be many in this world. YuJiang walks in and as usual, sits by my bedside.

"Are you not feeling well? You look very bad." He gently caresses my face. I remain unflinching, obediently letting him do as he pleases.

"YuJiang, I want to talk to mom and dad." He smiles:

"You can do that at any time. Isn't the phone right here?" I look at him coldly. "I'll help you dial." He carefully lifts the

receiver and gave instructions in a low voice before handing over the receiver to me. I accept it.

"Hello, is it ShengSheng?" Hearing mom's voice, I almost cry out. I bite my lip and say:

"Ma, it's me."

"Are you getting used to staying at the Rong mansion?" Mom is not talkative today. "Hopefully Rong family's young master is taking good care of you. He is after all a good person." I glance at Yujiang by my side.

"Ma, where's dad?" Dad's voice comes through:

"ShengSheng, are you getting along well in Rong mansion?" Dad that never shows affection actually asks the same question as mom.

I firmly answer:

"I'm doing well." YuJiang smiles slightly by my side. His smile makes me bitterly disappointed. "Pa, is something going on with Huang enterprise? Do you need my help?"

"No need to worry,

"called king if successful, called bandit if defeated">**losers**

have only themselves to blame, that's all it adds

up to." Dad adds: "Even if there is no Huang enterprise, with Yujiang by your side, you don't need to worry." I anxiously say:

"Pa "

"What era is it now? These male and male relationships is not a grave matter. You left for so many days, your mom and me were so worried. As long as our child is safe and sound, we are happy."

What kind of potions did this Rong Yujiang use to confuse my parents to this extent? Wasn't Huang enterprise already bought up

by Rong enterprise? How can a stock market enemy suddenly become someone that can be entrusted with their son? I secretly hate him.

After the phone call, I only understand two things. First: Huang enterprise is in a great crisis. Second: Mom and dad are at ease with entrusting me to YuJiang.

After putting down the receiver, I lean over the bed and wish

for the tears to wash me away and at the same time take the splendidly clothed cunning jackal by my side, and drown us both.

It's too bad that after quivering for a long time, not a single tear drops out. My eyes have dried out. My dad that is so used to giving directions **to**

everyone on everything, my mom that is always

exquisitely dressed, refined and graceful, how can I have the heart to let them be in distress on the brink of bankruptcy in their old age. How can I let them suffer the ridicule of those around them? I turn around and look at YuJiang sitting properly at my bedside. I said:

"YuJiang, I beg you to help Huang enterprise. Rong enterprise

has an abundance of funds, you definitely can help Huang enterprise out of this crisis." YuJiang frowns:

"ShengSheng, the stock market fluctuates endlessly. I fear it

would be inappropriate for Rong enterprise to rashly lend a hand."

He stretches out his hand as he says this. He embraces me closely with his hands around my waist, his lips touching my face. I

stiffen from head to toe, unable to move. "ShengSheng, I really miss you. I really love you." His sexy voice is deep and low,

pleasing to the ear, capable of mesmerizing anyone. My heart beats fiercely. He leans on top of me and slowly presses on my body. I purse my lips and quietly lie down. The puppet-like person reflected in his jet-black eyes, is that me? He peels off my clothes like a plaything, leaving me naked and even more ice-cold. YuJiang hotly covers my body. "You are so thin, I dare not hold you down." I voluntarily stretch out my legs, letting him do as he pleases. His breathing starts to speed up as he hurriedly kisses my body, doing all he can to calm down my shivering. "ShengSheng, don't be afraid." He softly coaxes me. I ask

lifelessly:

"YuJiang, will you save Huang enterprise?"

"Yes, I will." He gently kisses my chest with every word,

full of tenderness. I smile faintly and close my eyes. Once again, my ears start to buzz.

"YuJiang " I say: "No matter how I wail or struggle,

just continue on. You can even tie me up with something." These words, I had intended to say to NiLuo. Who would have guessed that the target has changed? If the deed is not accomplished, the deal will naturally not succeed. I don't wish to fail once again.

"Wouldn't that be too heartless?" I smile:

"I like it."

"Oh, as long as you like it, then it's fine." His excited

movements start to escalate. Darkness and fear come rushing over, blotting out the earth and the sky, burying me deeply inside. I hear myself cry out, and also hear YuJiang calling me over and

over: "ShengSheng, ShengSheng " He finally enters, pushing blindly in roughly and savagely, unexcelled in the world. Is this then his true colors? The pain is enough for me to pass out and also enough to bring me back to consciousness. "ShengSheng, look, we are finally joined together." I hear him happily say: "I love you very much." I am in such pain that I even lack the strength to smile bitterly. I clutch him tightly as if clutching onto the only float, entering into a deep sleep.

I think it is due to a psychological trauma that I lay in bed for several days. YuJiang comes to see me everyday. One day, he said:

"Huang enterprise is out of danger, you don't have to worry."

I glance at him impassionately, afraid that he would ask for a reward. Sure enough "ShengSheng, are you feeling better? I really miss you." He stretches out his hand and tenderly hugs my waist. All the bones in my body start to lock up. I look at him helplessly, eyes full of terror.

"YuJiang, please stop." I softly say: "I'm afraid it will hurt." He stops my weak plea with kisses.

"ShengSheng, you've said before that you like it this way."

He veils his crude intentions with these refined words: "You said you like to be tied up. I'll bring a set of handcuffs the next time, what do you think?" I close my eyes, filled with despise. I have already given up all hope.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 14

Yesterday by Feng Nong

One more time of "according to the way I like it" sex. Once

again I lie in bed for a few days. YuJiang frequently keeps watch at my bedside, with his dense furrowed brows, only hoping for my body to heal sooner. I look at his manner and only wish for me to not ever wake from my sleep. But the Rong family doctor is

extremely capable, examining me everyday and prescribing medicine.

Not more than 3 to 5 days and I was

"7, 7, 8, 8">**almost completely** healed. YuJiang is very happy, holding me in his arms, excitedly twirling me one round in the room. Saying:

"ShengSheng, you're finally all better. Today it's time for a big celebration, I want to give you a present." An official

document is placed before me. "Your father has decided to retire. I have bought up Huang enterprise stock to prevent it from falling into other people's hands. You are now the president of Huang

enterprise." YuJiang asks: "Are you happy?" I have nothing to say.

YuJiang's manner does not allow one to laugh, does not allow one to curse, does not even allow one to speak any words. He can really come across as being good-hearted but he is only playing with a

puppet, ordering it about to amuse himself, nothing more. I

ask:

"YuJiang, I'll give Huang enterprise to you. So please let me go." It's always this same old thing, everytime giving one a little spark of new hope.

"ShengSheng, one hundred Huang enterprises cannot compare to

you in my heart." Such profound loving words, only appear frightful in my ears. I bite down tightly on my teeth, fearing that they

would start to chatter, drawing his ridicule. But then, what's the use? It's not

as if he has not had many chances to laugh at me

while manipulating me. If mom and dad retire together, going away to a relaxing place, it could be considered as their twilight

honeymoon. Before they left, YuJiang was actually nice enough to let me get in touch with them on the phone. Thousands and thousands of words choke in my throat, I'm unable to voice them out. Mom

advises me a great deal, on all sides, as if once they leave, it would be forever, just like abandoning me. Dad also has a great

deal to say to me, ending with these words:
"YuJiang, he ShengSheng, in life one has to

"understand that there is a heaven beyond the highest heaven">**admit defeat.**
When one can't win, one just can't win.

Forcefully running away or driving oneself to madness, one would most likely injure oneself." I suffer a huge shock. Looks like dad had figured out YuJiang's character. But lacking the ability to

win, lowers his head in defeat. Dad says: "ShengSheng, I'm saying this for your sake. Dad is already old. The person that can harm you also has to ability to protect you." My ear starts to buzz

again, possibly the electric current from the phone is assaulting my brain. Hanging up the phone, I turn around and see YuJiang

calmly sitting by my side.
"Are you feeling a little better?" He persuades me: "It's a

good thing for your parents to go traveling, there is no need for you to be so reluctant to let them go. Furthermore you still have me." I turn my face away, not wishing to look at him.

The bright moon is hanging high outside the window. Hanging in the sky throughout the ages, how many helpless figures has it observed like me? Definitely not just a few. I say:

"YuJiang, I wish to go out tomorrow for a spin." He
smiles:

"I have never imprisoned you, you can go out at any time. In

fact, you should go out and look around." I look at the shadow of the men pacing outside my door and coldly look at YuJiang who is not even a little bit ashamed. "Go to sleep, OK?" He tucks me in properly and kisses me on the forehead. "Your body is always cold, it's no wonder that you always catch a cold. Everyday I have to

come and check if you're properly tucked it, it would better for you to move and sleep together with me." My whole body immediately stiffens, and I force myself to smile:

"Better not, it's too troublesome. Your room is just next

door, isn't this just fine?" He says:

"ShengSheng ah, you are still behaving like kid, always

saying what you don't mean, just like when we're having sex." He kisses me again a few times before leaving with a smile. I was

scared by the words he said before leaving that I couldn't sleep soundly, continuously tossing and turning. Gradually my eyelids

became heavy, only then did I calm down.

Today, I change my clothes after waking up. Once I open the

door, the man outside says:

"The car is ready. Where does Mr. Huang wish to go?" YuJiang

is not here, my courage increases a great deal.

"I wish to wander all over the place, driving as I please,

catching the wind." I walk down the stairs as I speak, not wanting to look at that person's face. I didn't think there would be

someone acting like ants clinging to something rancid.

"Mr. Rong said, Mr. Huang's body is in poor health. He wants

us to accompany you in case something unexpected comes up." I flare up, turning around abruptly to glare at him. I see him stand down to one side so I straighten out my chest and walk out of the house.

The car is ready outside, a brand new BMW. I like this car model, there is one

at our house in France. Just when I start the car,

that person steps into the car. "Mr. Rong said that Hong Kong's traffic pattern is troublesome and Mr. Huang is not used to it.

It's better if we drive you around." I clench my fists tightly and purse my lips. I say:

"Fine, I don't wish to go out today." I turn around to go

back inside the house. My vision dims, there is already someone in front of me blocking the way. They smilingly say:

"Mr. Rong has already indicated that he wants to have lunch

with Mr. Huang today. It's almost time. We should be on our way."

Two or three large guys in suits respectfully urge me. Just like that I was "politely invited" to get into the car. I don't shout or curse. Really, towards these types of people, what use is there to fly into a rage? Losing one's self-respect in vain, nothing

more.

YuJiang picked a renown western restaurant for lunch. I have

been here before, a frequent meeting place for the upper class,

with plenty of vintage red wines. Bringing me to such a place is an error on YuJiang's part. I obediently step out of the car and

obediently enter the restaurant surrounded by a few men. Those

looking on from outside would assume that I'm a tightly guarded

rich young master. A

"dressed like a princess">**well dressed** young lady guides me to the table like driving a carriage down a familiar road. YuJiang was already seated by the window, smiling gently at me. That is the best table, not for people without money and

connections. My mood starts to brighten and I walk towards him

smiling gently. The "guards" at my side heave a huge sigh of relief at my well-behaved manner.

"ShengSheng, you're here." YuJiang stands up and pulls me to sit down next to him. "Let me introduce you to someone ----

ZhouHeng." The man sitting opposite me nods his head at me. He has a delicate and pretty face, wearing fine clothes, and visibly

strong and fit. I instinctively hate him. YuJiang says: "ZhouHeng's work is top-notch. He's only here after my repeated invitations. He will be your special assistant from now on, I hope the both of you will get on well together." In shock, I quickly observed YuJiang.

YuJiang calmly sits there, kindly looking at me. That's right,

Huang enterprise is really in his grip. It serves him well to find this type of person to take control of everything. What right do I have to disagree? I look at the gently smiling ZhouHeng with even more hatred. I glare fiercely at him, not bothering to conceal my feelings even a little bit. ZhouHeng smiling says:

"Mr. Huang's gaze is very spirited. If you were a woman, I

would have definitely suffered an electric shock." I'm completely humiliated. I wanted to stand up but was stopped by YuJiang. His hands on my waist looks very intimate but he's actually using

considerable strength. I resist with all my strength and

unexpectedly managed to get free.

"Let me go!" I yelled, not caring where I am. All at once,

the peaceful restaurant

"crow and peacock make no sound">**is completely**

silent. Everyones attention turns to me. YuJiang's expression is unchanged, and he lets me go.

"ShengSheng, it's just a joke. Why do you have to get so

angry?" He calmly persuades me, alone trying to keep the peace with a kind face that sets people at ease. I quickly stand up and sweep clean the table in front of me. A burst of sharp and clear sound of glass falling to the ground stirs up the restaurant. I know that I'm already acting like an old shrew shouting in the street, not the least bit like a noble prince, but it's worth it. YuJiang's

expensive suit is stained with a splash from the dishes. He raises his head and calmly looks at me with a sympathetic and indulging look. That drives me even crazier and I suddenly raise my hand

intentionally wanting to let him become the lead story of tomorrow's entertainment pages. YuJiang's reaction was really amazingly quick. He easily grabs my wrist and twists it behind my back. I let out a groan and find myself constrained in his arms.

This is just as well, let the whole of Hong Kong see how you embrace a man a public ----- especially since it's the recognized president of Huang enterprise. YuJiang sighs: "ShengSheng, your

illness is still not healed, why are you so agitated?" Everytime I hear his caring manner, I start to feel terrified. Sure enough,

ZhouHeng immediately comes over, and just like magic takes out a syringe from who knows where. I look at that syringe full of dread.

"Mr. Huang, this was recommended by the doctor. Please don't

be alarmed." ZhouHeng forcibly opens my arm and skillfully inserts the needle into my vein. "This is only to let you calm down. Your nerves are too tense." I want to scream out. YuJiang pins me in his arms, and facing the wall, covers my mouth tightly. All my cries are held back by his hands. I hear YuJiang's subordinate explaining to the restaurant manager that had rushed over.

"Mr. Huang's health is not good. His mood is a little

agitated. He is now alright. Please keep it under wraps." No! No! I screech loudly in my heart. Don't do this to me! I look at YuJiang piteously. He gently caresses my hair and coaxes me:

"ShengSheng, you're all tired out. Let me send you back to the house, OK?" Everything turns black and I sink into the darkness.

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Posted on Oct. 31st, 2014 at 11:17 am

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 15

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

When I wake up, it is already the next morning. Maybe it's due to the aftereffect of the injection but I'm a little dizzy and out of sorts. I blankly look around in boredom for a long time while sitting by the window in my pajamas. The maid knocks on the door and enters asking:

"Young master Huang, breakfast is ready. Would you like me to bring it in?" I nod my head, expressionless. She serves me bread, milk, sausage, ham, and eggs. How strange. It is obviously a western breakfast, even the eggs were hardboiled. The maid notices me looking at the eggs and flatly says:

"Master said, eggs cooked like this is very nutritious."

Hearing those words, I don't even want to give those eggs a second look. I say coldly:

"I want to drink coffee."

"Master said, milk " I immediately raise my head and scowl at this person who refuses to deviate even a little from Rong YuJiang's instructions. She lowers her head and says in embarrassment:

"I'll go ask." She respectfully and cautiously escapes my gaze and leaves the room. Who are you going to ask? Of course it is Rong YuJiang. If even such small matters need his approval, how would he have time for anything else? Coffee was quickly brought up. I smile coldly. I suppose this can be considered a favor. Just like an emperor granting you a cup of coffee from high above. The

maid is less arrogant than usual, bowing her head while entering and bowing her head while leaving. I'm not at all happy but rather feel sad. Using my power and status to take it out on people who have to take orders is against my nature. Don't tell me that YuJiang has squeezed away the etiquette and decorum my parents had instilled in me from childhood. Their painstaking effort in polishing away my edges and corners gone to waste.

I drink the coffee that doesn't taste quite right and stand by the window looking into a distance. The Rong mansion is very large. Gardens, swimming pool, tennis court, brilliantly showing off the wealth of the Rong family. Earlier that year Uncle Rong must have felt extremely at ease standing at the window surveying his kingdom. Yet where is this former master today? I catch sight of YuJiang. He is at the tennis court, in great spirits, across from ZhouHeng. I recall the injection site on my arm. YuJiang with his back towards me spares no effort in returning the ball. His back is thick and broad, the muscles on his arm are strong and very appealing. I look at him competing against ZhouHeng, running east and west on the tennis court to return the shots as if he is in a dance. I can't help but smile. At that instant my heart suffers a huge shock. I quickly cover my mouth. No way! What's so good about these two despicable and contemptible people? YuJiang wins a point and suddenly turns around to wave his racket at me from a distance. Looks like he knew all along that I was observing him. I dodge behind the window and finish the coffee in the cup in one gulp. All at once, I am in agony. Sitting back in my original position, I

hear YuJiang's hurried steps coming upstairs. I secretly pray that he won't come in but of course it's hopeless. It's fine, the heavens have no regard for my wellbeing, why would it be different today?

"ShengSheng," YuJiang squats on his heels in front of me, dressed in white sportswear. "Why are you not eating anything? You're always like that, not taking care of your health even a little." I put down the cup in my hand and lean back sleepily. He says smilingly: "I already instructed the kitchen to bring you coffee for breakfast from now on." He tenderly approaches me teasing: "Don't be angry. It's my fault. I even forgot what you like." I am bitterly disappointed. I ask:

"YuJiang, I wish to have a proper talk with you, OK?"

"Of course, how can it not be OK? I most like to hear you speak. ShengSheng, you used to like to speak to me non-stop, teaching me this and that." I avoid his passionate gaze. Don't bring up the past. I beg you.

"YuJiang, there are a lot of things that I don't understand."

"What don't you understand? I'll teach you piece by piece." I look at his intimate smile, his patience simply incomparable on earth. I only feel sad and scared. "It is said that

"a military general in the time of the Three Kingdoms that wanted to usurp the throne"> **Everyone knows what is in Sima Zhao's mind.** But

it is not the same with you. I still don't know what you plan to do. Do you want to drive me crazy or slowly play with me? Please

tell me, OK?" YuJiang shakes his head, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"ShengSheng, how can you compare me to Sima Zhao?"

"That's right," I nod my head: "You're even better than him.

More formidable a hundred times, ten thousand times."

"ShengSheng, you're always exaggerating when it comes to me.

Bringing me up to heaven or down to hell, capable of all things." I push him away.

"YuJiang, what is it you're thinking of? What do I need to do in order to leave you? I beg you to tell me." I say: "Let's call the lawyer over. I'll sign the transfer of ownership document immediately, leaving Huang enterprise to you." YuJiang smiles bitterly:

"I went to a lot of trouble to get Huang enterprise for you.

Why would I want you to hand it over to me?" I sit down dejectedly.

That's right, Huang enterprise is not actually in my hands. What other leverage do I have?

"I have never wronged you, why do you want to torment me this way?" I woodenly say: "You even let YuTing go. Why aren't you willing to let me go? YuJiang, the scar on your forehead can be erased. Let me call the doctor to remove it. Let's settle our affairs completely, OK?" YuJiang is shocked. He looks at me for a moment and takes me into his arms. He says:

"ShengSheng, why have you changed so much?" There is a sobbing tone in his voice. I am dumbfounded, seeing his true feelings revealed once in a million years. "You used to love me so

much, you used to wish for me to compete for Rong enterprise, why do you now want to leave me immediately?" He asks: "I have done so much for you, why are you simply unappreciative, only wishing to leave me? What have I done wrong that let you hate me this much?"

It really is like **spitting**

blood. Spurting to extreme saturation, completely, perfectly. I say:

"Rong YuJiang, you put a listening device in my phone."

"I never forced you to use the phone. I was only concerned for your actions. YuTing is so crafty. One moment of inattentiveness and you could be in danger." I say:

"You left me in the room and gave YuTing the opportunity."

"I also asked dad to come home and act as your savior." I say:

"You let me get gang-raped. YuJiang, if you have even a little bit of love for me, how could you bear to let this happen?"

"ShengSheng " He says in agony: "That is a mistake in my calculation. I came too late. I I really didn't think that "

"Say no more!" I suddenly shout violently. Calculation mistake. You even used me in your calculative plan. Looks like I'm also a useful chess piece, nothing more. Looks like it's like this.

YuJiang's lofty figure is in front of me. I cover my ears. I shut my eyes. But I still can hear his voice, smell his scent. He

asks:

"ShengSheng, why did you have a change of heart? Do you know that I love you so much that it hurts?" I shake my head and retreat, and fall on the bedside. "You make me fall in love and then leave me behind. How can I endure it?" YuJiang says: "I also don't want to keep you under surveillance, confine you. But if I turn away for even a second, you would secretly leave me right under my eyes. Do you always fool people this way?" He holds my hand and pulls me up from the bed.

"YuJiang, let go of my hand." I can't find any words to refute him. His eloquence and mine differ immensely. I can only beg him: "Please don't be like this. I'm very afraid."

"Are you afraid?" YuJiang hugs me softly says: "I'm also afraid. Ever since I was young, there was nothing that belonged to me. It looked like it was mine, but it actually belonged to YuTing, everything belonged to YuTing. I could only struggle, secretly struggle. I didn't give up on Rong enterprise, I won't give up on you." He is even more tender and sincere compared to those days. I am even more scared out of my mind compared to those days.

"ShengSheng, you were so good to me. There never was anyone that cared for me so much. My success is also your happiness, am I right?" I say:

"YuJiang, you are already successful, why should you care if I am happy?"

"I can't allow that." He kisses my lips as if trying to hold back my words: "I want to be together with you. Once we're together, only then will you be happy. Why don't you understand?"

That's right, you're too young, too naive, unable to see everything clearly."

"No! No! YuJiang, As long as you let me go I will be sufficiently happy." I avoid his kiss: "You have so much wealth, you're also so brilliant, you could have anyone you want. I'm not the least bit capable, not the least bit fitting for you."

"ShengSheng " He stops his passionate chase and calmly lifts up my chin: "My whole life, I have only gone to bed with you." I am greatly shocked. My head fills up with shooting stars, twinkling unceasingly. I don't know what I'm feeling.

"You're the only one for me " He looks into my eyes, as if wanting to look into my soul. In my heart I say it's not true, a thousand times, ten thousand times. But I believe. I ask:

"YuJiang, if I were to ask you to choose between Rong enterprise and me, which would you choose?" He panics. If he "moving clouds and flowing water">**smoothly** answers that he chooses me, I can only laugh out loud and

have no more illusions about the matter. Never again believing in this fellow with impeccable acting skills. But his terrified response stabs me in the heart. YuJiang, are you showing a fraction of your true self? Can you really have something left for me? Maybe this momentary hesitation is also an act. Adding one more tough and sticky strand to the thousand and one strands of spider web that binds me, making me even more hopeless forever.

"Go away!" I use all my strength to push him away, covering

my eyes and yelling: "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" I'm unable to shed any tears, only adding in a sobbing voice: "I still don't love you! No, I never loved you, not ever!" After that loud outburst, I breathe heavily and weakly lean at the foot of the bed.

I hear YuJiang heave a sigh and say calmly:

"OK, I understand." He repeats what I said, word by word, calmly and indifferently: "You hate me. You never loved me."

Listening to him saying those words, I only now understand

----- him softly saying a few words will make people

suffer a **violent**

upheaval, sinking down to the

"18th level of hell">**lowest hell**. I gravely

nod:

"That's right. I hate you." Clear and concise, extremely simple. YuJiang raises his head and sighs.

"Looks like it's like this." He sighs: "Looks like it's like

this " He leaves with a big sigh. I have nothing to say.

What else is there to say? What else is there to cry over?

Yesterday's all sorts of sweet thoughts, are like poison, strand by strand, coiling around my heart. That's right, things remain the same but it's the people that change. Why not ruin it completely, so that I won't have any more extravagant hopes in this life, in this world. I can't stand it! Originally my position was that of someone that is blameless, suffering hardships and injury. But after letting YuJiang stir me up to such an extent, it is no longer clear who had wronged who. I curl up and shiver at the foot of the

bed, dazed for a long time.

Terrified, I suddenly realize there is someone in the room.

Raising my head, I am already being carried up into air and placed on the bed. YuJiang tucks me in properly. He has his usual expression, as if this morning's heartfelt confrontation with me did not happen at all. He looks after me with great care as before, calmly and breezily.

"Go to sleep, ShengSheng." ZhouHeng walks up from behind him, with yet another syringe in his hand. My pupils suddenly contract and I curl up into a ball. Everything seems to be in slow motion like in a TV show, except that I am unable to resist whatsoever. I see a clear liquid entering my veins, mixing with my blood. YuJiang strokes my eyelids and let the darkness bring me to my dreams. "I will never let you go, ShengSheng. Never let you go." I hear these words in between dreams and reality. I can only hope that it is a dream.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 16

Yesterday by Feng Nong

I am not completely without freedom. YuJiang allows me to go

to the hotel restaurant as I wish, a grand occasion, only requiring that I take ZhouHeng along and not forgetting a sufficient number of bodyguards. Each time we go out, we're

"like important people in the olden days">**surrounded front and back all shouting and gathered around**, very

impressive. Onlookers are bound to crane their necks and ask: Who is that exceptional person? Oh, looks like it is Huang enterprise conglomerate's president. Probably adding a few more exaggerated

words: Taking charge over major issues at such a young age, he must be very capable. Naturally there would also be quite a lot of

gossip: Look at his cold appearance, nothing at all like the modest and amiable president of Rong enterprise. I look at the curious

people from within my cluster of bodyguards. They look at me with a lot of curiosity, just like looking at a monkey. I look at them as if I'm watching a show. When we go out, if YuJiang is not there, ZhouHeng will always

be by my side. Loyal and devoted, he should receive a 20% raise

everyday, and bankrupt YuJiang. It is as if this person is without the seven human emotions and six desires. Even the three vital

instincts are absent. Definitely worthy of YuJiang's careful

selection. He is my "assistant" but he carries sufficient sedatives on him to deal with me. Just in case I cause an uncontrollable

scene, he can conveniently bring an end to my headstrong

unruliness. The fact that the president of Huang enterprise has

slight depression issues is an open secret. Everyone looks at how my

bodyguards and assistant rush in and crowd around me to put me to sleep, only commiserating with my employees, not with me who has so much wealth and power. What is

"black or white">**right or wrong** is turned

upside down, how laughable. I can't be bothered to beg for understanding.

One day, we were again like stars crowding around the moon

entering the Peninsula Hotel, with passersby glancing at our pretentious behavior. I'm only lacking a pair of sunglasses to

appear as a towering well-seasoned underworld big brother. The scar on my forehead would serve as a perfect foil to this image. I turn around and say to ZhouHeng:

"Tomorrow, help me buy a set of sunglasses." ZhouHeng nods.

This person is like a robot, as long as it doesn't contradict the program that YuJiang entered, he would carry out your instructions without fail. Just as we were about to enter the elevator, someone calls out from behind:

"ShengSheng! HuangSheng!" I haven't heard such a call for a

very long time. I turn around and see a young man with a happily glowing face, practically trotting over to the front desk of the hotel to greet me. "ShengSheng, it's really you!" He smiles,

revealing spotlessly white teeth: "Do you still remember me? Your classmate He ShuTing that later went to study in Canada." I'm not that old that I would have completely lost my faculties but I

remember that I did not have a close friendship with this

classmate. I don't understand why I deserve such a pleasantly

surprised reaction upon meeting. I observe him coldly. ZhouHeng and the bodyguards also observe him expressionlessly at my side. "I

just returned from Canada. I originally wanted to go back to France but I decided to take a break and look around Hong Kong. You know, my maternal

grandmother has always lived in Hong Kong. She wanted me to come back." This person chattering away, just like my mom.

No, how can he compare to my mom? Just meeting an acquaintance and already after three words exposing the map of his whereabouts is

really odd. I impatiently look to the left and right, catching

sight of the similarly impatient look on ZhouHeng. I suddenly get an idea, abruptly turning to smile at He ShuTing.

"ShuTing, it's been so long since we've met. If you have

time, how about we have lunch together?" My ice-cold expression

changes in a split second with my smile reaching up to my eyes. How can I not praise God for this favor towards mankind? I'll put this superficial relationship to good use to provoke Rong YuJiang. I'm not too bad myself. He ShuTing is stunned. Hopefully this is

because he is taken with my enchanting charm and not because he is scared out of his skin by my sudden change. He scratches his

head:

"Lunch? OK, of course it's good. Let me treat you." I shake

my head:

"No, my treat. How about here? OK?" Not waiting for him to

say any more, I go ahead and lead the way, entering the elevator

and pressing the button for the restaurant on the 3rd floor.

ZhouHeng stands by side and softly says:

"Mr. Huang, I'm afraid "

"You wish to call and ask Rong YuJiang?" I smile coldly: "Do

as you wish, I'm in no way stopping you." But inwardly I hide that I really don't want to see him. I'm afraid of YuJiang and I also

hate my aching heart. Before ZhouHeng could reply, there was a

"ting" sound and the elevator door opens. We choose a table with a good view. He ShuTing was beaming as if really elated. I'm puzzled but don't wish to ask. His

happiness is no concern of

mine.

"It's good that I ran into you. I didn't think that I would

come across a friend in Hong Kong." I say:

"Is that so?" We just can't make sense of how people think.

Just because we attended a few classes in the same classroom a few years ago, that counts as "friend"?

"ShengSheng, how come you're in Hong Kong?"

"Handling some business." I lazily take a sip of coffee:

"I've inherited the family business, and am now in charge of

running Huang enterprise." He is surprised:

"Is that so? Congratulations! Your father must be content in

his old age, now happily enjoying his later years." I'm really

afraid he would actually

"chinese gesture of congratulations cupping one hand over the other fist at face level"> **cup his hands and add a few more "gongxi"**. How

can I endure this? My whole mouth is full of bitterness. It's the flavor of coffee. I put the empty cup down and wave my

hand:

"Please give me one more cup of coffee." ZhouHeng leans over

and softly says:

"Drinking too much coffee is not good for the stomach.

Wouldn't it be better to drink a glass of milk?" Not waiting for me to make a sound he gives a meaningful look to the waiter. I must

admit that I'm really not the most suited to YuJiang. The one that is the perfect match is ZhouHeng. Speaking in a perfectly

respectful manner yet a clear controlling threat in between the

lines. I turn around and speak to He ShuTing with a

smile:

"Have you come across such a responsible and diligent assistant? Not easy to come by even with a thousand pieces of gold." He ShuTing doesn't know how to answer and only smiles slightly. That's right, he is only a nobody that I pulled in just because I'm bored. I can only hope he says something. The waiter comes over and sitting on the tray is impressively a glass of milk.

I turn to look at ZhouHeng, giving him a look of respect. Look, you win again. No, it's YuJiang that wins again.

He ShuTing is a very amiable person. Although the atmosphere is so awkward, he can still recount all the recent happenings in

Canada, one by one. Adding a little flavor to this originally moody lunch. At the very least, it is more interesting that having lunch with ZhouHeng. He looks at his watch repeatedly as if he has to be somewhere in the afternoon. I don't know why he isn't willing to

open his mouth and take his leave. I say: "ShuTing, if you need to go, there is no harm in leaving first. I want to sit here quietly for a while. Leave your number and we can get in touch later." I

seldom make allowances for other people. Ever since I've come to know YuJiang, my disposition is getting worse and worse, becoming pettier and pettier. This little bit, I must admit. As for the cause, I don't even want to think about it.

"Alright." He readily agrees and takes out his namecard

wanting to place it in my hand. I withdraw my hand and let it fall lightly under the table He doesn't take offense and

smiles while putting the namecard on the table: "If you have time we should have lunch. I must return the favor." He turns around two to three times while leaving, waving at me. It's so funny that I

can't help but smile. Such a nice person, I hope he will never run into an evil spirit like Rong YuJiang. Turning back, the namecard on the table is already

nowhere to be found. Of course I know who took it. I smile faintly and glance at ZhouHeng. ZhouHeng calmly

leans over and asks:

"Mr Huang, should we head back?" He always speaks in a soft

voice, in a calm manner. I wonder to myself if he was an eunuch in his previous life, brought to the present by a whispered trick. An evil thought comes to mind.

I copy his soft voice and calm manner and sigh into his ear, saying:

"You're coming so close to me, are you not afraid that Rong

YuJiang will suspect you?" His face changes suddenly and he quickly draws back. I laugh out loud. I haven't felt so light-hearted in so many days.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 17

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

The look of alarm on ZhouHeng's face disappears as soon as it appears. He adopts a stern countenance:

"Mr. Rong trusts me."

"That's right, if Mr. Rong doesn't trust you, he wouldn't

have asked you to watch over me." I nod. I place my hands on my thigh and sit earnestly with my head bowed. "ZhouHeng" I say: "I'm not feeling well."

Acting as if he just heard an alarm go off, ZhouHeng immediately leans over:

"Where are you feeling unwell?" Looking at his agitated

state, I suspect Rong YuJiang must have given him the condition that if I were to die of illness, he must be buried along with

me.

"My hand is very cold, soon going to become

numb."

"Hand?" That's right, my hand is deathly pale, just like my

face. ZhouHeng starts to examine it, holding my hand, estimating its temperature. In that split second, I turn over my hand and grab his, pressing his hand between my thighs. Warm, separated only by a layer of clothing from my most sensitive organ.

"Don't move!" I warn him softly, smiling faintly: "If you

move I will yell out sexual assault." The bodyguards were at

another table having lunch. They are at ease because ZhouHeng is at my side, why would they pay attention to what was going on under the thick tablecloth? It's often said that under the table deals are not easily detected.

"Mr. Huang, please conduct yourself with dignity." ZhouHeng's expression doesn't change and he looks at me calmly. Dignity?

Ridiculous, the one that is taking advantage of the situation is him.

"ZhouHeng, if Rong YuJiang were to see this, how would you

explain it?" I push his hand even further down, firmly pushing onto the organ under my clothes. How laughable, I've turned into a sex maniac. I say: "ZhouHeng, think of this matter, from now on you need to remember this threat and listen to all my instructions."

This is all but nonsense. Such a fictional matter, why would

a **big frog jump all over the place**. ZhouHeng only burst out in laughter and gives me a light pinch. I react too late, shocked from head to toe. He says: "Mr. Rong will definitely not doubt me. When he hired me, he already foresaw that this kind of things could happen. He said that Mr. Huang is really too playful, whether it is towards strangers or people beside you, you will always have the intention to seduce."

Stupefied, I release ZhouHeng. I feel very depressed with the urge to throw up blood. Rong YuJiang, this is how you think of me. A complete slut. Bastard! I grab the vase on the table top and hurled it at ZhouHeng like a madman. ZhouHeng ducks deftly and evades the vase. The crashing vase alarms the entire restaurant. The

bodyguards immediately circle around and surround me and my

impulsiveness just like driving a carriage down a familiar path. I am forcefully pushed onto the chair. Again another ice-cold

injection

When I wake up, YuJiang is sitting at my bedside, calmly

watching me. A distressed look in his eyes, acting as if he was even more blameless than me.

"ShengSheng, why did you cause trouble again? Why can't you

behave just for one day?" I smile coldly, grinding my

teeth:

"How can I not cause trouble? I'm but only a vixen or a

slut." YuJiang utters not a word and abruptly draws closer and

leans over me. The familiar face is suddenly enlarged making me think of his delicate farewell kisses that he used to give me just before leaving. Staring

blankly, I suddenly come back to my senses in a shock and turn my head away, hardening my heart.

"There are times when I really want to tear you to shreds."

YuJiang whispers softly at my ear while gently caressing me, enunciating clearly: "I love you heart and soul and yet you betray me." I shiver with my breath stuck in my chest.

"Rong YuJiang. Don't you dare poisonously slander me." I bite my lower lip and glare at him hatefully.

"Me poisonously slandering people? ShengSheng, how outdated can you be? Do you know how much painstaking effort it takes me to protect you, to keep you from harm, allowing you to stay safely and free from worry at my side, not letting other people harass you?"

Even when speaking of his hurt feelings, he still has the same manner, showing extreme consideration, softly and gently, showing deep sincere feelings. I shout hoarsely:

"That's right! I'm only a degenerate slut, guilty and deserving to die ten thousand deaths. You should quickly throw me into the rubbish heap so as to not defile your Rong mansion, and never meet me again from this point on!" He muffles my screams.

Using so much strength that I think that he wishes to suffocate me to death. He sees me with my eyes open widely full of fear and gently kisses me on my forehead. Softly and tenderly.

"ShengSheng, no matter how you misbehave, I will not let you go." YuJiang says: "I know you were always deceiving me, I know you never really loved me. But I really love you." I deceived him?

Looks like the impostor was always me. Then I must be the worlds unluckiest impostor. I sob continuously under his palm, only

regretting that I can't say it all out. But even if I could say it all out, what use would it be? Have I ever managed to beat him in words? "Do you know? We have crossed vast oceans and difficult

waters." He hugs me and pulls me tightly into his embrace: "Other than you, there is no other person." I yell out crazily. I throw up a mouthful of blood on his shoulder. That's right, we have crossed vast oceans and difficult waters. All the things that happened

before, how can I blot it all out? It's just too bad that I love you this much. It's just too bad that you only want me. Why must people have hearts? Even if

"love until die and come back to life">**madly in**

love, suspicions will still arise. Even if one is blissfully happy, there will be all sorts of tempting glory,

wealth, and status nearby. Few can't help but grasp a little at these worldly things leading to the ruin of the sweet

blissfulness.

You love me, but it's a pity that you don't trust me, you

won't let me go. Thereby not letting yourself go. It's not that I don't love you, but it's a pity that I no longer dare to believe you. I won't forgive you, thereby not forgiving myself. I have no more tears, I can only throw up blood. I throw up on YuJiang's

shoulder, and see him start to lose his head in panic, just like that day when I offered my naked chest to him in the

car.

"YuJiang, what you said is right." I say weakly: "We have

crossed vast oceans and difficult waters. What you said is right."

Not waiting for the injection from ZhouHeng, I sink deeply into unconsciousness. Please don't enter my dreams. YuJiang, I'm already extremely weak and completely exhausted. Are you not

tired?

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 18

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

"ShengSheng, do you love me?" I hear a familiar deep voice

beside my ear. I turn around. The one standing in the middle of the brightly shining sunlight is YuJiang. Smiling simply and honestly with his dashing brows. His tenderness making me heartbroken. I

foolishly say:

"Yes, I love you." That's right, I love YuJiang, it's

pointless to doubt this.

"Hahaha " He suddenly looks up to the heavens and

laughs out loud, on top of the world. I'm so shocked that I'm

incapable of moving. The sunlight fades away. The darkness floods over me I suddenly open my eyes, my body already ice-cold in fright. I'm in the middle of the room, lying on the bed. It's very quiet, I can actually hear the summer cries of the small

insects outside the Rong mansion. It was only a nightmare. No. I turn my head and see YuJiang at my side. Peacefully with eyes

closed, sound asleep. It was not a nightmare. I sigh soundlessly.

It is reality, not a nightmare. If only I can wake up and realize it was all a dream, how good would that be?

I look at YuJiang silently. A strand of black hair hangs down to his eyes, covering up the scar on his forehead. A prominent high nose bridge. The black framed glasses that I first saw on him has long ago disappeared to who knows where. His arm is hanging over my chest as if he wants to always be sure that I'm still by his side.

This mood, this scene is stirring up my feelings. I unconsciously stretch out my hand and gently caress his face. His lips are thin but graceful. I touch them lightly, afraid that he would wake up. I quietly observe him for a while before daring to trace the shape of his lips. The first kiss, under the moonlight, in the

car, he was full of uneasiness, extremely terrified. While I was smiling

like

"beautiful favored concubine during the Tang Dynasty">Yang

GuiFei brought to life.

"YuJiang " I say his name softly, afraid of waking

him. The tears that refused to flow during the day are now tumbling out without warning. I hastily use my hand to stop them, wetting my entire palm. ShengSheng, why are you shedding tears? The arm that is just lying across your chest can pull out your beating heart

with its five fingers at any time. Don't you know that? I don't

dare to look at his unguarded sleeping face again, that is the most effective weapon against me. Maybe my biggest enemy is really

myself? I turn away and I feel a sudden grab on my palm. I quickly turn around and find myself face to face with YuJiang's pitch-black eyes. He stretches out his tongue and lightly licks my moist

palm.

"ShengSheng, you're finally crying over me." He asks: "You

loved me all along, isn't that right?" I simply turn my body away, not letting him see my face. He asks: "ShengSheng, I love you so much, what should I do?" I turn back to face him and look at him intently:

"Let me go, YuJiang. Once you let me go, we may have another

chance. Once my heart is free, maybe I will love you again." A

spark lights up in the depth of his eyes but disappears

instantly.

"No I can't, ShengSheng. Anything but that." Dejected, I turn away and bury my face under the pillow. "ShengSheng, you've

forgotten how we were before. I always recall those happy times

just like it was yesterday." I cover my ears tightly. No! No! I beg you to not bring up yesterday. I am completely defeated. I beg you to not bring up

yesterday, YuJiang. YuJiang says: "ShengSheng,

except for that, I will give you anything. Please love me,

ShengSheng." His voice carries a resentful pitifulness. I tell

myself: Don't give in, ShengSheng, I beg you to not give in. I

inhale deeply and say softly:

"Alright, other than that, there is one other thing that will let me love you again."

"Tell me." He sits upright on the bed and looks at me

seriously.

"A magic mirror. Give me a magic mirror." I only need to ask

it one question before I can freely and openly forget about the

past. No matter what you have done to me, no matter how you

exploited me. I only need one answer. One sentence in reply:

YuJiang loves you, with all his heart and soul, and will never

betray you. I will then resolve myself, cut this spiderweb, and

throw myself into your arms. YuJiang smiles bitterly:

"ShengSheng, there is no such thing as a magic mirror in this world." I say:

"That's right, therefore I don't love you." We stare blankly

at each other for a moment. YuJiang suddenly smiles gently and

holds me tightly in his arms. He strokes my hair and comforts

me:

"ShengSheng, you're tired, go to sleep OK?"

"OK, I'll sleep." I say to YuJiang in his arms: "YuJiang,

please grant me one thing."

"Tell me, other than leaving me, I can accept everything

else."

"Please don't enter my dreams again tonight, I'm very

pressured, very tired, I only wish for a good sleep." YuJiang

suddenly stiffens. He softly says:

"ShengSheng, sometimes your words are really hurtful." Is

that so? Looks like you also have a heart, that's definitely worthy of a celebration. I hear YuJiang's voice: "ShengSheng, it's you who forced me. ShengSheng, don't blame me. I love you so much

..... "

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 19

Yesterday by Feng Nong

I hear the birds singing in the early morning but I don't

open my eyes. I feel like I'm totally in a daze. I dimly see a few busy shadows before me. My whole body is completely devoid of strength. My throat is dry. I want to drink water but even after struggling, I can only move my lips but no words come out. What is going on? Could it be that YuJiang did something to me again while I was dreaming? Maybe he already poisoned me so that I would become mute, no longer able to say hurtful words to him. I continue in this delirious state for a while. A heavy ice-cold object is placed on my forehead. I guess that it's an ice-pad. My arm feels a momentary little stab of pain, this feeling is very familiar to me, yet another injection. I only feel that I've become an experimental little white mouse, lying on the bed, unable to move, letting other people put on clothes for me.

"ShengSheng." I hear YuJiang cautiously call my name. He

caresses my face, and moves his face closer to mine and rubs his face on mine a few times. He turns towards the person next to him and says:

"It's still burning hot." The person beside him

says:

"Mr. Rong, we must send him to the hospital. If we delay, I'm afraid it will be too late." Looks like it's the Rong family private doctor. Have I fallen sick? No, I can still hear them

speaking, I can still think. It's just that there is a strange sound in my brain, I'm very tired. I'm unable to speak, unable to open my eyes properly. YuJiang's voice carried an unexpected tinge of fear, I can almost hear his teeth chattering:

"Hospital? How did it get so critical?" It is as if he is defending himself: "I didn't do anything, taking good care of his each and every need, how is it possible that he became so sick?"

The doctor explains awkwardly:

"Mr. Rong, he " YuJiang cuts short his words, and asks impatiently:

"You said that it might be too late if we delay, what does that mean? Don't tell me ShengSheng will die?" My hand is suddenly gripped tightly by someone. "It can't be! It can't be!" YuJiang's voice is getting further and further away, floating higher and higher. It gradually disappears

When I'm finally able to open my eyes properly, my eyes are filled with blooming bright whiteness. A place with such a vast expanse of white, except for a hospital room, where else can this be? I move slightly and immediately alert the person sitting by the bed.

"ShengSheng, you're awake?" YuJiang's voice could be described as overjoyed and surprised. He holds my hand firmly, afraid that my neck would suddenly snap and I would be dead and gone. I struggle to move my lips:

"I'm sick?" He nods his head nervously and looks at me, finally showing a relieved smile. Ai I languidly let my eyelids fall. Why didn't I just fall ill and never wake up, heaven

and earth forever cut off from now on? I'm just so tired, towards this person in front of me. I can't even send out a little shred of hatred, I can only feel an agitated numbness. "What kind of sickness?" YuJiang slowly lists them:

"Anemia, high fever, weak health, anxiety, short of breath due to a psychological attack " I smile. How come even traditional medicine terms are used, wasn't the Rong family doctor trained in western medicine? Don't tell me he is trained in both chinese and western medicine. A rare talent indeed.

"ShengSheng," YuJiang looks fixedly at my face asks: "What are you agonizing over? Look at you, having so many worries, I'm afraid that you would ruin your health." My memory suddenly floats far away. When was it that he had said this to me before: What are you agonizing over? That was when I was trying to help him obtain Rong enterprise, racking my brains, considering from all angles, day and night not at ease. I say:

"YuJiang, my worries, are caused by myself. You don't need to concern yourself." He looks at me for a long time, turns his head away, and heaves a long sigh. I say: "YuJiang, do you know what I'm most afraid of?" He turns back his head in surprise, and waits for me to reveal the answer. "I'm afraid of your every word, your every action, your every expression." I tell him truthfully and earnestly: "I can't tell when you are sincere, when you are fake."

"ShengSheng, I " I coldly say:

"Therefore, I can only treat all of it as fake. YuJiang, this is called **better to condemn unjustly**

than to tolerate." I gently take my hand away from his and smile: "So, you don't need to put on this tender and gentle look in front of me anymore, with your long and short sighs. There is no need for all this." He looks at me intently, stretching out his hand to pull me into his arms. But when he grabs my shoulder firmly, his ice-cold eyes clashes with mine, and my whole body stiffens in a split second. He quickly stands up, and as if he just encountered something that agitated him greatly, he cast one more glance at me, before hurriedly leaving the room at lightning speed. Just like running away. Is this also an act? I ask myself. It is, it definitely is. I answer myself. It's in his nature to deceive people.

So many people wish that they would never grow old, to never suffer illness, to not end up dying in a hospital bed after losing all hope. I only wish that heaven would take me away a little early, but who knew that I would get better and better day by day. YuJiang did not come for a few days. After seeing his pained and agonized expression, I only wish that I would never see him again, hoping that he would throw me into a dark corner and forever forget about me completely.

Not seeing him, I again start to get restless. Of course it's not because I miss him, but can it be that he is where I can't see, plotting a way to destroy me completely. Me, who is always filled with suspicion. After coming across Rong YuJiang, I am even more suspecting that I can no longer bear it. While I was having endless suspicions, getting more and more frightened with

each thought, I suddenly hear a knock at the door. Who can it be?

If it is YuJiang, he never did knock, coming straight in and out, given our "closeness". If it is someone else, ZhouHeng is guarding outside, a capable imperial guard, who could be so daring and imperious as to knock at my door? I call out while

guessing:

"Come in." Such a rare occasion, for me to have the power to make a decision on my own, how painfully pitiful. Until such a minuscule power, for the current me, can be so praiseworthy. The room door opens. My eye gleams: "Looks like it's you? Come take a seat." I am not that familiar with this person but seeing him now, I actually feel a closeness floating up. Not because of who it is, but because he represents a clear freedom, and also his sincerity that I could never hope for from YuJiang. He ShuTing smiles

saying:

"I'm sorry that it took so long for me to come see you."

"How did you know that I'm not well?" I ask him immediately, coming off a little rude. But this is a very important question, if it was YuJiang that told him, then this is yet another terrifying trap, of course I would have to respond with 120% alertness. It could also be ZhouHeng that is the mastermind. After all, He ShuTing's namecard is in ZhouHeng's hands. He ShuTing pats his hands together:

"At first I also didn't know. I was looking at the medical record list today and saw your name. I was shocked on the spot. You are also not aware that I'm now a primary care physician at this

hospital. Originally I wanted to volunteer myself as your assigned doctor but the physician taking care of you is much much more famous than me. He is the head of this hospital, having him with you is of course a hundred times better than me." I

say:

"So that's how it is."

"So I could only abandon the role of a heroic savior and make a small small visit like this." He spread out his hands and shrug his shoulders saying: "I came here hurriedly, without even bringing a present, I hope you're not mad."

"If you're going to take me for a petty person, I will get mad." This person talking and laughing cheerfully, tactful and full of understanding, he should really become a psychologist. Probably because I have not interacted with normal people for such a long time, I welcome He ShuTing's visit a 100%, raising my spirits considerably. Leaning on the headboard listening to him talk nonsense, relaxed and carefree, it's as if we have simply arrived in a different world. This is what they call a common yet happy life. I smile listening to He ShuTing recount all sorts of interesting things that happened to him recently, right until the end. I say: "You should drink some water. I'm sorry, I need to ask you to pour it yourself, I am unable to take care of guests." He says:

"I'll do it myself, I wouldn't dare to cause trouble. Even though we are schoolmates, our family circumstances are very much different, of course our status are also different." He is also a young master from a rich family. I don't understand why he said

that and asks him:

"O? Why do you say this?"

"You are treated so preciously, bodyguards standing like a forest, if I were to say one word out of line, maybe causing your expression to sour, I would be beaten to a pulp." He ShuTing smiles teasingly: "How would I dare to trouble you to pour me a glass of water? That's right, do you also want to drink a little, I'll help you pour." I hold back my laughter and lightly nod my head. How would he know that those people outside won't be able to deal with him. They are only specialized in dealing with me. "ShengSheng, you're not happy? I went overboard." I force myself to squeeze out a smile. He ShuTing says: "The more money people have, the more worries they will have. You're already a company president at such a young age, you'd easily be anxious."

"Why is it that the more money people have, the more worries they will have?" This question is but only a way of stalling for time, in order to avoid losing the atmosphere. I ask the question absentmindedly but He ShuTing answers earnestly.

"It's because when people don't have money, they will invariably think that what they wish for can wait until they have money to buy it, naturally they will go all out with an expectant heart. But once they have money, they only realize that a lot of things that they wish for cannot be bought with money, the money that they fought so hard to earn, in the end leaves them equally unsatisfied. Then they wouldn't know even how to continue fighting on." He ShuTing makes an analogy: "It's just like being full of strength, yet full of uneasiness, and not being able to find a

place to vent." "So," he concludes: "The more money, the more anxious." I nod:

"That's right, having a lot of money is also not a good thing. Anxiety cannot be cured with money."

"When I came, I was stopped by your people outside

" I raise my head suddenly. He ShuTing waves his hand and says:

"I'm not making a complaint. They asked me my reason for coming, and then made a phone call, and as if receiving permission, let me in to see you." There is no need to say, it's definitely YuJiang that gave the OK. Talking about freedom, I can be compared to be on par with a prison convict. He ShuTing is therefore paying a visit to a prisoner. Looking at my unhappy expression, He ShuTing starts to be more careful with his words. "I just want to say, that there are people that are greatly concerned over you. Afraid of you getting hurt, also afraid of people harassing you when you are recuperating. ShengSheng, your situation is actually not too bad. You have money and you also have people taking great care of you, why are you still so depressed and unhappy?" My situation is not too bad? I sneer.

"ShuTing, I'm someone who is never content, you're saying that I'm this type of person, right?"

"I didn't mean that. But looking at your condition, I think that you are a little uncompromising." I stop speaking and silently look out the window. Such a comfortable chat, and yet it ends badly. He ShuTing also seems to feel that the atmosphere had suddenly gotten worse, he stands up and says:

"I still have to make my rounds, I'll leave first." I

say:

"The next time you come to see me, remember to put on the big white gown. I want to see how you look as a doctor." He nods his head, glancing at me, seeming a little reluctant to go, but still walks out the door in the end. The room is suddenly quiet. I lie on the headboard, and mull over "one that is never content", these words. I really can't say that He ShuTing's words are not true. I am young, rich, parents in good health, respected and admired by people. YuJiang is consistently fully absorbed in me, cherishing me tenderly, fearing that I may fall ill, fearing that I may die. After all is said and done, what else is there that is lacking? But I sigh. I'm just not satisfied, insisting on getting that one little thing from YuJiang's heart. It's only because, only because of that one weak point that determines if I have everything. Let him deceive all the people in the world, but he can't deceive me. I sigh heavily. Fine, let's just say I'm never content. A person that is never content, as a general principle, is not really shameful.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 20

Yesterday by Feng Nong

While I'm in the hospital, even my parents didn't come visit me. I suppose they probably just don't know that I've been hospitalized. Blocking out the sky with one hand can also be considered one of the capabilities of Rong YuJiang. In the hospital, the only person that I can meet is He ShuTing, that's it.

He ShuTing is a very nice guy, even putting on his big white gown when visiting me. Bringing some fruits as snacks, along with some interesting little stories. Although I don't have any appetite, I would actually invariably finish off everything that he brings.

Sometimes, when I look at his upbeat and optimistic nature, I long to tell him some secrets but I know that ZhouHeng and the rest

would not leave one word of our conversation out of the report they pass on to YuJiang. Only then am I able to hold back.

I definitely must not be seen by others, therefore when my

body took a turn for the better, YuJiang immediately ordered to

have me brought back to Rong mansion. After all, it's Rong mansion that is the

"genuine goods at fair price">**rightful** prison.

From now on, even having a faint hope for visits from He ShuTing

seems outrageous. YuJiang sees me all gloomy and depressed by the window and asks:

"What's the matter? You look like you're not happy." I stay

silent, moving backwards lazily, and curl up on the sofa. YuJiang is back to his old self, I think he will remain this way until the end of the world. Each time we shout and scream, I would think that he would change a little. More violent, or even more vicious, of

maybe he would discover his conscience and let me fly high away

beyond the highest heavens, that would be the best. A few times I see him become extremely frustrated with tears threatening to flow, other times I see him completely lose hope as if wishing to finish me off. Who would expect that the very next day, he would again act as if nothing happened. Back to the tender and thoughtful person

with his calm voice and calm temperament. Carrying on this way, it doesn't diminish my bad temper. I'm too lazy to quarrel, too lazy to speak. At times I feel that I have already died, only leaving a trapped soul wandering about Rong mansion. I pass a few days in a hazy daze when one day ZhouHeng knocks at the door

saying:

"Mr. Huang, there is someone here to see you." Isn't it that

I'm a prisoner that doesn't even have visiting rights? Who could have come to visit? I jump up flustered from my depression. A

familiar figure beaming with happiness walks in, as if bringing the freedom along with him from outside.

"After going through layer upon layer of tests, I finally met

the criteria to see you." He ShuTing is again carrying a bag of tangerines in his hand, and says smilingly: "Your bodyguards

practically investigated all my data, as if they forgot they ever met me after leaving the hospital." Too lazy to get angry at these things, I ask:

"ShuTing, again it's tangerines, it's fine if you love to eat

them, why do you have to always force me to eat them?" Even as I

say this, I stretch my hand into the bag searching for one. It's

really strange, this person who wasn't even considered my friend

before, has now become a very important person. It's as if his

existence represents the other side of my life, representing my

former free and splendid life.

"Tangerines are rich in vitamins." Saying such is only

fitting for a doctor, showing his knowledge in nutrition at every turn. He continues: "But also, your hand is so pale, it really sets off the red color of the tangerine." I'm shocked. My hand that was originally in the middle of peeling the tangerine stops suddenly, and I raise my head to look at him. He ShuTing meets my gaze and

abruptly blushes, lowering his head. This type of situation always happened to the HuangSheng of before, with just a hook of the

finger, causing others to blush with thumping hearts. Those days of rash and uninhibited times are no longer. My heart is in a complete mess, as if a small deer is rushing around inside. I guess it's

because I haven't tasted this type of self-satisfaction for such a long time that resulted in my stilted reaction. Two people sitting separated by a coffee table, both with heads bowed, not saying

anything. No one wanted to break this awkward yet ambiguous silence.

After a while, He ShuTing jumps up from the sofa as if he was

pierced by something:

"It's time for me to go." I look at him, a little

disappointed. My disappointment is mixed with a little reluctance to part with him. I say:

"Alright, I won't be sending you off." I wanted to say see

you next time, but I purse my lips and say nothing. He has no idea of my desperate situation, dim with no hope of escape. He knows

nothing at all. He belongs to the world of brightness and freedom, with a boundless future. This is only a visit from an envoy, he

can't bring me back to his kingdom.

"ShengSheng, goodbye." I bow my head, unwilling to meet his eyes.

"Goodbye, ShuTing." He walks over and grips my hand like an

ordinary farewell. I suddenly feel something in the palm of my hand. Shocked, I raise my head at stare at ShuTing.

"I will come and see you again." He winks at me showing a seldom seen mischievous gleam in his eyes. I try not to change my expression while holding the thing in my hand tightly, nodding towards him. He ShuTing smiles and leaves. ZhouHeng is always on watch, I just don't dare to see what's in my hand. I waited until the evening bath time. I lie in the bathtub and fish out the carefully hidden thing. It's only a small scrap of paper. But for me, able to escape the detection of the stifling watch of YuJiang's men, even though it is a scrap of paper, it is something significant. On it are a few words, written in proper smooth and round letters ----- "Aware of your plight, need my help?" My heart beats like crazy. Help, help, this is the reinforcement dropped down from heaven. I can't help but wonder if this is YuJiang's crafty plot, but I am already in the middle of his palm, why would he need to make such a move? Even if it is a scheme of YuJiang, the most that can happen is that he ridicules and manipulates me one more time. If I waste this golden opportunity in vain to suspicions, then I would be a real fool.

My gloomy and devoid of brightness life is now taking a favorable turn, my heart is suddenly filled with strength and excitement, I want to scream it out. I never knew that hope could make people so crazy. I turn over the piece of paper again and again as if it is a decree that guarantees my life. I really want to keep it by my side, so that I can take it out and look at it when I lose hope, giving me a push of encouragement. But ultimately it is

better for the sake of security that I destroy every trace of it. I originally wanted to flush it down the toilet but decided

instead to chew it to pieces and swallow it down my throat. It is as if this will show my determination, making me worthy of He

ShuTing's rescue.

At night, YuJiang lies by my side, and kisses my face.

"ShengSheng, tomorrow there will a gathering of the

stockholders of Rong enterprise, are you coming?" I shake my head:

"No, I'm not well, I just don't feel like moving."

Furthermore I don't know when He ShuTing will come again. I can't help but be grateful that YuJiang gave this chance to me, allowing He ShuTing to visit me. This good-hearted gesture, maybe it's

because ShuTing is a doctor, so he can monitor my health at any time. YuJiang strokes my collarbone gently, and says with distress:

"You've lost so much weight, is it because the food is not to

your liking? I must watch over you everyday from now on, I can't

let you eat so little." These few days I have been coldly

indifferent towards him, but listening to him worrying about me,

today I suddenly feel a little touched. Thinking that I have the

chance of escaping from YuJiang, my heart is not only excited but also sentimental. I can't help myself from saying:

"I like to eat pickled chinese cabbage with dried shrimp

soup, if you make it for me yourself, I will eat a little more."

YuJiang smiles gently:

"Then I will do it tomorrow. ShengSheng, your mood is very

good today." I'm taken aback, and hate myself for revealing
my **true**

feelings. YuJiang is such a person that if you say one wrong word in front of him, you would lose your life. Why did I not learn a little of those business tricks that my dad taught me all those years? It's only now that I keenly realize how naive and simple I am. Just like someone that has not yet graduated from

kindergarden. Not daring to speak carelessly again, I turn my back to YuJiang and pull the coverlet up to my chest. YuJiang seems to be very happy, moving close to hug me firmly from behind, falling into a sweet sleep.
In the eyes of others ~~~ it's just like ~~~ this and that,

this and that It's because after acting selfishly until

all tired out, I happily fall asleep without being asked, letting other people keep me swimming in the pit ~~~

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 21

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

Looking forward to the arrival of He ShuTing is now the

center of my life. The other world that's filled with radiance

seems to be beckoning me. I don't know if I have fallen in love

with He ShuTing, because the circumstances don't allow it, he never did say it clearly to me, and also never acted out of bounds. I

only know that when he looks at me, there is a gleam in his eyes, and when he speaks seemingly ordinary words from his lips, they

seem to carry some other profound meaning. It could just be my

imagination but I stubbornly persist in thinking this

way.

YuJiang delivers on his promise. After that night, he

actually personally went to the kitchen, and painstakingly prepared a serving of pickled chinese cabbage and dried shrimp soup for me.

He carried the soup with greatest care, placing it before me

saying:

"How is it? My handiwork is not too bad, right?" Steaming

hot, a little dark reddish brown pickled chinese cabbage half

afloat, half sinking in the soup, I can also see the big red dried shrimp at the bottom of the bowl. I don't have any appetite but

because I

"knock one's fist against palm and refuse">**can't**

refuse YuJiang's earnest look, I lower my head and drink a spoonful. He asks:

"Is it good?" His expression is like

that of a child hoping for encouragement. It really is pretty good.

My heart is suddenly sour, maybe due to the pickled cabbage that I'm chewing. I am unwilling to encourage him, and force myself to smile: "It's too salty, I don't know how my mom cooks it, but I can't say that this is good." I intentionally provoke him, but it's only because I don't want to see his intimate smiling face again. I know I'm being mean. But if I were to reward him, and he again after a few days, washes his hands and makes soup for the me who is full of guilty conscience, tell me how can I bear it? What I most can't accept, most unable to guard against, is YuJiang's tender and doting behavior. It's like an extremely beautiful dream that is always tempting me to jump into this world of warmth and tenderness. But I insistently tell myself that this is not a dream, but only an illusion. Letting me waver everyday between believing and not believing is YuJiang's most cruel side. If you were to reveal a ferocious face, and throw me into the "18th level">**deepest level** of hell, cutting off any hope, that would be the best.

"It's not good?" With a look of disappointment, YuJiang puts a spoonful in his mouth, wrinkles his brows, and says with relief: "Maybe it's because you've just recovered from a severe illness, and your tastebuds have still not recovered. ShengSheng, that's why you're saying it's too salty." He actually goes as far as to feed me with the silver spoon, spoonful by spoonful. My heart starts to hurt terribly: "I'll help myself."

"No," He firmly overrules me, a gentle voice in my ear: "I want to feed you." There's no helping it, I can only open my mouth and spoonful by spoonful, slowly drink the delicious soup delivered to my mouth. Truthfully, YuJiang's handiwork is pretty good. I'm used to eating at famous restaurants, so naturally I know that the ingredients of this soup are extremely particular. Most people

think that ginseng with bird's nest soup is the most difficult to make. Little do they know that it is this type of delicate seafood soup that needs the most skill. It's only this but my heart is

again not happy. I wooden my face and drink a few mouthfuls. I

think of He ShuTing and feel a burst of powerlessness, quietly

thinking that my future depends on him.

YuJiang slowly moves himself towards me to the center of the

sofa and lets me lean of him in his embrace. YuJiang's chest is

very firm, I immediately feel content and secure. I sigh

comfortably.

"YuJiang, it's good if we can be like this our whole lives."

YuJiang replies, completely lacking emotion:

"Of course it will be all our lives." Yet another spoonful.

"ShengSheng, drink a little more, the shrimp is rich in protein."

Nutrition. I think of He ShuTing, my heart is again in a terrible mess. I turn my head and see YuJiang looking at me lovingly, if he knew I'm planning to run away, what kind of expression would it

turn into? Would he still wear this mask and destroy me thoroughly with a gentle smile? I can't take it anymore! I just want to leave YuJiang, simply spending each day, thinking that I won't be able to last any longer. I'm definitely steeped in his poison. The only way out is to leave as soon as possible.

I pass the time uneasy and agitated. I pace around in the

room,

"scold until pouring dog's blood on their heads">**berating** the servants at my side. No matter if it those that deliver

my meals, or those that prepare my clothes and other daily

necessities, I would scold them unceasingly, saying that they were not earnest and lazy. ZhouHeng knocks on the door and enters

asking: "Mr. Huang is in a bad mood, would you like to go out and stroll for a

bit? If you'd like to, I'll prepare the car

immediately." I sneer:

"Bad mood? How do you know I'm in a bad mood? That's right,

I've forgotten the position I'm in. I'm in no position to simply scold the servants of Rong mansion. It's good enough if you call Rong YuJiang to let him know, let him come and deal with me."

ZhouHeng's expression remains unchanged, he lowers his head and lets the door close, leaving me alone in this deserted room.

YuJiang returns at night and hugs me saying:

"Why are you in a bad mood?" I smile coldly:

"Of course, I've already recovered, so I'm full of vital

energy. If you find me too difficult to deal with, you should just forget about me."

"ShengSheng, you've always shown consideration and

thoughtfulness for others, with the best intentions. If you scold them, it must be that they are in the wrong." I don't know if

YuJiang is speaking the truth or lies. I steal a glance at him and see only a face full of bliss. It's as if sitting hugging each

other like this on the sofa, looking over all of Rong mansion is already our lifetime's highest achievement. Again I feel myself twist in distress, a turmoil stirring within me.

Luckily He ShuTing soon comes to see me again. As soon as I

heard ZhouHeng say that someone is here to see me, I immediately jump up. ShuTing is still the same as ever, coming in saying:

"The person outside says that you have been in a bad mood

recently. He wants me be careful with my words so as to not anger you." I

brighten considerably and smile. He asks: "Is your body

feeling a little better?"

"Aren't you the doctor? You're asking me?" Undoubtedly

ShuTing is the most effective medication. I have a pain in my

heart, he is the cure for the heart. The words were all but gossip but our expressions were not at all casual, our eyes meeting with meaning. At parting, another slip of paper is again swiftly pressed into my palm. I hold it tightly and turning my hand press a slip of paper from me into his palm. ShuTing is surprised, smiling lightly at me in admiration. It's impolite not to reciprocate. In a moment of safety, I restrain my excitement and open it

----- "I want to save you." A brief 5 words, seeing them I

feel a wave of having been wronged wash over me, almost causing me to cry. The slip of paper I gave to ShuTing, actually also has 5

words ----- "Beg you to save me." Since then, back and

forth, we discuss the practical problems in this stimulating and

dangerous matter. Each time, we can only exchange slips of paper, since I do not know if other than the listening bug, whether there are other equipment in the room. I wait until I'm soaking in the

bathtub before opening the slips of paper. It can't be that YuJiang allows ZhouHeng to spy on me while I'm taking a bath

right?

"I'm thinking up a plan, don't worry."

"YuJiang is terrifying, be careful."

"Even though Rong enterprise is formidable, the He family has its own backing."

.....

One slip by one slip, bringing hope, knowing that inevitably

there will be a day when I will escape from here. These little

slips of paper, are like breaths of oxygen sustaining me to keep me from suffocating to death before the chance to escape

arrives.

One night, Yujiang is in bed holding me in his arms. He

says:

"ShengSheng, I really want you." I jumped in fright. This one

phrase only means that he wants to have sex with me. I can't really blame him. Ever since I fell ill, he has not insisted on having sex with me. Sleeping in the same bed every night, it's reasonable to want to do it. I keep quiet, staring wide-eyed at him, fearing that he will really take out a pair of handcuffs. I also think: Such a horrible beast, why is ShuTing not quickly taking action, saving me from this sea of flames? YuJiang sees my expression and sighs

saying: "Forget it." He hugs my neck and closes his eyes. I let out a huge sigh, feeling a little touched, and instead feel comfortable and at ease in his embrace. Unexpectedly, although he intends to fall asleep, he instead

tosses and turns, fidgety and uneasy. We are all adults, I know how hard it is for him to restrain himself. I restrain myself and

pretend to sleep, watching him for half the night, seeing him get up quietly to drink some water and then leaning over me and

examining my sleeping face. He sighs continuously, just as if the thing he wants the most is right in front of him, but he has no way of getting it. He climbs onto the bed and goes to sleep holding me in his arms.

Now it's my turn to be unable to sleep. So many days without

intimate contact, I unexpectedly feel a little frustrated. But I

absolutely do not long for YuJiang's embrace, his movements in bed is not different from rape. It's just that my body has its needs, that's all. But How many more chances do I have to be so close to YuJiang, to hear him call me intimately in the

throes of passion, to let his sweat drip on my forehead, drip on my chest? I warn myself again and again, to not be affected by his

tender poison. It can't be helped, I can't endure it. I turn over and look at his sleeping face, with his faintly knitted brows. Such a handsome face, why is he showing such a bitter expression even in his sleep? YuJiang, who is troubling

you? It's definitely not me. I can't stop myself, I stretch out my hand and gently caress his

face. So smooth, not even a trace of stubble, just like me. In a moment of weakness, I sigh softly, and kiss him.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 22

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

Early morning the next day, YuJiang wakes up and smiles

gently at me and gives me a tender kiss. I'm terrified that he was faking his sleep last night, making him fully aware of my furtive kiss. That can only turn into an effective tool for him to control me. I probe him:

"Why are you so happy?" He looks at me lovingly:

"Waking up to see you lying by my side, what else can compare to this to make one happy?" I sneer, if one day you wake up and find me gone without a trace, wouldn't that be good? Yet another sigh. YuJiang says: "Early in the morning and you're already giving long and short sighs, ShengSheng, why do you have so much worries?"

I say:

"YuJiang, you won't understand."

"That's right." He mutters harshly to himself: "I don't understand you, just like you don't understand me." I'm seized with terror, unable to say a word. These words are too profound, if you were to consider carefully, it's as if there is a great deal of complex meaning sealed inside.

I lie on the bed watching YuJiang dress up smartly in a trim

suit. As if suddenly remembering something, he turns towards me saying:

"The administrative vice president of Huang enterprise, we should remove him."

"Why?" I ask quickly. The administrative vice president of

Huang enterprise is an old friend of my father. He started working at Huang enterprise at the same time as my father, and is almost about to retire. YuJiang says indifferently:

"This person is not suitable, so we should replace him." I say:

"No way, he is an old codger at Huang enterprise, he will not trouble you."

"ShengSheng, this is business, market decisions must take performance into account, not feelings." I refuse to listen to his ruthless business sense so I turn away and look at the small birds chirping outside the window. "OK, I'm leaving." YuJiang walks over and leaves a kiss on my face. I stay silent and wait for the sound of the door closing before turning back to look at the deserted room. Ai, we are after all very different people. YuJiang's heartlessness is not only directed towards me.

ShuTing came again yesterday, he most probably won't come again today. I feel extremely depressed. I stand up and open the door and say to the bodyguards outside the door:

"I want to go out, to have lunch." ZhouHeng comes quickly, saying respectfully:

"The car is ready." There is only one place where I can have lunch, the place where I ran into He ShuTing before, the Peninsula Hotel. Without him, this is one of the places where YuJiang allows me to come and go as I please. The other place I can go to for fresh air is Rong enterprise. Ever since I heard the conversation between YuJiang and Jie-r outside the door, and received the shock from heaven's thunder, I now stay a respectful distance away from

Rong enterprise, not daring to approach it rashly. I feel like that place is full of underhanded and dishonest dealings. Therefore, only the Peninsula Hotel remains as a place for me to relieve my boredom. I sit by the window and enjoy the view from up high. I watch the

"stream of horses and carriages">**heavy traffic** and throng of ordinary people engrossed in making a living.

The steak in the middle of my plate still has the same taste. To be honest, it is not as good as the one cooked by the Rong family chef.

ShuTing, when will it be when you start to take action? After

escaping, where will I go? How would I start a new life? What about mom and dad? What about YuJiang? He could go crazy and spare no effort to track me down; or maybe he would be like that day, slowly waving his hand, letting me go only to with a flick his hand, once again imprison me under

"5 finger mountain where the Monkey God was imprisoned">**WuZhi mountain**. Each time I think of escaping, my heart

would be in turmoil. An absolute chaos. Maybe there are too many sticky spider webs on my body such that once I run away, even if I were to escape with my life, I won't be able to avoid tearing a little skin and flesh.

In the middle of my reverie, ZhouHeng puts a pile of

documents in front of me. Official documents from Huang enterprise.

I'm the puppet president, only carelessly signing my name, letting ZhouHeng take care of major company affairs. The affairs of other

people should be up to their wishes. I take up the pen as always, *shua shua* signing my name on one piece after another. Signing two to three pieces before handing them over to ZhouHeng at my side, turning back to continue signing, I suddenly stop. The file in my hand states imposingly "Personnel transfer" two words. Due to not applying himself fully in his work, the administrative vice president will be discharged. I put down the pen and look at ZhouHeng.

"This piece of paper, I won't sign for the time being."

ZhouHeng knits his brows and looks at me uneasily:

"I would still like to ask Mr. Huang to sign it. The company administration is waiting for it." His uneasiness is only an act, how can I be fooled? I sneer saying:

"If assistant Zhou is worried, you might as well impersonate me and sign my name grandly, I'm sure Rong YuJiang will definitely not blame you."

"Mr. Huang, this file, has already been approved by the board of directors " ZhouHeng comes closer step by step, stating clearly between the lines that the power over Huang enterprise is absolutely not in my hands. "It has also passed through the approval of Mr. Rong." The words are full of meaning that if I were to refuse to sign, he would immediately let YuJiang deal with me. Such a small insignificant assistant and yet towards the rightful successor to Huang enterprise, he actually forces me to such an extent! I can't say that I'm not full of indignation. I can't say that I'm not heartbroken. I also want to show how I detest my situation, where I can be injected with a sedative

without the slightest hesitation to suppress my voice. The raging fire rises in me.

Without a word, I grab the red wine and drain it in one gulp.

I coldly confront ZhouHeng with an aggressive look, and biting my lip, suddenly exert force in my hand. A crisp sound. The delicate goblet shatters immediately, the shards of glass piercing my palm. Looking at my blood flowing freely, ZhouHeng's face becomes flustered. The bodyguards at the table acted as if they were confronted by a formidable foe and nervously clustered around. I shake my head to warn them not to come over and display my bloody dripping palm in front of ZhouHeng for his careful examination. I calmly say:

"My hand is injured, I'm unable to sign my name." Even though my hand hurts, my heart is extremely satisfied. He must definitely be worried, thinking of how he is going to explain this to YuJiang. I can't help but sigh, when did I learn to hurt myself in order to receive some peace of mind? Being reduced to such a miserable state, how can I not sigh? I return to Rong mansion with everyone clustered all around thinking that I am someone that can smash glass at any moment.

When YuJiang quickly caught up with me, my hand is already properly wrapped up.

"ShengSheng!" once through the door, YuJiang flies over to me: "How is your hand?" taking my hand and looking at it left and right, dying to pull down the bandages to examine the actual depth of the cut. He angrily asks: "Why did you hurt yourself? Just for a staff member, is it worth it?" His eyebrows are already raised. I

say:

"YuJiang, he is not just a staff member. He has watched me grow up, I consider him an uncle."

"Old Chen is already old, his way of thinking cannot adapt to the current business market. I'm just thinking for the benefit of Huang enterprise."

"Huang enterprise to him is his life's work. YuJiang, you can't be this heartless." YuJiang looks at me for a long time before raising his hands in surrender:

"OK, OK, I'll give him double, no, triple the amount of retirement benefits, is that good enough?" I stand up and look at him with grief:

"YuJiang, money cannot replace everything, it can't heal every wound!" I shout out loud and only realize that I'm not shouting for the sake of Uncle Chen. It's for me, for the sake of myself. Suffering without a choice, I'm even worse off than Uncle Chen. I'm only shielding someone who is suffering just like me, looking for some comfort, nothing more. YuJiang stands up and confronts me face to face.

"Then what do you want? Tell me." He asks: "How can I heal the wounds, I beg you to teach me. ShengSheng, I beg you to teach me." The scene from that day reappears in my mind, blood and flesh flying in every direction, I think of all of YuJiang's actions, my heart starts to bleed again. If I could come out of this sea of bitterness, why would I suffer this torment day and night? YuJiang, I can't even save myself, how can I teach you? My face is all wet, I know that I have again started to cry in weakness. "Fine, let him

stay in Huang enterprise. But let me make this clear, this will definitely slow down the progress of Huang enterprise. YuJiang extends his hand and pulls me into his embrace, letting me lean on his right shoulder, sobbing softly.

Finally YuJiang pats my back, one pat after another, like comforting me to fall asleep.

"ShengSheng, even if I want to heal the wounds, the injured person also needs to be willing to accept it, is that right?" There is a profound meaning behind this question. My headache worsens considerably and I cut him off saying:

"Don't say anymore. YuJiang, let me quietly stay in your arms, and have a good sleep." I close my eyes and yet another tear squeezes out from the rim of my eye.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 23

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

Time is counting down. I treat YuJiang's patient tenderness with a sorrowful expression in my eyes, and weep silently, waiting for ShuTing's rescue. Every several days I would receive a slip of paper in my palm, day by day a burning pain in my heart.

"My older sister is making the preparations"

"Please get ready" -----

"Plan to immediately go to the airport after leaving Rong mansion"

Looking at YuJiang leisurely tying his necktie at my bedside,
I ask:

"YuJiang, if I were to disappear one day, what would you do?"

What a stupid question, simply

"beat grass scare snake">**unconsciously alerting the**

enemy. Maybe at the bottom of my heart, I hope that he would find out, wake up with a start, and once again examine closely, before cutting off my way out. YuJiang looks at me reflected in the mirror.

"It depends on how you disappear."

"O?" He turns around and smiles saying:

"If it is because someone abducts you, I would definitely save you, even to the ends of the earth."

"What if it is not?"

"ShengSheng" He walks towards me, his face suddenly

threatening. Frightened, I shrink back but it's already too late, I'm in his arms. He murmurs in my ear: "Don't tell me you're actually willing to part with me? How can you be willing? A deep laughter reverberates in my ear. I hate him. I hate his self-assuredness, I hate his self-conceit. But what I hate the most is that I

"have heart, have liver, have flowing blood">**have feelings**, so much so that today **I'm completely shattered**, simply asking for humiliation.

ShuTing comes again after a few days, he is already a

frequent visitor of the Rong mansion. After chatting for a moment, he gets ready to leave with a smile. He smiles brilliantly, even seeming to carry a bright glimmering hope, winking at me. The slip of paper in my palm carries these words -----

"Peninsula tomorrow" Again in the bathtub, I take the slip of paper in my palm and tilt my head back and swallow it down. I never knew that, as it turns out, even a piece of paper can be so bitter.

So bitter that I almost start to cry.

I couldn't sleep that night. I stare wide-eyed at YuJiang. I

carefully observe his lips, his brows, the profile of his nose, and also that scar on his forehead. YuJiang has his eyes closed, his even breaths one by one lightly blowing on my face. I strain my ears and hear the rhythm of his heartbeat. The night is very quiet, I can clearly hear the sound of the night breeze stroking the treetops. I want to caress his face but it looks like I'm too much

of a coward, afraid that once I reach out my hand, I would lose the strength to stop myself from crying.

I silently say: YuJiang, if you wake up right now, and beg me not to leave you, I will forget ShuTing's plan, and stay as your little bird. I wait wide-eyed the whole night. He doesn't wake.

That morning, I close my eyes and listen to YuJiang get up from the bed. I receive a kiss on the forehead, and another warm moist kiss on my face. He raises my hand and places several gentle kisses on my fingers. It's an early morning routine but this time I can't take it. I turn my body, pulling firmly at YuJiang who was on his way to change his clothes.

"What about the lips?" I ask mischievously. He smiles and lowers his head. Startled, I turn my head away abruptly, refusing his approach. YuJiang stops for a moment, before leaving a kiss on my ear, and laughs on his way out. My heart is confused and alarmed. I hate it. I glance at the mirror and receive a huge shock. In the mirror is a dispirited and downcast person, looking just like an abandoned wife, is that really me? I sit by the window and look at YuJiang's car get further away, downing three cups of coffee in a row. I ring the bell, thinking of asking the maid bring up a fourth cup. ZhouHeng knocks on the door and enters:

"Mr. Huang, drinking too much coffee is not good for your health." I nod my head, and put down the cup, calmly and composedly:

"OK, I won't drink anymore. ZhouHeng, I want to go out for

lunch."

"Alright, I'll go prepare the car." Just before leaving, I

turn around to take one last look at the room. I say:

"ZhouHeng, change the phone tomorrow. I don't like this

one."

"Yes, what type of phone does Mr. Huang like?" I

sneer:

"One that is not bugged, and also not connected to a special

young lady." ZhouHeng smartly keeps his mouth shut and follows me

downstairs.

I know nothing of ShuTing's plan. I should be anxious and

uneasy but I actually feel nothing. Things have already come to

this, success or failure is already destined, there is no use in

panicking. Maybe it wouldn't matter if it succeeds or not, I still

won't be able to struggle free from this spider web, shouldering

all this suffering walking all the way to the end of the

world.

The usual seat, the usual red wine and steak. I have already

said a hundred times that the steak here cannot compare to that of

Rong mansion, but I would still order it. What a terrifying

feeling. Don't even mention other people, even my own heart doesn't

listen to my orders, how can this not be terrifying?

ShuTing arrives quickly, pretending that it is a chance

encounter, waving his hand from afar with a gleam in his eyes. He

turns his head and whispers a few words to his friends and walks

towards me.

"ShengSheng, what a coincidence. We just met yesterday, how

come I'm running into you again today?" These happy and excited

words were said for the benefit of ZhouHeng who was sitting by my side: "The last time you treated me to lunch, how about I return the favor this time?" I say:

"Treat me? I've been mistreated by someone, don't even talk about good wine or good dishes, I wasn't even allowed to drink one more cup of coffee. Today, this meal, you'd better be careful that I don't eat you penniless." ZhouHeng's expression reveals a little awkwardness. ShuTing smiles frankly and sits down. When the dishes are served, I randomly pick up some, and put it in my mouth. Just when I was wondering how ShuTing will deal with ZhouHeng, my stomach suddenly experiences a sharp pain. The pain came so suddenly that I immediately lost my ability to think coherently.

"Wu " I gasp softly, covering my stomach and collapsing on the table. Drops of sweat as big as soybeans form on my forehead. ZhouHeng is extremely alert, he immediately jumps up and squats by my side to examine my condition. ShuTing is stunned:

"ShengSheng, what's wrong?" He comes over. "Stomach pain? Stick out your tongue and let me have a look." He is a doctor, ZhouHeng who only knows how to inject sedatives is forced to stand aside. ShuTing gives me a quick examination, and his expression immediately darkens. He turns to ZhouHeng and yells: "Milk! Quickly get milk, call the ambulance." My condition must be extremely unsightly because ZhouHeng's face was most frightening. The bodyguards that have long ago gathered around are running helter-skelter in search of milk. After being forced to drink a

glass of milk, I cough repeatedly, throwing up in the process. I fall weakly into ShuTing's arms, the pain not decreasing in the slightest. I curl up into a ball and start to convulse uncontrollably. "He's seizing." ShuTing anxiously asks: "Where is the ambulance?" He cranes his neck to take a look. Looking at his behavior, even though I'm in intense pain, I still feel like laughing a little.

The ambulance finally arrives. ShuTing shows urgency in helping the paramedics by carrying me sideways into the ambulance. ZhouHeng follows behind wanting to come up but is blocked by ShuTing grabbing the door. ShuTing rapidly says: "Mr. Zhou, ShengSheng's symptoms is consistent with poisoning, please inform his relatives. Also, we need to immediately collect the things that he just ate, it may be of use later." ZhouHeng was startled. ShuTing reacted quickly and immediately closed the door. The ambulance whizzes away.

Inside the deafening ambulance, ShuTing reveals a successful smile, and drips a few drops into my mouth. It's very effective, the pain immediately disappears.

"I'm really sorry that I used such a trick." ShuTing looks at me regretfully: "Such a lame method." He soon starts grinning. It really hurt so much that I thought I was going to die. But I have nothing to say. Maybe I really needed an "bone penetrating">**excruciating** pain to knock away this knot in my heart. It's too bad that I can't show the same excited look as ShuTing.

The ambulance siren is suddenly silent. I feel the vehicle braking. Don't tell me YuJiang has chased us down. I suddenly feel terrified, my expression abruptly changes. ShuTing opens the door and pulls me out of the ambulance. A car is parked at the side of the road. It's really exciting, a maneuver from a spy film is actually happening to me. Once in the car, ShuTing hands me a traveling bag.

"Your new passport and plane ticket, and also luggage."

ShuTing smiles gently at me from the rearview mirror. "It's all prepared by my big sister. She takes care of the He family business, much more capable than me." I take out the passport and see the name on it ----- He ShuXian. I can't help but smile faintly. How did I become a member of the He family? I steal a glance at ShuTing, he is concentrating on driving, his eyes bright and piercing.

The car reaches the airport. Just when we were about to step out of the car, ShuTing turns around and looks at me seriously. He looks at me with a persistent and firm expression, his healthy bronzed skin appears a little red with excitement.

"ShengSheng, I know I shouldn't do this, but " He asks me extremely earnestly: "May I first give you a hug?" I'm stunned. He says: "It's because I'm not a 100% sure that you are really willing to follow me, and are really here by my side." Ever since we met, we have only politely shaken hands under ZhouHeng's constant watch, not having embraced. I look at him and puzzlingly nod. He rushes over like constrained lava spraying out of a

volcano, hugging me tightly with his scorching hot feelings. "I'm so happy, I'm really so happy. Do you know, I've liked you so much for a long time. You have too many friends, too many people surrounding you. You were always cold and indifferent, and yet right now you're willing to let me embrace you." ShuTing tells me excitedly: "ShengSheng, you don't know how lucky I am." I'm not used to such a fierce hug. It's not right if I struggle but I'm unwilling to return his hug, leaving me at a loss.

Once we enter the airport, the crowd bustling with activity frightens me. It's not because I'm not used to the airport, it's just that this place, lets me feel that I'm really, really, really leaving YuJiang. I'm finally going to give up.

YuJiang, where are you right now? Towards the world under Rong enterprise, which new place are you preparing to invade and occupy? My whole body suddenly feels cold, at a loss, I stretch out my hand, wanting to support myself on something. Someone stretches out their hand, and firmly supports me. ShuTing, by my side.

"ShengSheng, are you still not feeling well?" He asks me worriedly, knitting his brows, as if wanting to use his medical knowledge to allay my sorrow. I shake my head and force myself to smile. No, I should be extremely happy, as happy as a little bird that has escaped its cage, able to spread its wings and soar like an eagle. ShuTing's face calms my nerves. Among the stream of people, I stare fixedly at ShuTing. He, could he be another YuJiang, waiting to personally deliver me to hell in some moment of

happiness. I can't tell. What would he do tomorrow?

I grab the bag and walk into the boarding area. We're finally about to leave. It's not leaving this place, but it's leaving this type of despair.

I can't help but turn my head around, in that split second I'm stunned. It's like I've been hit by a bullet, losing even the ability to tremble. Ten steps outside, a familiar pair of eyes are fixed on me. Staring at me unblinkingly. YuJiang, standing outside the boarding area. The fitting suit on him is one I picked out. This morning, I did something I rarely did, I picked out a suit for him to wear. The smart necktie is also one that I personally tied on him. That time he looked at me blissfully, the tenderness in his eyes making my heart twist. Now with his one glance, my heart starts to gurgle with flowing blood. What do you want, YuJiang? Have you come to stop me, to bring me back to Rong mansion, and build a new, even more exquisite, even more secure prison cage?

How naive can I be? This type of simple trick, how could it fool someone as shrewd as you? Coldly looking at me making a fool of myself in a futile effort. But YuJiang, why do you have to force me into a dead end with your own hands? I'm already **completely destroyed**, beyond redemption.

I see him calmly come nearer, and stop by the boarding area.

"ShengSheng, you won't regret?" Such a question, shocks my heart, surprising me. I hear my own calm reply:

"I won't regret." In the silent space between us, ShuTing

squeezes in like a towering existence.

"Quickly! The plane is about to leave." ShuTing pulls my hand, and nervously glances at YuJiang. I'm forcibly turned around to follow him. It would only take one shout from YuJiang for me to lose my chance of escape. I have an uncertain hope that he would leave me a way out. YuJiang doesn't shout, he doesn't make a sound behind me. I turn my head, he is standing by the boarding area, looking calmly at me. I suddenly shake off ShuTing's hand, and rush over to the edge of the boarding area, gripping the railing with both hands. I tilt my face up and ask:

"YuJiang, are you really letting me go or are you again making a fool of me? Tell me, tell me!" I practically shout at him. YuJiang smiles faintly. He doesn't answer, only giving me a flying kiss, using his fingers to transmit it to my ice-cold lips.

"ShengSheng!" ShuTing catches up to me and pulls me away running. It's as if YuJiang is a tiger, better for us to run away as far as possible. I keep looking back, seeing him standing like a rock, looking at me. YuJiang, how good would it be if I could read your heart. It's a pity that I can't even guess what's in my own heart.

Once onboard the plane, I weep bitterly in silence. Leaning into ShuTing's embrace, the safety belt is too tight, I can't snuggle up to him like I did with YuJiang. I can't place myself firmly in his hands for him to comfort me. ShuTing waves away the concerned air stewardess, and pats me gently on the back, seemingly wanting to coax me to sleep. But I don't want to sleep, I'm unable

to sleep. Escaping from YuJiang is only making me anguished, so anguished that I can only think of crying bitterly. In the plane, I bite my lip, making ShuTing's clothes all wet.

Finally reaching Canada, we disembark. Carrying the luggage, ShuTing says:

"We have to change planes halfway, ShengSheng, Malaysia is my hometown, you don't have to fear anyone finding you or harming you over there." I have no objection. How can I object? Such an indecisive person as me, such a useless person as me. We don't leave the airport, we just change planes to head to Malaysia.

The tiring journey weakens me. I'm unwilling to admit the cause of my grief. YuJiang, why were you willing to let me go? Maybe he never did let me go. I remember his fingertips on my lips. The heat from that time actually still remains until now. I actually think to myself: If he appears like an evil spirit at the gate of the Malaysian airport, would I throw myself into his arms? I don't dare to think further. We disembark.

This is Malaysia, ShuTing's birthplace? I glance at ShuTing.

Upon reaching his territory, his high spirited and vigorous appearance becomes even more noticeable, radiating with pride.

ShuTing smilingly says:

"ShengSheng, is it beautiful? You will discover that Malaysia is a slice of paradise. My family driver is waiting outside the airport, come, follow me." He leads me along holding my hand. I go along smiling blankly. Happiness does not come easily, if it did, it won't be a worthy treasure.

I don't have big expectations towards Malaysia. It's only a place for me to wander about with no home to return to, stranded in my escape, that's all. I look indifferently at the customs officer at the security gate, I hear the officer ask me in

English:

"Mr. He ShuXian, is this your luggage?" I'm not used to my new name, so he asks me again. It was not only after I was prompted by ShuTing that I nod my head in a daze. The inspector dressed in uniform raises his eyebrows in suspicion, and begins to search my luggage carefully. I wait calmly. Until he smoothly takes out a pocket knife and cuts open a partition in my traveling bag. I see him take out a packet of white powder. Heroin. A sudden stroke of thunder that leaves me no time to cover my ears

The feeling is too fierce, too powerful, one flash and it's over. From the look of outsiders, I'm as calm as ever, fearless and without dread, standing with cold eyes watching the events unfold.

ShuTing is shocked and seemingly unable to speak. He looks at the white powder, and turns his head to look at me, standing blankly unable to accept what is happening. Little by little, I'm surrounded on all sides by a few men dressed in uniform.

"Mr. He, please follow us." I know he is speaking to me. I'm not shaking, I'm not breaking out in cold sweat, I'm not frightened out of my wits, I look at everything before me, as if it is something that ought to happen. Isn't that so? It's simply as it

should be. At this moment, my heart is like cold ashes, devoid of any movement. Once again I understand, what it means to reach great heights, a heaven above heavens. But this time, I no longer have the fear and confusion I felt when I first understood this.

I am numb. Ice-cold handcuffs fall on my wrists. You only have to not struggle to not feel any pain at all. I remember YuJiang saying that he wanted to lock me up in handcuffs. Looks like it's come to this. I smile faintly. ShuTing's panic-stricken voice reaches my ear:

"You all are definitely mistaken! This is not possible!" His words no longer affect me. "I am He ShuTing, I want to see your supervisor ShengSheng! ShengSheng! " I obediently follow them away, leaving ShuTing behind.

After giving my statement, I am led to a small solitary cell.

It's quiet all around. I'm not afraid, what is there to be afraid of, I have been imprisoned all along. Here, would it possible to hear the birds chirping outside the window of Rong mansion? Most probably. Malaysia's ecosystem has not yet been utterly destroyed like HongKong's right? It's only that it's not the same ones outside the window of Rong mansion, that's all. I sit silently by the simple and crude bed. I thank YuJiang, he has finally cut off all my hope, I thank him. Although my skin and flesh is torn, it has only helped me to break free from the spider web.

It's a pity that even though my heart is already dead, I can actually still feel pain. Pain reaching my heart, my lungs, leaving me unable to talk. I escape, he doesn't give chase. He

asked:

"You won't regret?" I answered:

"I won't regret." A solid plan that had been pre-arranged,

should not have met with any problems but like a supernatural ghost, appearing without warning at a place that can destroy me completely. So it's like this, we have both lost, so simple. I was ruthless, he was even more ruthless. I cut him off, he cut me off even more thoroughly. I remember YuJiang's kiss right before we parted. Why was it so cursory, like a dragonfly lightly touching the water, YuJiang? After finally giving up on me, why didn't you leave me a burning passionate kiss before parting?

The truth is I have always loved you, unable to resist you,

unable to leave you, the fear of leaving you, the fear of losing you, is enough for me to choose to exchange my life to escape from you. I thank you, for today, today after having been thoroughly abandoned by you, I finally dare to admit it to myself. In my heart, there is actually a love that I can no longer deny. I kneel by the bedside and grasp my ten fingers, but I don't open my mouth. I'm not praying, with things at this stage, I no longer need prayers. It's only that the pain that is boring into my heart is making me take my hands blindly and gripping them together, as if giving myself a hug. It's only because I understand that from now on, YuJiang, he, will never again carefully, while whispering to me, take me into his arms. I have already been abandoned. But only when I've been abandoned, do I then learn something. I finally realize how much I love him. From head to toe, from the beginning

to the end, every single moment.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 24

Yesterday by Feng Nong

The next day, I don't know what strings ShuTing pulled, but

he comes to see me. We sit separated by glass. ShuTing face is at once worried, wan, sallow, and also pained. Once he sees me come out, he hurriedly presses his hand on the glass calling me through the microphone:

"ShengSheng, ShengSheng." I calmly sit down. Yesterday's

tears have already been swallowed down, leaving me at ease and unconcerned. ShuTing says: "Don't worry, I have already begged my older sister to use her high level connections. You have been wrongly accused, I will definitely save you." I smile indifferently:

"ShuTing, you have already saved me." Saved me from the tangled spider web that could not be unravelled. No more worrying over losing and winning, no more tossing and turning, only leaving memories and heartache. ShuTing is surprised, he doesn't understand. How could he understand? I say: "ShuTing, don't rush about for my sake. I owe you too much, I've wronged you, I feel very guilty." Baffled, ShuTing says:

"ShengSheng, I will definitely save you." I shake my head, unable to raise my spirits. But his concern and worry really lets me feel touched.

While waiting for my trial date, the second person that comes to see me, is YuJiang. He sits behind the glass, in a calm and

refined manner. Handsome face, tender expression, not one change in his demeanor, still wearing his mask of a million years and one day. The moment I saw him, I was a little entranced. Didn't he already give up on me? Don't tell me he needed to come over look at my hopeless situation with his own eyes before being content and satisfied, able to arrange his pillow without worries. YuJiang, you don't have to be so cruel.

YuJiang looks at me for a moment before saying
softly:

"You've lost weight." Again the same old words, again such
tenderness and sincerity. I returned his gentle smile:
"Receiving your attention, how can I not lose
weight?"

"ShengSheng, do you suspect me?"

"No, I don't suspect." I say

"chop the nail, slice the iron">**resolutely and**

decisively: "I am certain." I can't explain it,

I'm a hundred percent certain, but still hope with all my heart
that he would deny it. YuJiang, YuJiang, you are my weak spot, do
you know that? So, towards me, you can hurt me over and over again,
and repeat it ten million times? Yesterday, I told myself in that
small tiny cell that I have already decided, that I have already
given up all hope, that I have already come out of the sea of
bitterness. Today, I still ache dully because of you. Could it be
that I can't even resolve to cut myself off from someone as cruel
as you? That tender and sincere look gently caresses my lips and
forehead through the glass, just like his large broad hands.

YuJiang sighs:

"You won't believe me no matter what I say." He smiles

bitterly: "It would have been wrong to not let you go, and also wrong to let you go. I have exhausted all the ways, yet I can't ease the pain in your heart." I smile coldly:

"Why would you need to concern yourself with the pain in my heart? You shouldn't spend so much effort worrying about things that don't belong to you." Words that cut like a knife. YuJiang pales when he hears these words, even seeming to have a little quiver in his lips for a split second. I am also a little shocked, I never knew that my words could actually break his gold mask.

"ShengSheng, the trust between us is already smashed and scattered." YuJiang sits on the chair, proper and upright, extremely sincere, extremely sad: "The trust I have in you, the trust you have in me are both smashed and shattered."

He is referring to me following ShuTing, leaving him behind. In his eyes, this is the utmost betrayal. YuJiang, you love after all, is that right? YuJiang's sadness, YuJiang's disappointment, leaves me in a daze. My dead heart sends out a dying struggle. I quickly lower my head:

"That's right, we never did have trust between us. Even if this situation is not related to you, I will still put it on your head." I see his body freeze up, I can feel the cold current in his heart, flowing all over, gobbling up his nerves, tearing open his heart. I place both my hands on my lap and look quietly at YuJiang's suffering. The satisfaction from having taken my revenge

mixes with the anguish that rips my marrow, forming a huge pulling force, wanting to tear me into a million pieces.

"ShengSheng, no matter what, I will save you." His voice is

firm and composed, confident and resolute. Even if it is a false display of affection, how can I endure this? Without a word, I get up and walk towards my cell. On my back, YuJiang's intense gaze follows me. Once I turn the corner, I collapse weakly by the door. I burst out crying wildly. It's not dead! It's not dead! My heart, it's not yet dead.

Such irony in this world, in prison, I've become like an

important person specializing in receiving visitors. But one day, someone comes to visit. Dressed in prison garb, once I see who came, I'm stunned on the spot. The feel of remorse and uneasiness rises up from the bottom of my feet, welling up to the highest point, the weight of which is too much for me to bear, leaving me only able to lower my head. I sit down, having no strength to raise my head.

"Pa " This person without any good points, the son

that can only cause disgrace, what need is there to come visit? Dad is very calm, he speaks unhurriedly:

"ShengSheng, raise your head." I can't refuse, I raise my

head to look at my dad. He carefully looks me up and and down, just like he used to when I misbehaved as a small child, calm and composed, as if the situation I'm in today is of no concern.

"ShengSheng, I thought you would have learned a few things. It's too bad you didn't learn anything." Dad doesn't sigh, he only states: "You're still young, so young that that I can't be at

ease." My throat is choked with sobs.

Dad says: "Do you know why you have fallen to such an

extent?" I nod. Because I'm too stupid, too foolish, too naive, too

simple "No, you don't know." Dad shakes his head. He

gives me the answer: "It's because you're a man." This answer is

really something no one expected. I raise my head in surprise.

"Against this man of the same sex, YuJiang, you are too vulnerable,

that's why you are so uneasy and suffering such that you completely

lack the power to strike back." Dad points out this key point in

this one sentence: "Stubbornly, is your only way in life." I am

completely shocked and distracted for a long time. As if

"anointed with ghee like Buddhists receiving perfect wisdom">**having**

an epiphany.

This one sentence evokes a wave of a thousand floors.

Churning surging emotions. Because towards YuJiang, I have always

been uneasy and suffering, losing my head in fear? Worried that I

wouldn't be able to endure, worried that I would be unable to take

the loss, worried that I wouldn't be able to escape, all this

worry, on and on without end. My suffering, is caused by me being

deeply in love with him but not believing in his deep love for me.

The uneven degree of love caused me to lose hope. It's all because

I didn't try hard enough to let myself earn the confidence that I

will have YuJiang's unwavering love for the rest of my life. It's

all because I didn't consider myself on par with him. Demanding day

and night for YuJiang to give me the magic mirror, forgetting that

it was always in my hand. Deliberately putting myself in a small

and weak position, forgetting that I have the right to fight. Only waiting to see if YuJiang is genuine, if he would abandon me, if he would let me go. What about me? What about what I want? Suppressing my own feelings, persistently entangling myself endlessly, how foolish. Like hearing the morning bell and evening drum, my heart shakes from a divine touch. My head swims, my vision blurs, earth and sky spinning. After having completely lost my way, I regain my clear-headedness, my whole body covered in cold sweat. Dad says:

"Yesterday, Rong enterprise quietly moved the Huang enterprise shares under your name. ShengSheng, you're now the rightful president of Huang enterprise." I look at dad, not knowing what to say. "This matter, I will try my best to deal with it, you don't have to worry." Dad suddenly says earnestly: "ShengSheng, YuJiang has gone through considerable difficulties for you."

Shocked, I lower my head.

The following days I am constantly in deep thought. The prison is actually a good place for contemplation. Thinking over the events between YuJiang and me, from the beginning to the end, turning it over and over. Why did I surrender body and mind, suffering crushing defeat over and over, beyond redemption, such a dismal fate? The cause of that lies largely with me. Only placing my scrutiny on YuJiang, never turning back to look at myself, at the flaws all over my body. I laugh bitterly, shaking my head. Increasing regret with each laugh, increasing remorse with each laugh. Wasted opportunity Not admitting any guilt over

and over. I was never guilty, so how could I admit it?
I know that outside there are many troops currently
struggling hard, fighting for me. Blood flowing like rivers. Among
them, is YuJiang. He that hates me to no end, loves me to no end,
the man that can never cut me off heart and soul. I swear that I
will change myself. I will no longer let YuJiang imprison me, pin
me down. I will imprison him, pin him down, proudly revealing my
own power. Let him pursue me until he loses sense of direction,
unable to take his eyes off me for even a moment. No matter if it
is for revenge, or for the sake of love. I will act according to my
own wishes, like a soaring eagle. The sole place in YuJiang's
heart, I will no longer ask for. I will take by force.

ShuTing comes to see me a few times, across the glass,
anxious like ants on a hot pan. Unable to hide his anxiousness, he
assures me:

"ShengSheng, it will definitely be alright. Trust me, you
must trust me." The reason he is insisting that others trust him is
only because he himself is uncertain. I'm definitely not going to
point it out bluntly, nodding my head softly: "Alright, I trust
you."

Waiting for judgement day, I undergo interrogation over and
over again. Even YuJiang comes to see me once more. I see his jet
black eyes the instant I step into the reception room. His imposing
figure, sitting completely at ease on the other side. He stares at
me just like I'm staring at him. Step by step getting closer, like
the lens of a camera, slowly pulling in, letting me look clearly at
his face. Dressed in prison garb, I sit down. I'm absolutely not

dejected, not agitated, I'm calm and composed, in the gloomy prison, waiting to become a soaring eagle. I absolutely will never again appear weak and incompetent in front of YuJiang. Not waiting for him to open his mouth, I say indifferently:

"You've lost weight." Just like clear skies and light breeze,

I give him back his often said phrase. YuJiang is stunned, his eyes showing surprise which he immediately tries to hide. He lowers his head and looks at himself, smiling:

"That's right, I've lost a little weight." He also asks:

"ShengSheng, are you still alright?" His tender smile almost made me do something foolish, and ask him earnestly: YuJiang, it's really not you? It's really not you that did it? Luckily I stopped myself, merely replying with a faint smile:

"I'm doing well." YuJiang observes me for a long time, before saying:

"ShengSheng, you've changed."

"Have I?" I ask: "Change for the better, or change for the worse?" YuJiang changes the topic:

"I will get you out of here."

"You should prepare a little more weapons to coerce the court." I say indifferently: "Transporting drugs in Malaysia is a capital offense." That's why ShuTing is worried to such an extent. Even such an influential family, facing the country's justice system, may not hold sufficient influence. YuJiang looks at me intently and says softly:

"ShengSheng, I really miss you." His soft tone, flat without any emotion. My heart starts to burn. I recall everything that happened in YuJiang's embrace. I reply softly:

"YuJiang, I miss you too." I take all the tender feelings twisting in my heart and pour them into those words. Maybe he is too surprised with my sudden change that he doesn't dare to believe, YuJiang is speechless for a long time. His reaction, compared to that when I told him: I won't regret, smooth and unhesitating, is really too different. Seeing his once in a lifetime slip-up, I strike while the iron is hot. I take my hands and press them on the glass that separates us: "YuJiang, the trust between us, is already smashed and scattered, what about our love?"

Yesterday, I was afraid of letting any declaration of love slip from my mouth, fearing that it would only become a magic weapon for YuJiang against me. Today, I no longer fear. YuJiang is once again shocked but calms down very quickly, giving me a composed smile. Polished and refined, very much a noble man.

"ShengSheng, I have always loved you." I smile gleefully:

"Me too." How interesting, like a fascinating game. Using love to trap the other side in my palm, and watch him go crazy for me, shed tears for me. Seven emotions and six desires, all in the palm of my hand. Turning into the one that is loved. Before, I was the loser, what about now? Under YuJiang's gaze, I casually leave the reception room. Out the door, I flip my hair and smile. This time crossing swords, I leave satisfied. Very satisfied.

Calmly I wait for the impending trial, although it is clear

that I will definitely be sentenced to death. Because someone will save me. He can't let me go, so he can only save me. Therefore the one that is troubled is not me, but him. Worry and worry, feel hurt, cry bitterly and blame yourself all for me. I love you this much, YuJiang. Thank you dad, with his one sentence, he brought back my will to fight, my desire to win. It turns out the realm of love is also a battlefield.

Finally, it's almost judgement day. I'm not clear of what is happening outside, but I'm a little uneasy. If something goes wrong, am I really going to my death in here?

At night, sleeping on the crude and simple bed, I toss and turn, thinking of YuJiang knitting his brows in worry working all avenues. Suddenly I hear the sound of the steel door opening. I quickly sit up and watch the door vigilantly. A sliver of light appears at the crack of the door. In the middle of the darkness, a figure flashes in. I stay silent, waiting for things to develop. That person draws nearer. It's coming too close, I'm suddenly get nervous, my brain goes into overdrive, considering if I should shout out loudly. I do not. I have a faint feeling that this is someone sent to save me. At this point, it is hard to stop my heart from thumping faster. Even my breaths start to become ragged.

In the middle of my doubts, I suddenly hear a loud voice from outside, practically scaring me out of my skin. It's the familiar voice of the guard.

"ChenPing, come out!" As if summoning a prisoner, shouting out like that. After hearing that, I calm down a little. But that

person that I don't know suddenly stretches out his hand and pulls me up and pushes me out of the cell. I'm shocked. If he was sent to save me, the guard is outside, how could I not be found out? After having been pushed from the pitch black little cell to the wide brightly lit corridor, I look blankly at the guard, only able to give him a bitter smile. What I didn't expect was that the guard dressed in uniform just took one look at me, without a shred of surprise, and actually toss his head at me: "ChenPing, follow me, someone has paid your fine, you can leave after signing your name." ChenPing? I'm surprised but immediately understand. This guard has also been paid off. Presumably YuJiang was unable to find a legal way to save me and has resorted to buying people over and exchanging prisoners. Unexpectedly this unlawful rescue is taking place with the bright court just above, developing below under the lamplight. The person that just came in, is he my replacement? I have adjusted my way of thinking, thinking things through quickly, no longer

"honing bull"s horn">**wasting time on insoluble**

problems. I obediently cooperate **fully** with the guard, leaving the prison by means that I have never heard of.

All the way along the long corridor, Malaysian police

officers are everywhere moving around. Throughout the entire process I'm trembling in fear, trying my best to hide my trembling limbs. After all, this is my life. My fingers shake while signing my name, causing the officer in front of me to raise his eyes to

look at me. At a point between life and death, my heart crumples into a ball. I see the officer take back the pen and say to me languidly:
"You're all set." It's like hearing an official pardon, I heave a huge sigh, and immediately restrain myself to not attract any suspicion, raising my leg to get out of here. It's really simple, sign your name and you're let go. But I know that someone has spent a lot of money and called in many favors to make this move possible. I walk out of prison under the curtain of night, onto a deserted sidewalk. Before I would have been afraid of this situation. The circumstances evoke mixed feelings, now I only feel relaxed and carefree, starting my time on the run.

A luxury car is sitting quietly at the street corner, outside the detention center, I can only make out the front portion.

I understand

immediately in my heart, stepping towards the luxury car. I open the door smoothly, enter, and calmly sit down.

Next to me, is my faintly smiling father.

"Pa, I've been released." Dad nods his head happily, saying words with double meaning:

"That's right, you've been released. Just by lifting a finger, that's just like my son." I ask in reply:

"Don't tell me I wasn't your son before?"

"ShengSheng, you've matured." Dad sighs: "I'm gratified."

Tears are threatening to surge from my eyes. I restrain myself. I have already decided, not to use tears again to show my weakness. What I want to do, is to spread my wings, to fly.

"Where are we going?"

"France." Dad pauses and asks: "YuJiang has gone back to HongKong. Are you not going to see him?" I shake my head. The freedom to come and go, not accepting any fetters. YuJiang, who would be more carefree and unrestrained? Who would be the more enticing? The car starts to move, galloping into the night. The vast night sky. My heart no longer hesitates. That day of extreme frivolity, the HuangSheng that opened wide his chest, lying in the car smiling sweetly at YuJiang, is no longer. The tears that fell those days no longer have value, I'll store them up, just like red wine, and many years later, I will pour it out and savor the fine taste with a smile. I have

"shed mortal body exchange bones">**been reborn.**

What ShuTing said is right, Malaysia is indeed a wonderful place.

That person left in the cell, perhaps for money, or for some object, will replace the originally innocent me, becoming an even more innocent scapegoat, going to his death. For now, this confidential matter is not connected to YuTing. If he were also to die in prison because of me, this plan would be even more perfect. But the fact is, the person that was arrested ---- He ShuXian, was never me. It's really a complete mess. I immediately take that whole affair in Malaysia, and throw it to the back of my mind. Just hovering in the past is the reason why I couldn't pull myself together before.

We took an overnight flight and arrive in France. Mom is

still the same, in our house in France. That day when I got a superficial wound on my forehead, she wept and wailed unceasingly, this time I escape from the gates of hell, and she actually just brushes my hair with her fingers before turning around to call the servant:

"Help young master bring his luggage upstairs, also, prepare the bath water." She kisses me on my forehead. I am impressed. Looks like I've learned a lot today. My mom knows how to use different methods to handle different situations. When I needed someone to cry for me, she cried for me, when I need a peaceful family atmosphere, she calmly gives a warm welcome. It's time for me to move forward, I need to pick myself up!

The first step is to take over the running of Huang enterprise. Not how I was previously, like a puppet, simply signing without looking, but truly taking over. Huang enterprise is now rightfully mine, why should I care who gave it to me? I reach the company in high spirits, and the first thing I see is actually ZhouHeng. Using his position as my assistant to lead everyone downstairs to welcome me. This time he no longer has the privilege of the fox exploiting the tiger. I only need to utter one sentence to sweep him out the door. But I don't. If I don't generously rise above and forgive even the small shrimps and crabs of the past, how I will get YuJiang's respect, and let him once and for all be driven crazy because of me?

"YuJiang is very generous, actually lending his general to me for my use." I walk forward, saying smilingly to ZhouHeng: "From today on, I want to

"fight rivers and lakes">**forge ahead.** ZhouHeng,

are you willing to lend me a helping hand?" ZhouHeng's reply is very respectful. He says:

"Mr. Huang, I have always been your assistant." I nod, take

his hand and enter Huang enterprise.

Nominally, the president of Huang enterprise has always been

me. But this time returning to the company, the feeling is clearly

different, not just for me, but even the people in the company

sense it clearly. There is a new master at

"rivers and lakes">**the helm.**

The one that most welcomes this change, is Uncle Chen.

Feeling indebted to my desperate fight on that day, refusing to

sign that document of personnel transfer, his smile is especially

brilliant, his gray moustache twitching:

"ShengSheng, all along taking charge of Huang enterprise

remotely from HongKong, finally you've decided that it's better to

come back and handle things personally? Ai, it's good that you've

returned. When you're not here, there are quite a lot of evil

spirits, leaving me very troubled." I wave my hand:

"It's all the same whether I return or not. One wave of the

peach wood sword from you old man, and those evil spirits would

have leapt into oblivion." We stopped speaking, look at each other

and burst out laughing. I added: "Uncle Chen, you're a founding

member of Huang enterprise, regarding administrative issues, I will

be needing a lot of advice from you." I have experienced repeatedly

how

"there is heaven beyond the heavens">**there is always someone**

better than me, so I say each word sincerely.

Uncle Chen nods:

"Of course, it's my duty, how can I dare to not do my best?"

The administrative issue is the first one settled. Now the real work starts. A thousand directions, ten thousand tasks, extremely laborious. I work from morning to night but the documents are neverending, from one day to the next. It must have been tough on YuJiang, taking charge of Rong enterprise and Huang enterprise, where did he find so much energy?

ZhouHeng knocks on the door, placing yet another pile of documents in front of me. This person's work ethic is really commendable.

"I have assembled all the data from the Japanese project. Mr. Huang, do you really want to look through all these yourself? I can summarize it for you. If you go into too much detail, you'll easily get overworked." Hearing ZhouHeng say these words, I put down the documents in my hand and look him up and down. ZhouHeng is not at all uncomfortable, this bit I really admire about him. If it was someone else, he would probably nervously anticipate that this proud and incredulous president is thinking up a way of punishing him. Looking at him standing calmly over there, I ask:

"ZhouHeng, are you familiar with the particulars of the Japanese project?" ZhouHeng replies:

"For the most part. Before, when I was with the **DongChen** branch, I was in charge of the Japanese accounts." I lean

back on the leather chair and knead my temples.

"This collaboration with the Japanese is very significant.

It's launching Huang enterprise's big punch into the IT industry."

ZhouHeng nods:

"I know."

"If I were to give you full responsibility, do you have the confidence to accept?" ZhouHeng is stunned. This gift presented to him, is nothing short of a giant promotion, from an assistant to the president, leaping to become a general with personal responsibilities.

Actually, I have already checked up on ZhouHeng's background.

ZhouHeng was already a brave general in DongChen. YuJiang used a thousand ways and a hundred plans, to take him from DongChen, giving him a high salary, just to have him deal with me. It's really like taking a great resource for a minor use. Even now, he must have been entrusted by YuJiang, to stay in Huang enterprise and look after me, forced to accept the position as my assistant, just like asking a whale to swim in a bathtub. How can I not put him to good use to repay YuJiang's troubles?

"Mr. Huang," ZhouHeng is like a tiger that had been pinned down for a long time, suddenly seeing wide open plains, with a big herd of antelopes leisurely chewing on the grass. He hesitates a little: "You trust me?" I firmly say:

"ZhouHeng, I asking you to work for me so I won't doubt you."

These words are partly true, partly false, I am really confident that he won't harm me. But I also know that it is because of YuJiang that ZhouHeng is willing to work for me. ZhouHeng asks:

"Why?" I reply frankly with emphasis:

"It's because in order to deal with the crafty Japanese people, you are definitely the best candidate. This is from my firsthand experience." He actually blushes, lowering his head before quickly raising his head to answer in glowing spirits:

"I can do it, and I also have the confidence to accept full responsibility for this project. I only need Mr. Huang to believe in me."

"This project, I'm handing it over to you fully, standing by your ability a hundred percent." I smile slightly.

"Thank you, Mr. Huang." ZhouHeng says a matter of factly. I know that in his heart, he is very excited. YuJiang, even though you have ZhouHeng's loyalty, you yet chose to put him in a limited position. YuJiang also makes mistakes, he is not God.

Everyday is extremely busy, mom silently uses her chopsticks to place food into my bowl at the dining table. I cherish it in my mouth, feeling blissfully happy. Enjoying such happiness, I've actually experienced this for many many years. I'm really lucky. How foolish was I, because of YuJiang, because of a knot in my heart, I let go of this happiness, only thinking of destroying myself. Not understanding that the more I struggle weakly, the more I lose control over any advantage I have over YuJiang in the matters of love. Dad asks me:

"ShengSheng, the person that framed you in Malaysia, are you going to just let it go?" I've tried to guess many times who framed me. YuJiang? I really hope it wasn't him, it doesn't matter who it was, as long as it wasn't him. Then who could it be? I

say:

"Pa, I have been wronged, I will definitely take revenge. But someone capable of such an act must definitely have strong backing. In order to withstand aggression from outside, we must first be strong inside, if we wait for Huang enterprise to stabilize a little more, it still won't be too late." Actually I have already hired someone to investigate but I'm not at all in a hurry to hear the results. I have already learned to keep things in my heart. To restrain myself, and wait for a suitable time to launch an attack, only then showing my strength. All this, I learned from YuJiang.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 25

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

ZhouHeng has transferred far away, to deal with the Japanese.

I'm putting his talent to use, also putting his ambitions to use, and at the same time, we no longer have to face each other day and night, reminding ourselves of our unbearable past. It's nothing short of perfect.

The new secretary, Zhang HongBing, is a pretty attractive young woman. I look at her dainty and delicate appearance and can't imagine how she would be able to handle the work by herself. I can't help but think of Jie-r by YuJiang's side.

"HongBing, comparing Huang enterprise to Rong enterprise, there is at least one respect where we are superior."

"O? What is Mr.President referring to?"

"The president's secretary."

HongBing's delicate lips widen into a smile, revealing two

lovely dimples, quickly showing a sweet young girl's expression. It slowly disappears and she says especially reservedly:

"Mr. President likes to joke too much. Huang enterprise's superiority can't only be just one." I'm impressed. Charming yet not seductive, never one to casually

"hit snake with stick">**take advantage**, never

one to be improper. "That's right. Chen YouFa from the detective agency sent a fax, wanting to set up an appointment." Chen YouFa? I smile lightly: "Did he find something?"

"I didn't ask him to elaborate over the phone. Do you want me

to fix a time with him for the next meeting?"

I suspect, even if he did find something, it must be just a vague hint, nothing more. The formidable private detectives frequently seen on TV, exposing the truth to the whole world in a matter of days, is just fake. The evil acts in society, which criminal would intentionally leave incriminating evidence right where someone would find it? Therefore, I definitely don't have high hopes of this costly detective. Maybe, if one were to look a little deeper, all that I hope for, is for him to have a little proof that, once and for all, show that the packet of white powder in Malaysia is not connected to YuJiang. How pitiful, right?

Rationally, I'm totally convinced that YuJiang is heartless, but emotionally, I can't accept it no matter what it is. Could it be that everyone also has a split soul? Therefore, I'm definitely not in a hurry to hear the results. One more day of suspense, is one more day of fervent hope towards YuJiang.

If that detective comes to my office, and says seriously:

"Mr. Huang, I have already found enough evidence to prove that the one that framed you is the president of Rong enterprise, Rong YuJiang." How would I reply? What if he adds one more sentence: "We already have sufficient human testimony and material evidence, do you want to go ahead and bring him to court?" What would I do then? Useless presumptions.

"Mr. President?" HongBing is still in front of me, waiting for my response. I come to my senses abruptly. Every time I think of things involving YuJiang, it's hard for me to stop my mind from

wandering. I sigh inwardly.

"Make it tomorrow afternoon. After the meeting, 3 o'clock, half and hour." I flip through the calendar on my desk, trying to gloss over my split second oddity. Actually I didn't have to cover it up, HongBing only wanted an answer. She quickly jots it down and leaves to carry on with her own work. Things are very hectic, I have no time to speculate further what the detective may have discovered. I refocus my attention on the files on top of my desk.

Work is really dry and dull. Everyday I go through a pile of files, carefully contemplating over and over again before signing each name. I can't help but recall those days when without a glance, I would just raise my pen and sign. Never satisfied. Indignant when without power, complain of tediousness when with power.

When I got home in the evening, once in the door I hear the sound of mahjong in the hall. The one sitting at the table is actually my dad. Making one set with the three aunties that frequently come over.

"Where's mom?" I wonder. The old man rubs a tile:

"

"blank dragon tile">**Bai2ban3**, in the kitchen."

"In the kitchen?" My voice coincides with one of the aunty's elated exclamation

"

"Hit! Said when one has complete set">Peng4!"

Colliding together, the old man just doesn't hear me. I walk towards the kitchen, an aromatic smell wafts over.

"So fragrant!" I exclaim laughingly, seeing mom busy in the kitchen. I lean beside the door, my heart suddenly overflowing with happiness. Mom turns around, wiping her hands on a clean towel, and walks over to give me a hug.

"You're back?"

"Ma, how come you're in such a good mood, actually cooking in the kitchen? Practically scaring me out of my wits."

"What's so bad about coming into the kitchen? Washing my hands and making soup for my husband and child also brings happiness." Mom's unmatched elegance gets better with age, turns out age also has such charm. I laugh foolishly.

Mom's cooking skills is really pretty good. That evening's

four dishes and one soup have an exquisite taste. Me and my dad swept all the dishes clean. Mom asks:

"How's the taste?"

"Good!"

"Good!" Worthy of being called father and son, answering in unison. Mom beams effortlessly when she hears this.

The soap opera starts at 7:30, this is mom's 'must see TV'.

Mom immediately gets up and walks towards the TV. I ask in a small voice:

"What is the occasion? If it is your wedding anniversary or something else, do I have to give a present?" Dad cranes his head over and says in a small voice:

"Today your dad went to battle, and helped your mom win one

round of mahjong. We had already agreed that if I lost, I would cook, if I won, she would cook." I understood:
"Looks like it's a lost bet."
"Hehe, I asked the other 3 mahjong players to lose to me intentionally, so that I could have a good meal." The old man suddenly smiles slyly. Looks like this is what happened. I also follow along laughing secretly. Mom lost and cooked a meal but she is actually very happy. As long as she doesn't find out the old man's trick. Married for so many years, playing little tricks can also be counted as nurturing affection. But then, when is it not considered deception?

My mood suddenly becomes heavy. I think of YuJiang. If I was forever **kept completely in the dark**, would I be just like mom, enjoying perfect bliss? Different situations cannot be lumped together, love cannot be compared with reason. Of course I can't fault dad, and say that he's wrong. But towards YuJiang, how can I not fault him? I sigh suddenly, putting down my chopsticks.

"ShengSheng, what's the matter? You're all gloomy." My heart is thinking of too many things, particularly deceived or not deceived, aware or not aware, blessed or not blessed
One complete mess. I can only chose to say something that can be said.

"Concerning the matter in Malaysia, it's probable that I will know the outcome tomorrow." The old man also puts down his chopsticks:

"Are you worried?" No one knows a son better than his father,

it's no wonder he is my dad. I nod and smile bitterly:

"Looks like your son still has not made any progress, worrying over minor matters."

"That was a big blow in your life, we can't treat it as a minor matter." I raise my head and look at my dad. Dad says: "In the olden days, people like to barter. The exchanging of things between you and YuJiang, you have already given something to him, so you've already lost the game. If he honors the principle of equal exchange, he should give you what's yours, of course that would be the best outcome." I ask:

"What if he doesn't give it me?"

"What do you say?" I grit my teeth, with an ominous glint in my eyes:

"Then I will take it by force. Take what's mine, not allowing him to not pay the price." The old man stretches out his hand and pats me gently on the shoulder. Once, twice, patting away my murderous look.

"Even if you were to snatch it back, the original principle of an equal exchange would be lost, what use is that?" I'm disappointed:

"So, should I snatch it or not?"

"Silly child, how can you be so sure that YuJiang won't give you what's yours? Just like expensive things, once you've paid, and the movements of the shop assistant are a little slow in handing over the merchandise, are you going to lash out?"

"Ai " I sigh. That's right. I can't be sure. If I could be certain, just like solving a mathematical problem, calculating out what YuJiang feels for me, wouldn't that be

good?

The following afternoon, I meet Chen YouFa. Just like me, he is an ethnic Chinese. At the time when I first chose the detective, ZhouHeng was still acting as my assistant, but this is definitely not from ZhouHeng's recommendation. In fact, ZhouHeng cleverly of his own accord, avoided anything that has to do with the investigation. When I first brought this up to ZhouHeng, he said:

"When investigating things, ultimately the less people involved, the better." After that he never brought up the topic again. This meeting with ZhouHeng to ask about selecting an investigator, was done with selfish motives, I actually wanted to feel him out. I can't not admit that if YuJiang was behind all this, then the person that hid the drugs, may be the person right in front of me, ZhouHeng. So, I myself selected this detective. A little like an emperor doing as he pleases, randomly choosing among his concubines which one he would visit.

"Please sit." I signaled slightly to Chen YouFa, pressing the intercom button on the desk: "HongBing, please bring us two cups of coffee."

"Mr. Huang, regarding the matter that you wanted us to investigate, we have some positive outcome." I smile at Chen YouFa. Positive outcome, such a modest term. If he doesn't have definite results, why would he ask to see me? An impressively thick folder is presented to me. A sudden feeling of nervousness rises in my heart. I raise my head and glance at Chen YouFa, he is composed and at ease, seeming every bit waiting for me to uncover the truth

myself.
I begin to pray in my heart. As long as it's not YuJiang,
nothing else matters. I only wish that it isn't him! I close my
eyes, take a deep breath, and open the folder.
The first thing I see is a photo. It's taken at an airport.
But it's not the HongKong airport, also not the Malaysian airport,
and also not the French airport where I changed planes that day. In
the middle of the airport, two people are exchanging an intimate
kiss. We don't know if it's a kiss upon meeting or a kiss before
parting. In any case, it's a kiss full of bliss, even if it's
before a sendoff, it probably won't be long before they saw each
other again.
My breaths become a little uneven. My heartbeats start to
quicken. But I don't reveal any of that to Chen YouFa sitting in
front of me. He only sits there smiling lightly, letting me
appreciate the fruits of his labor.
These two people, there is one, that I recognize
.....

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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Posted on Nov. 26th, 2014 at 11:44 am

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 26

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

Among these two people, there is one that I recognize. Rong

YuTing. No matter how refined and elegant his smile is, I can't forget the hideous grin he showed before. That savage penetrating look is already carved into my brain. And also onto my body. I

slowly raise my hand and rub the scar on my forehead.

"The one together with Rong YuTing, is the eldest daughter of the distinguished He family ----- He ShuMin." Chen YouFa with this one sentence, clears up the mystery. The one that single-handedly planned my escape was He ShuMin. So, if Rong YuTing, who is so intimate with her, wanted to put something into my traveling bag, how easy it would be. However, I don't know if she herself knew about it, or if He ShuTing knew about it. But whether they are guilty or not, it does not concern me.

I smile slightly at the photo. Looks like on that day, before

I even got out of the cage, there was already a blood red wide open tiger's mouth lying in wait. Heaven's net is very wide, don't tell me it is targeted against me? No matter how I twist and turn, I end up in the same spot, stabbed in the back by the secret arrow that I could never shake off.

"The documents at the back include a detailed report

..... " I wave my hand:

"Mr. Chen, thank you. I will look at those files in detail

later. Let us first discuss another matter. For example: the payment." I have no intention of listening to Chen YouFa discuss his careful investigative actions. For one, I'm not in the mood, two anything regarding the Rong family, will only let me recall the unbearable past. Except for YuJiang. Of course Chen YouFa agrees to my proposal. He cleverly keeps his mouth closed. There's really nothing to discuss regarding the payment, with one wave of the pen, I offer the check with a big smile, and firmly send away the outsider that almost split open my bleeding wound. Alone in the office, I close the folder spread out before me. Firmly covering the photo of YuTing and He ShuMin embracing.

I can't say that I'm not lucky from the bottom of my heart.

Heaven still has pity on me. I didn't receive another peal of thunder from clear skies, clearly showing me YuJiang's cruelty. The feelings I have for YuJiang, is like a strand of spider web hanging in the air, swaying continuously in the wind, but, although causing one to shed tears, never breaks.

Gods and demons at work, I dial YuJiang's number. He is a thousand miles away, I just want to hear his voice before hanging up. Right now, I want to listen to his deep voice, his tender hypnotizing timbre. I finally hear a **ge da** sound, someone picking up the phone. My heart skips a beat, wondering if I should immediately hang up the phone. My stomach suddenly contracts into a ball.

"Hello, this is the president's office of Rong enterprise."

While hesitating, a voice already comes through. Jie-r

..... A feeling of severe disappointment constricts me, but at the least, it stops my chaotic thoughts. I make an immediate decision and **ka ca** hang up the phone.

A long sigh. What was that for? I don't even have the courage to display a photo of YuJiang on my desk. Sitting on top of the towering throne of Huang enterprise, I suddenly feel especially lonely. ShengSheng, why are you still indulging in fantasies? I look at the folder before me, there is still a pile of files at the side, waiting for my instructions. Time is precious, how can I waste my time doing nothing, sighing hopelessly. I take up the pen, and once again concentrate on my work. The reason why YuJiang can always be so gentle, not worrying over personal gains or losses, is probably because this heavy workload, does not leave him any time to get unnecessarily depressed.

When I return home that evening, my old man briefly raises one eyebrow at me at the dinner table, asking me the outcome. I shake my head lightly. The old man smiles, seemingly satisfied, not saying anything further. I wonder if my old man believes that as long as it's not YuJiang that harmed me, everything else is of no importance. I want to ask, but I suddenly shut my mouth tight. I think of

"refers to the flower sermon">**Buddha's faint smile when he picked up the flower that day**, and try my best not to say anything.

Huang enterprise starts to gain outstanding achievements.

Each time I look at the outstanding achievement reports that HongBing brings over, I can't not feel proud inside. All my life, I have never had my feet planted firmly on the ground, toiling heart and soul. But this steady growth was not obtained easily. I can't help but admire YuJiang, his Rong enterprise, is simply a legend in the business circle. ZhouHeng also called back to report that the Japanese collaboration is making progress.

"Mr. Huang, the contract has been officially signed. Although our price is comparatively a little high, but because Huang enterprise has deep resources, and also has a good reputation globally, the Japanese partners still finally chose us." Outwardly he is reporting success, inwardly he is naturally asking for recognition. I'm not surprised, after completing the work, one must let the boss know, only then will one be a good worker.

"This is really good news." When it comes to reward, I'm not stingy, especially towards ZhouHeng. "This success is not only due to the resources of Huang enterprise. It has more to do with the company staff. Without your refinements and connections in Beijing, we won't be singing the victory song this quickly." ZhouHeng's voice on the phone is high-spirited and lively:

"This is my responsibility."

"Nowadays, it's not easy to find people that would fulfill their responsibilities." I say indifferently.

"Mr. Huang, thank you." I can hear that ZhouHeng is sincerely grateful, or at least a part of it is real. A good boss is definitely not easy to come by, what more one with that kind of

past experiences together. But on the other hand, maybe it's also to love **both the good and the bad.**

Society is always changing. The common practice of the elite society, worshipping those that appear high and trampling those that appear low does not seem to ever change. Once it was reported that Huang enterprise has been gaining ground, the number of cocktail invitations HongBing receives on my behalf, increases day by day. Too many invites, causing me to need to find the time, only taking part in those that would be helpful for business. This makes me think of the former me, only thinking of going to cocktail parties. Social events have now become a part of my work.

The duties of my father have transferred to my shoulders, making me feel the sudden weight. Only now do I realize, my former ways, playfully stirring up trouble to gain one or two pieces of information, establishing relationships, these were really just insignificant gains, nothing more.

In the morning, right after entering the office, HongBing follows me in, in high spirits.

"Good morning Mr. President, autumn is almost here, may we talk about vacation?" I sit on the chair and smile at

HongBing:

"Vacation? For one, I don't have a companion, two, I don't have the time. Unless you are willing to help me handle all the official business, giving me time to have some fun."

"It's not that I'm unwilling, but I don't have the

qualifications to handle it."

"Then why did you bring up vacation, stirring up my interest, and yet not giving me a solution?" HongBing giggles *hee hee*:

"The one who wants to go on vacation is me. I asked the human resources manager if I could take my remaining vacation days all in one go, but he told me that I need Mr. President's approval."

"Ai? How many vacation days do you have?"

"30 days." I'm envious:

"I also want to go and ask, how many vacation days does a president get?"

"I only asked a question, Mr. President absolutely will not allow?" After working with me for a long time, she asks like a little slave girl.

"If you go, I will be left here in a big mess. If I don't let you go and compensate you financially, how does that sound? Treat it as working overtime." I'm being serious, if HongBing leaves, all the official files, no matter who comes to take her place, it won't be the same. Furthermore she would leave for a whole month. HongBing shakes her head, suddenly lowering her face, showing a little shyness:

"My vacation days cannot be compensated with pay." I understand, smiling slightly:

"Don't tell me you're thinking of secretly going on a honeymoon?"

"I'm not trying to hide the truth from you but it really is as you say." I'm stupefied. Simply guessing without thinking, I

actually hit the nail on the head.

"Congratulations, luckily I got it out of you, if not I would be deprived of a wedding feast." HongBing smiles sweetly:

"I don't dare to trouble Mr. President, after traveling on our honeymoon for a month, I will come back and throw myself into my work." Ai, modern women are really uninhibited.

"Since it's like this, I just can't be the bad person that hinders a beautiful event."

"Thank you Mr. President, I will take care of transferring my duties. The personnel office has arranged for a temporary secretary that will be here shortly." Once done with personal matters, her serious working manner returns: "These are the files that need your attention." She puts one pile of documents on my desk. "Also, we just received a few invitations. Two are for tonight. One of them is a reception by the British Kalai company. The other one is a private dinner party hosted by the governor of GuiDe bank."

HongBing asks brightly: "Would you be going to the Kalai reception?" While asking, she is already noting it down in the book. After working together for a long time, we have come to understand each other quite well. But too much understanding may not be a good thing. This time, HongBing did not guess my intentions rightly.

"No, I'll join the GuiDe banquet."

"Mr. President?" HongBing puts down the pen, a little surprised: "Kalai is an important partner for Huang enterprise."

"I know. Huang enterprise also has ties with

GuiDe."

"Mr. President " HongBing lowers her eyes, choosing

her words carefully: "Recently there has been unfavorable rumors about GuiDe, probably " The outward appearance is that of a naive young woman, but as long as it has something to do with the market, she is frightfully adept when it comes to business matters.

Truthfully, the unfavorable rumors can no longer be considered a secret of secrets. A small banking crisis is happening every day, when disaster approaches, everyone's first priority is to consider if they themselves would be dragged in. Who would be willing to approach the center of the storm for no reason? I nod my head and smile indifferently:

"GuiDe's banquet, arrange it for me." HongBing tactfully

keeps her mouth shut, changing the note in her book. Just before she leaves the room, I ask:

"HongBing, getting married is no doubt an incomparably happy thing, but, have you really thought it through?

"Thought what through?" I'm shocked, not understanding how I could ask such an inauspicious question. I cover it up saying:

"For instance, test his feelings towards you, see if he is sincerely true to you."

"The matter of love, the more you test it, the more

troublesome it becomes, not only a spectator will be confused, the people concerned would be even more confused." HongBing shrugs her shoulders in a carefree manner: "I only have one principle, once

I've caught it, I won't let it go, most of all, I won't throw away an opportunity in vain."

"What if you caught the wrong one? Wouldn't you regret it even more?" These words obviously have an inauspicious implication, definitely not something that should be said to HongBing who is about to go on her honeymoon. Luckily this woman is very open-minded, simply taking no notice of it, instead putting on a mysterious air, lowering her voice to say:

"I'll teach you a method " Just like in the martial arts circles when the master is about to pass on the secret writings. I also can't help but give my full attention. "Close your eyes, say out loud three times the name of the person you're thinking of, hot or cold, oneself knows." She finishes with a wicked smile: "Boss, are you really that unwilling to part with me?" Since it is just the two of us, I take the files and pat them lightly on her head:

"Get to work. Your husband is the one that is most unwilling to part with you."

Close your eyes, hot or cold, oneself knows. I close my eyes and heave a long sigh. YuJiang, YuJiang, YuJiang, I say it silently far more than three times. Hot, or cold?

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 27

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

Still as lavish and luxurious, the place is the same small

villa of NiLuo. People have said that this is where there is the

finest wines, the most entertaining music, the most exquisite

interior decoration, one would be fortunate to receive an

invitation. Listening to the floating music rising and falling

inside the house, I walk through the door. The scene that day, when

due to not having an invitation, I toughened my scalp and entered

the house, flashes through my mind.

The wines are still the finest, the interior decoration is as

before, novel and tasteful, NiLuo definitely did not lose his love

of renovating places. What has decreased, is the number of guests.

Such a sumptuous party, attended by only a few guests, only brings

about a particularly bleak atmosphere. The whims of society, warmth

or coldness, who wouldn't sigh?

Once I entered the house, I couldn't help but inhale deeply,

wanting to heave a huge sigh. But someone immediately pats my

shoulder.

"ShengSheng." I turn my head. NiLuo is holding a wineglass,

swaying slightly. A slight smile on his lips just like before, no

decrease in his air of eliteness. Looking at him, I suddenly lose

my will to sigh.

"NiLuo, thanks for the invitation." I smile slightly. NiLuo

beckons the waiter and serves me a glass of wine.

"I'm very happy that you're able to make it." Those words

carry a tone of gratefulness and sincerity. In this world, there are few that would send coal during a snowstorm, but many that would throw stones at one who falls down a well.

"I have always attended your parties." NiLuo smiles looking at the small number of guests:

"My ego made me throw this party. I wanted to find out how many friends I really have, fortunately, I actually have a few." I raise my head to take a look, a few guests are gathered together chatting leisurely. All familiar faces.

"You're a good person. That time when Huang enterprise was in a difficult position, luckily you did not keep my faults in mind, and lent my dad a helping hand."

"When did I?" NiLuo says: "Honestly speaking, there was huge reason why I helped out that day, definitely not because it was Huang enterprise."

"But because of Rong enterprise?"

"That's right." I shift my gaze:

"No matter the reason, you still did a favor for Huang enterprise."

"That's why you're here today to repay the favor?"

"You won't accept?" NiLuo shrugs his shoulders:

"How can I not? I'm not a fool."

"That's good, within the next month, Huang enterprise will not withdraw from GuiDe's fund."

"ShengSheng," NiLuo warns me saying: "A lot of big financial groups are risking their life to withdraw their existing funds, in order to avoid heavy losses if GuiDe were to really collapse without a moment's notice."

"Don't tell me you're recommending that I join the panic and make a run on the bank?"

"No." NiLuo says: "With your assurance, the pressure on me is suddenly lightened. But, this type of risk, I definitely need to let you know."

"NiLuo, such sincerity and honesty is really inconsistent with your style." I shake my head: "Don't tell me that after not having seen you for some time, you have

"shed mortal body exchange bones">**been reborn**, getting rid of your ruthlessness a hundred percent?"

"If it was anyone else, of course if I could fool, I would.

But because it's you "

"What about me? You're still keeping that matter in mind?"

NiLuo suddenly becomes extremely serious:

"ShengSheng, there is someone that loves you, more than life, you're really blessed." My expression becomes slightly unnatural:

"Who loves me more than life? You? Then my helping you is all the more fitting."

"I only remember, right on this staircase, there was someone, whole face drenched in blood grasping me firmly telling me not to report to the police, sealing off any leaks." NiLuo raises his hand and points to the staircase. My fingernails suddenly pierce my palm. I sneer:

"Looks like I worried for nothing, with support from Rong enterprise, how could you be in any trouble?"

"ShengSheng, I'm very grateful for your concern." NiLuo, seeing my intention to leave, holds me back saying: "YuJiang is a

good friend of mine, I don't want to see him go through life suffering."

"Go through life suffering? Isn't he wildly successful, in

high spirits?" I quickly turn around: "These unfavorable rumors, this scheme to control the market, don't tell me he has no part in it. Within this month, probably taking advantage of the wind and waves, to gobble up a number of businesses. NiLuo, you're not afraid that I would spill the beans?"

"Spill the beans? You wouldn't."

"I will!" I down the red wine in one gulp. I put down the

glass and glare unyieldingly at NiLuo's questioning look. I stride out the door.

The night breeze is cool and refreshing, I might as well wind

down the car window, letting the breeze blow on my face. Yet another deception. YuJiang's deceptions will never cease. Before, he deceived me, now, he deceives the public. In the financial world, any bit of trivial information can cause an avalanche. So the one that arranges the trap, naturally is fully aware of the key moment from which to reap the profits. But

The corner of my eyebrow suddenly jumps, I step on the brakes

abruptly, stopping by the side of the road. The car following behind me, due to my unexpected action, angrily honks at me as it whizzes by.

If I use the information in my hands, and figure out the

connections, and in collaboration with major business partners, we could easily take this as an opportunity to launch an attack on Rong enterprise and GuiDe. The possibility of destroying YuJiang's

everything, makes my heart start to beat rapidly.

That's right, YuJiang is certain that I won't reveal his secret, he still does not think I would take advantage of him. I might as well leak out the inside story secretly, and together with the numerous rivals of Rong enterprise, destroy the legendary Rong enterprise once and for all.

My whole body suddenly feels burning hot. Taking YuJiang and flinging him under my feet, no longer letting him circle arrogantly all around me. I can't say it's not overwhelming.

I rush back to Huang enterprise and turn on the light in the office. I anxiously turn the place upside down looking for data, afraid that the opportunity would flash by. Taking advantage of this opportunity in a mad rush is not an easy thing. I dial HongBing's number. I'm probably waking her up rudely when she is sleeping blissfully in the arms of her husband.

"Hello?" A sluggish voice, comes through in a blur, I can picture HongBing's sleepy, eyes not fully open expression, as she picks up the phone.

"HongBing, come quickly to the office, I need an assistant desperately."

"Boss?"

"I know it's late at night, but I will give you one month of vacation. You are the most capable, come quickly." I put down the phone quickly and start to sort out the data at hand. Most importantly I want to find out the inside story, of how Rong enterprise will be able to profit from this. Without profit, YuJiang will definitely not engage.

In the middle of my hopeless struggle, HongBing finally

arrives. I heave a sigh and say immediately: "Find the calculations for the European GDPs for the past two years, and also find the newly released government budgets. I also want to know all the major clients of GuiDe bank." HongBing replies

wide-eyed:

"Boss, don't tell me you're sleep walking."

"Don't speak nonsense, hurry up, hurry up."

"A list of GuiDe's major clients, how are we going to find

that?" I mutter to myself for a moment, raising my head to

say:

"Do as much as you can, I know you're not the FBI, but just

give me whatever you can find." HongBing grimaces and immediately

got to work. This young maiden has a strong point, once she gets to

work, it's like starting up a machine, definitely won't conk out

halfway. We hustle through most of the night,

"exhausting seven emotions, five elements (traditional medicine)">

completely drained. Finally we figure out the

general idea. Both HongBing and I were sporting dark circles under

our eyes, looking at the files on top of the desk.

"It will soon be dawn." I see HongBing quietly looking at her

watch, so I can't help but ask:

"Is someone waiting for you?" HongBing pursed her lips in a

smile, her face suddenly glowing. I sigh, such a lucky young lady.

"Go on home. You're officially on vacation starting today."

HongBing sneaks a peek at me saying:

"That vacation "

"I'll extend it one more month."

"Wa!" HongBing jumps to her feet, full of excitement, giving

me an air kiss.

"You're the world's best boss." She picks up her small

leather handbag and runs off cheerfully.

"Ai " I can't help but smile bitterly, facing the

mountain of files on the desk.

YuJiang's scheme is really too complicated. After looking

through data for the whole night, I can only faintly feel that the

fake rumors are connected to the approaching meeting of the

European economic ministers. Maybe he obtained some high level

insider information, so in order to gain even more profit, he

decided to cause the market to drop beforehand. In a flash, ten

thousand changes can take place in the complicated market, anything

could happen.

But there is one thing for certain. I only need to

immediately publicize what I've discovered, and YuJiang's plan

would be wrecked. Even further, it may possibly lead to an

avalanche, taking the shape of a sudden peal of thunder, leaving

one no time to cover one's ears, dragging Rong enterprises into

destruction. This, is not an impossibility.

I clench my fist unconsciously. YuJiang has always been calm

and composed, standing way up high. Even before I helped to seize

Rong enterprise, he was just quietly spying on the side, never once

showing a hard-pressed behavior.

If I could take him down if I could take

everything in his hands and let them vanish like smoke, disperse

like clouds if I could cause him to shed tears bitterly in

front of me, wander about dejectedly, look at me with desperate

eyes

There is a hazy voice urging me to hurry. I grab the phone, and dial the number of the famous french economist, MaiFu. This is the best person to spread the news. One word from him on TV and I can imagine YuJiang and NiLuo looking at each other in dismay. Although he should still be in bed, but this type of news, is worth being rudely awakened for.

The call goes through, the voice that comes through is clearly a little angry:

"Do you know how early it is?" The plan was to immediately reveal over the phone that GuiDe bank's unfavorable rumors are just all smoke and mirrors. But right when I open my mouth, my throat suddenly feels as if it is stuffed with a cotton ball, unable to spit out a single word. All the chaotic thoughts, suddenly stops at the moment right before I was about to take action. Like in a brilliant film about the mob, right at the moment of life and death, bullets flying in all directions, right at that critical thrilling moment, a power failure.

What would happen to YuJiang? After I do this, what would happen to YuJiang? I suddenly realize. My heart imagines that YuJiang's downfall would bring me a hundred percent satisfaction, but when it comes time to meet face to face, would I be able to take it? YuJiang's face appears before my eyes. He asks me softly:

"ShengSheng, you won't regret?"

"I won't regret." The answer I gave that day was quick and also firm. As long as I could run away from where YuJiang was,

anything was worth it. I don't regret? Really? I ask my heart gently. I do regret. Not for the sake YuJiang. But only because of the **harrowing**

pain I felt when I was all alone, missing him.

I clench my jaw tighter and tighter. Curses had started to come through the phone. I hang up the phone ***ka**

cha*. Disappointment

Like fighting a war without the smoke of gunpowder, YuJiang is like the exceptional ace described in books, not needing to take any action, and already pushing me into a corner.

"You won't regret?" YuJiang's voice reverberates repeatedly in my ear. One night, he hugged me in his arms asking: "How can I ease the pain, I beg you to teach me. ShengSheng, I beg you to teach me."

Hot and cold currents are running back and forth through my body. When they meet, it's like a spark to gunpowder, blowing me up leaving no trace of my ashes. The longing carved in my bones, breaches the dam at this moment, taking me under. I can't break free, and start to dial the number for Rong enterprise with trembling hands. I know I shouldn't do this, I can't stop myself, just like a drug addict experiencing a sudden relapse.

The call connects. I expected the machine to answer the phone, but unexpectedly I immediately hear a voice. Deep, calm It's like I heard the morning bell and evening drum, stiffening immediately on the chair. After a long time, I come back to my senses and quickly wanted to hang up the phone.

"ShengSheng is it you?" YuJiang's soft sigh floats into my ear. In a split second, it's as if I see him alone in the kitchen of Rong mansion, back towards me, worrying; I also seem to see him lying quietly beside me, sweetly sleeping; I also seem to let him grab my hand questioning: ShengSheng, why are you crying?

I hear his voice! Just listening to his voice, I feel like I have returned from the dead. I'm unable to stop the bitterness in my throat.

"YuJiang." I foolishly say: "The person who framed me in Malaysia, is YuTing."

"I know." I'm immediately shocked, but a moment later, I understand:

"The detective also contacted you, otherwise, how would he know of our bad blood with YuTing, relying on just one photo to solve the case?" YuJiang calmly says:

"That's right, I'm acquainted with the detective you hired, and also gave him many clues." I suddenly think of something, cold sweat streaming down:

"YuJiang, could it be that before I boarded the plane, you already knew that YuTing wanted to harm me?" YuJiang says without the slightest hesitation:

"That's right, I knew. I have always kept my eye on things involving you." I gulp a mouthful of cool and refreshing air:

"You watched me get framed?"

"ShengSheng " YuJiang pauses before saying in his deep voice: "At that time, I wanted to destroy you. Listening to

you say that you wouldn't regret it, I really wanted to destroy you." I suddenly feel my throat become extremely hoarse, filled with friction and bitterness. I should be raining curses without restraint, but YuJiang's bitter suffering seeps into my ear, actually causing my heart to start twitching in pain. I grip the table to stop my hands from shaking endlessly. I force myself to calm down, asking:

"Then why did you save me?" The other side becomes silent.

For some reason, my heart suddenly tightens. As if the thing that I've been thirsting for, for many years, is almost before me. I hold my breath and waited a long time. But there is no answer from the other side. I ask: "YuJiang, why did you want NiLuo to leak the inside information on GuiDe to me? What do you still want? To test how much impact you have on me? To see if I would keep it a secret for you?" Or, are you doing this to confirm that I still love you deeply, unable to betray you?

"ShengSheng, why do you not suspect that I'm deceiving you?

Scheming to trap you, intentionally letting NiLuo leak the information to you, so that you wouldn't withdraw the funds urgently." YuJiang's tone suddenly turns bitterly sarcastic, unbearably pained: "Don't tell me that in your heart, I'm not a vicious and treacherous person, reaching to the peak of perfection? Each and every thing I do, I do it with a hidden intention, all a false display of affection."

"Of course I suspect. Because no matter when, I'm always in a disadvantageous position, being played by you like an ant." I

sneer.

"ShengSheng, why do we always have to be so hostile?"

"It's you who forces me."

"I force you? When? Where?" I roar into the phone:

"All the time! Everywhere!" After shouting out loud, I realize that I have lost control of myself. I close my eyes and force myself to calm down my fiercely beating heart. YuJiang is silent for a moment before saying coldly:

"Since it's like this, why did you make this phone call?"

This one question stabs precisely into my weak spot, seizing me with terror. YuJiang says: "Everything is perfectly fine. The one that is stirring the pond of spring water, is you." He hangs up the phone.

I stare blankly, still holding the receiver. YuJiang's voice is still reverberating in my ear. Why then did you make this phone call? Why then do you stir this pond of spring water? I don't understand. I don't know. I can't find any explanation.

I slowly lean over the small mountain of documents. I clutch my chest, but I'm unable to stop the pain.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 28

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

The following few days, my heart is extremely ill at ease.

Not just because of YuJiang's viciously sinister words "one pond of spring water" (I firmly believe it is sinister); it's also because aside from this unease, I also have to deal with my shrewd parents, not letting them make out my uneasiness.

The rumors about GuiDe bank were gradually picked up by the media, and as expected, triggered a frightful period of financial chaos. I only look on coldly, and as expected, it calmed down very quickly, the stock price rising high. Compared to the original price that didn't fall much, it rose considerably. The onlookers only know that the governor of GuiDe pulled strongly against the crazy tide, and made it through the crisis, making him seem even more impressive.

The ones that suffered were the clueless smalltime shareholders, without insider information, selling at the low point and buying at the high point. I am certain that further transactions of considerable profit was made but I already don't want to think any more about it. One look at reports on this matter and I would change the channel impatiently.

The growth of Huang enterprise progressed smoothly with me only assuming the role of a responsible and diligent president.

Going about in a hurry, trying to increase profits is a bumpy road.

In the past, I never imagined there would come a day when I would

go all out at work.

The negotiations with the FeiRuoLin cosmetics company is finally settled and the contract will be officially signed. This is one of the five major projects of Huang enterprise this year. I decide to go to Canada in person.

Once outside the airport, the cold air hits my face. Looks like Vancouver winters are this cold. One big snowstorm and the world is blanketed in white. I don't know why I suddenly think of winter in HongKong. Over there, a winter frost is already a big thing. The thing that appears in front of my eyes, incredibly, is that little bird that only loves to sing outside the Rong mansion. I must really be going crazy. I shake my head. Don't even mention singing birds in winter, I grew up in France, why would I associate winter all the way to HongKong? I can't help but curse YuJiang, all this must be his fault, right up to this moment, this day.

The staff from the branch company meets me at the airport.

After a casual tour, they drop me off at the chosen hotel. I have not done many inspections. Truthfully speaking, since I have only taken over Huang enterprise for a short time, yet having such impressive achievements, the staff of the branch company probably regard me as a "demonic" president. Therefore, the manner they treat me, if not one of extreme caution, is like **silent cicadas in winter** . It's like being on guard against a formidable foe. Even though it underscores my importance, this cautious manner leaves me very uncomfortable. Letting them cluster all around me as we enter the hotel, I

suddenly feel very uneasy. This lets me think of the days when I was held captive. The behavior of the staff members at my side is somewhat similar to those

"skin smiles, flesh not smile">**superficially smiling** bodyguards. While cursing YuJiang, I feel anxious. After that

inexplicable phone call, I would think of that person no matter what it is. It's said that the devil's poison, once flowing into a person's heart, can not be treated by any medicine. How can one not be terrified?

"Boss!"

In the middle of my panicked state, a clear melodious sound

rescues me. Putting away the crazy thoughts in my mind, I turn around, unable to contain my surprised delight:

"HongBing?" Dressed in a lovely shimmering sweater, hurriedly entering the hotel entrance carrying a traveling case. The concierge quickly steps forward to help carry her luggage.

"Luckily I'm in time." HongBing hands her case over to the concierge and comes up to me grinning: "Such a major event, signing the contract with FeiRuoLin, how can I, a first class secretary, not be here?" That's right, although the personnel office assigned a temporary secretary to replace HongBing, we didn't develop a close rapport. Therefore, for this signing, I definitely did not think of bringing the replacement secretary. HongBing's competence and adaptability really can't be matched.

"The two months of vacation is already over?" I add up the days in my head: "Or is it that you miss me, the world's number one

boss, cannot bear to see me bruised and battered?" HongBing stands at the reception desk in the lobby, taking care of the check-in process, turns her head and says:

"Who has such a

"wind, flower, snow, moon">**sentimental** heart?

Those two months, one half was for romance, the other half was to repay my overtime, how can that not be worth it? Times are different, people are more realistic." She is in great spirits, a little like a scene in those Japanese idol dramas, shouting towards the heavens 'I will do my best!', before starting work. I find it quite hilarious. I put on a suffering look:

"Overtime pay is three times the regular pay, wouldn't that

be too much loss for me?" Seeing HongBing, my emotions take a positive turn, my expression brightens considerably. The staff members from the branch company that were following by my side look at each other in surprise. The president that was pulling a long face all along is suddenly all smiles, like a spring breeze.

Meeting up with HongBing, is a pleasant surprise. Truthfully speaking, without her by my side, everything does not go well, becoming too troublesome. I treat this as a good omen for this Vancouver trip. I take advantage of this opportunity and push down the image of YuJiang that was endlessly appearing in my mind.

When we arrived at the hotel, it was already the afternoon,

with nightfall approaching quickly. I politely refused the invitations from others and went to hotel restaurant downstairs

together with HongBing for dinner. HongBing brings out a multicolored box from her bag, and hands it to me, saying happily and excitedly:

"A present for you, to thank you for the vacation time you gave me." Taking into consideration her regard for me, I happily accepted, jokingly saying:

"This present is worth the heavy price I paid. Almost overworked and straining my back muscles." I open the gift in front of HongBing, it is an exquisite music box of fine workmanship. I open it, the mechanism inside starts to move, ***dingding dangdang*** metallic sound. After listening attentively for a while, it is actually the tune 'three little pigs'. I thought it would be something like 'Blue Danube'. Really a little girl. I wink at HongBing, laughing at her immaturity. HongBing says:

"This music box, when you're feeling hurt and depressed, it will make you feel better."

"Saying it like that, this is actually a priceless magical box." I tease her, my heart jumping suddenly. Don't tell me she knows about all the things that happened between YuJiang and me, if not, why would she say 'sad and depressed'? Thinking of that, my expression stiffens. HongBing is very astute, immediately sensing it. She was smiling brilliantly but now asks cautiously:

"Boss, why are you not happy? Or is it because you don't like this tune?" Her tone is a little frightened. YuJiang and I are not international figures, who would follow us with such interest?

After my face sank, I immediately recover, realizing my mistake,

"grass moving from blowing wind, already suspecting spirits and ghosts">
getting suspicious over every little thing. I

force a smile and wave my hand:

"What are you talking about? I'm only thinking, in return for one month of vacation, just giving me a music box, it's really not worth it." At this point, we should change the topic, consider the matter all wrapped up, and continue on chatting and laughing merrily. I didn't expect HongBing to heave a long sigh after listening to my words, speaking with a serious face:

"Boss, you're always very unhappy. Why is it?" Her expression is that of a friend who sincerely wants to ease the problem that weighs on my mind. This is a sudden assault, coming without warning, I'm unable to deflect, sitting wide-eyed on the spot. I'm not happy? Don't tell me in HongBing's eyes, I am a man that is always frowning slightly, filled with anxiety. I can't accept it. All along, the reason that kept me trying my best, was so that I would not be controlled by YuJiang, so that I would not feel completely powerless, so that I would no longer be an incompetent coward. I hoped that, in the eyes of others, I would be like a man standing on a peak, dazzling the people around me.

"HongBing, don't make absurd guesses of what's in the heart of others." I spit out after a long time, my throat completely dry. Probably because my expression is too pained, HongBing lowers her head in embarrassment. She is extremely uneasy:

"I'm sorry. I have overstepped our professional

relationship." I sigh, and look at her gently:

"We are friends." But no friend has the right to open the bloody wound on my body and probe into it. I pat HongBing's lowered head saying: "Are you done eating? We still have work tomorrow. It's better if we retire early." I wave my hand and settle the bill. In the elevator, HongBing keeps her head down. I know that my reaction hurt the feelings of the young girl that cares for me. The words I just said are probably making it very difficult for her to be at ease. A girl that is immersed in love, would probably want to share the love she is experiencing with others. Such an ordinary act of friendship, no matter how you look at it, is not an intrusive move, why did I lose control to such an extent? I send HongBing to her room, saying: "HongBing, I apologize for what I said, please don't take it to heart."

"I should be the one to apologize." HongBing softly spilled out these words, hanging her head for a moment before quickly raising it up and smiling brilliantly at me: "Really, it's not a big deal. You apologizing, me apologizing, the contract tomorrow is the most important. I still need to prepare the materials. Goodnight boss, see you tomorrow morning." She waves lightheartedly at me and enters her room. If it really wasn't such a big deal, why would there be such a heavy guilty conscience? HongBing's manner is that of a modern city dweller. Ai, I'm of a different class. I smile in embarrassment, stroking my nose, and return to my room.

I take a hot bath, and turn up the heat all the way up in the

room, all cozy in my pajamas. I flip through the newspaper but nothing catches my eye. I look around and catch sight of the music box on the sofa. Since I have nothing to do, I walk idly over, and open the music box, placing it in the center of the big, soft, and fluffy bed. The tune of the 'three little pigs' flutter lightly in the air. It really is a tune that makes one feel better. HongBing said:

"Open it when you are feeling sad and depressed. It will make you feel better." She also said: "Boss, you're always very unhappy." Don't tell me that on my face is clearly written - I'm not happy - those three words? While going over the official documents regarding the expansion of Huang enterprise, I realize after painstaking efforts, that I never achieved my target. I'm still not happy, isn't that right?

I really admire HongBing. She is truly a modern woman. Able to adapt to the cruel changes of society, not agonizing over love, daring to fight, daring to forget. Take tonight for instance, I can't be like her, with one toss of her head, acting as if nothing happened. Don't tell me the people of today are so resilient? Then won't I be considered like the middle Lin sister in the **Dream of the Red Chamber**, a totally unwelcome analogy. After listening to 'three little pigs' a few times over and over, I put a stop to my scattered thoughts, close the music box, and turn over to go to sleep.

My body sinks into the soft as silk mattress and sleep soon takes over. Many fluffy clouds seem to float before my eyes,

breathtakingly beautiful. It's as if I'm lying in the middle of a swaying swing, the surroundings constantly changing around me.

"ShengSheng " I vaguely hear a familiar voice by my ear. Magnificently deep, like Satan's temptation, leaving people unable to escape, only wanting to draw nearer, all confused and unsuspecting. In the middle of the daze, I unexpectedly get the feel when YuJiang used to come sit at my bedside late at night. The blissfulness and warmth of before, intoxicates even the heart. The lips behind my ear are suddenly warm, as if someone is patiently licking me over and over. Dream and reality gets too tangled to unravel and I suddenly feel something is wrong. Such a realistic feeling, how can it be a dream? Don't tell me there is someone

I suffer a huge shock, and risk my life to pull myself from the dream world, gritting my teeth and struggling to open my eyes. It takes a while before I begin to regain the function of **my five senses**. There is not a soul in sight, only a ominous air lingering in the room. The sound of gentle knocking on the door travels in. Especially since I just had such a frightening dream, my heart is startled. I fling the coverlet and shouted in a deep voice:

"Who is it?" The person outside the room seems to hesitate, the knocking stops, it was a few seconds later before someone answers:

"It's me." I heave a sigh, and climb down from the bed. I open the door and HongBing is standing there with her head

bowed.

"Don't tell me you're here to apologize again? HongBing, we can't apologize to each other all the way to the next year." I intentionally bring up what happened as a joke. I don't want HongBing to have a knot in her heart later.

"Boss " HongBing raises her head, and timidly opens her mouth. I am very flustered when I see that both her eyes are extremely red and swollen.

"What happened?" After this one question, it's like a dam bursts in HongBing. It's like she can no longer endure, she throws herself into my arms, and starts to sob loudly. It's in the middle of the night, the attendant runs over immediately to see what happened. I apologize in embarrassment, and pull HongBing into the room, and place her on the sofa. "What happened exactly?" HongBing cries for a long time, really difficult to stop, saying between sobs:

"He and I have separated." That 'he', must be HongBing's groom. I sigh sympathetically, I never thought that behind her strong fighting spirit, she has also been hurt so much that she could no longer endure it. What's the point of forcing a look of happiness in front of others, and then breaking down in the middle of the night, crying to such an extent.

"What happened? He didn't treat you well? Or did he do something to hurt you?" It's hard to tell the matters of human life, not long ago I was still thinking that she is definitely perfectly happy, full of enthusiasm, nothing standing in her way. HongBing lowers her head slightly, gritting her teeth. I never

thought that HongBing could show this type of damsel in distress look:

"I myself don't know how it came to this." She says between sobs: "I don't have anything to say, just that my heart is full of bitterness." At first, I couldn't help but try to comfort this young girl, but after hearing those words, I'm shell-shocked, my heart starting to twitch.

Don't have anything to say, just that the heart is full of bitterness

Looks like it's not just me who suffers from such a heart wrenching bitterness. Right away I empathize with a fellow sufferer, comforting HongBing in a hundred ways. My innate eloquence is supposedly pretty good, but after speaking countless comforting words, I still couldn't change HongBing's sorrowful look, only succeeding in persuading her to go to sleep.

After finally persuading her to sleep, I heave a sigh of relief. This disturbance took up half the night, of course I won't have enough sleep. I acted the part of a gentleman and offered the bed to HongBing, leaving me the sofa.

Even before I got up, my whole body was aching, a pain in my back. HongBing is already up, saying beside my ear:

"Boss, I'm telling you dutifully, you can sleep for another twenty minutes. Any longer and we would probably be late for the contract signing between Huang enterprise and FeiRuoLin." One night later, listening to her manner of speaking, it's as if everything is already fine and dandy. Can it be that a woman's ability to

adapt to changes is so incredible? I force my eyes open and catch sight of the two swollen eyes of HongBing, a result of last night's intense crying. I ask:

"HongBing, are you alright?" HongBing's face drops, but she quickly covers with a smile:

"What could be wrong? It's just men, nothing more. Boss, this matter, my family knows nothing about, so " I quickly shake my head:

"I'm not that much of a busybody, going all the way to your family. Last night's matter, is of course a secret." I turn over and get up from the sofa, massaging my tingling waist, and say earnestly: "As a matter of fact, that you're willing to come find me when you're hurt, really makes me feel touched. In fact, I've always looked upon you as a good friend." HongBing covers her laughter:

"I never thought that I could be so bold as to rush all the way here bawling my eyes out. But at that time, I really thought that boss would definitely be able to help me make peace with what happened."

"O? Why is that?" Don't tell me that I look like an experienced psychiatrist? HongBing laughs saying:

"It's nothing, just an intuition." She says such but I actually know the reason. Because in her eyes, I am definitely someone that has received a lot of suffering, therefore, towards her plight, she could come running over in the middle of the night to ask me to commiserate with her. I couldn't help but return to last evening's topic:

"HongBing, do you really think that I'm not happy?"

"Do you really want an answer?"

"Of course, you may as well speak frankly." After one night, our relationship became even closer. HongBing stops restraining herself:

"Ai, boss. When a person is unhappy, no matter how he tries to cover it up, he is still unhappy. Just like me, smiling brilliantly and yet unable to cover up the wound I received from this cruel knife." She is no longer smiling, pursing her lips with her head lowered. I have nothing to say. Like a person that has fallen into the depths of despair. Was it the acute pain in the pit of her stomach that first made her think of me, who has been equally hurt? Can this be some sort of telepathy? After getting hurt, everything returns to normal. I don't know if we should commend our realistic nature or sigh at our cold-blooded nature, ruthless even to our own hearts. I don't want to waste one more minute on self-pity.

HongBing returns to her room to prepare the necessary materials. I put away the music box that she gave me. Dressed up, the two of us meet again in the corridor. The hotel attendant couldn't help himself from giving us a few looks. This is not unexpected. A man and a woman in a professional relationship, suddenly the woman comes running over

"during the third watch (23:00-01:00)">**in the middle of the night**, staying in the room the whole night, anyone would speculate. Luckily the French are an open-minded society, I'm

definitely not out of line in this matter, and I'm also not going to explain myself.

At first, everything is normal. Once in the elevator, just

when the door was about to close, suddenly a male voice calls out:

"Please wait a minute." A single arm dressed in a branded

suit, sticks in between the two sliding doors, forcing its way in.

The elevator door stops on contact and opens up again immediately.

I size up the man indifferently, big and tall, with a brave spirit.

He holds the door open but does not come in, moving aside to stand outside the door, holding down the 'Door Open' button, as if waiting for someone.

Sure enough, a few men in trim suits are walking over. The

men are all big and tall, at the center is the most important one, one with extreme confidence, making him stand out. Although the hotel elevator is not small, this many big and tall men standing inside, the space is suddenly crowded. HongBing and I are naturally pushed into corners. That most striking man is standing in front of me, simply speaking, completely blocking my way out. HongBing is presumably scared by this underworld-like situation, but I have no reaction.

You could blame my composed reaction up to this point on the

fact that the moment this person showed his face, my soul had already flown away, not knowing where my body is. Appearing like the devil, firmly not allowing any denial. I stare blankly at the person in front of me, casting aside HongBing's plight beyond cloud nine.

Two men, eyes locked on each other, standing in the elevator, one cowering, extremely terrified, the other calm and reserved, hiding his thoughts. How comical! Moreover, there are so many onlookers in the elevator. But I can't say a word. My body and my heart are both trembling fiercely, as if one flick of a finger would smash my body into countless pieces, forming a pile of fragments on the ground. My thoughts are drifting about in a daze.

The person in front of me, YuJiang, his eyes have not moved even a fraction once they set on me, as if he knows that just by using the expression in his eyes, he can already cut me to pieces. His gaze soaks through every inch of me. Too many hidden intentions are contained in YuJiang's eyes, just like Solomon's mines. Glittering like crystals, shining like the stars. It's a pity that I'm too terrified, simply in no position to take notice.

"Ding!" The elevator suddenly lets out a pleasant ring. I wake up abruptly, as if coming out of a deep dream. Looks like we've reached the main floor. HongBing that had long ago been pushed to the entrance takes one step and exits, waiting for me nervously by the elevator door. I also want to go out but YuJiang stands in my way. This nemesis of my life, faced with him, how can I find the strength to move? Even my breath starts to get ragged. The men with YuJiang also start to leave in twos and threes. I hope that he too would leave but he insistently stays put, just staring at me. The people wanting to get on the elevator are held back

courteously by YuJiang's bodyguards. Heaven knows what they think is happening.

My attention is concentrated on the most dangerous person.

YuJiang's dark and bottomless eyes are staring at me all along, he suddenly stretches out his hand behind him to push the button for the highest floor of the hotel. The elevator doors close back up, suddenly, there are only two of us in this narrow space. The tension makes one unable to breathe. I hold back the pain in my chest, firmly keeping my mouth shut. YuJiang looks at me, all along not saying a word. He doesn't shift his gaze even one bit, making it hard for me to bear, like being burned by flames.

Caught in a deadlock, the elevator finally reaches the top

floor. The elevator doors open up once again. I steal a glance at YuJiang, stealthily, uneasily, terrified that he still has some other trick to torment me. Don't tell me he wants to throw me down from up here? Given his influence, no one would send this famous general to prison for murder.

In the middle of my wild thoughts, YuJiang finally starts to

move, coming closer to me. My whole body stiffens.

"You shared the room with your secretary last night?" He

stops a hair's breadth away from me, not moving any closer. The implication in his words, rather than jealousy, was more like ridicule.

"So what?" I'm suddenly infuriated. I strike back ruthlessly.

"Rong YuJiang, don't think that there would definitely be someone that is dead set on you." Clearly my counter-attack did not succeed. YuJiang's face shows no sign of panic, his provoking look

also shows no sign of decreasing.

The elevator doors close once more. The elevator heads

downwards. We wage a battle with our eyes, silently confronting each other. YuJiang's familiar scent floats up to the tip of my nose, I suddenly think of something.

"Rong YuJiang, did you secretly slip into my room last

night?" The thing I thought I smelled last night is the familiar scent of YuJiang. A sudden terrifying thought comes to mind, don't tell me I have always been in the middle of his palm, just that the cage has become a little bigger, nothing more. If he nods, I will definitely scream my lungs out. As if testing my patience, YuJiang looks at me coldly for a long time, keeping his mouth tightly shut.

I suddenly feel hopelessly stupid, trapped in an elevator

under his watch, still lacking any strength to fight back. The unyielding look in my eyes slowly gets stronger.

This time, it's another "ding", one ring, telling us that the

elevator is once again at the main floor. The elevator door opens, a worried HongBing and YuJiang's bodyguards are still waiting outside the door. I thought YuJiang would once again press the button for the top floor and make a complete fool out of me in the elevator. Instead, he actually turns around and walks out. Just before leaving, he leaves an ice-cold response in the narrow elevator:

"ShengSheng, do you think I will always be dead set on you?"

Endless ridicule is contained in those words. I remain in a daze in a corner of the elevator, unable to move. Hearing those words, I

almost throw up blood on the spot. YuJiang and his entourage leaves with a flourish, only then does HongBing enter the elevator carefully, and drags me, who has lost my soul, out of the elevator.

"Boss? What's the matter?" My soul slowly returns, I turn my gaze onto HongBing:

"It's nothing."

"Is that the CEO of Rong enterprise? First time seeing him in the flesh, he is even manlier than in the papers." HongBing sees how shaken I am, and tactfully neglects to ask why: "The time to sign the contract is almost here, we should hurry up a little." I nod my head and walk out the entrance with HongBing.

The contract with FeiRuoLin has already been discussed and settled, only leaving the signing ceremony as the final step.

Luckily that's the case, so even though my heart is not in it, even though my condition is abnormal, I can still sign the contract smoothly.

After the signing, naturally everyone moves on to the celebratory reception in high spirits. As the president of Huang enterprise, of course I can't refuse. I can only force myself to smile at the reception, standing around for almost half an hour. Soon after I start to feel dizzy. I apologize to my counterpart and give the excuse of being too tired from the flight, furthermore not having enough sleep, finally just like running away from the reception back to the hotel.

This Vancouver trip is a string of disasters. It would be

better to return to France as soon as possible. I already have this

intention in the elevator. A place where Rong YuJiang is present, would never be nirvana. I hurry towards the room from the elevator, terrified that I would run into YuJiang. The fear I have of him would never disappear as long as I live. I take out the key and open the door, carefully locking it again before turning around.

Thunderstruck, I'm rooted to the spot, once again unable to move. There is an uninvited guest in the room, standing in front of me. His hand is holding my pajamas, looking coldly at me. If what I saw from the corner of my eye when I turned around was right, he was just rubbing his face gently on my pajamas with his eyes closed. My heart races

"Aren't you supposed to be at the celebratory reception?"

You're back early." An even tone, not the least bit ashamed or embarrassed. I roar at him:

"Rong YuJiang! You are a psycho! Put down my pajamas." Every time I see this person, it's like I suddenly lose all my strength.

YuJiang says serenely:

"O? This is your pajamas?" Under my indignant gaze, he carelessly flings my pajamas away, laughing: "I thought it belongs to your precious secretary."

"No matter whose it is, your behavior is exactly like that of a psycho." I gnash my teeth: "You should go see a psychiatrist."

YuJiang's sinister gaze imprisons me, making me break out in cold sweat. He takes one step towards me and I immediately retreat a few steps.

"ShengSheng, don't drag other people

"underwater">**into your degenerate ways.**"

YuJiang slowly comes closer, like a smiling hunter approaching his prey: "The victim will be very miserable." Looking at his cryptic smile, my heart starts to quake.

"YuJiang, entering other people's room without authorization, spying on private property, is against the law."

"The hotel staff simply gave me the wrong key, so I

just went to the wrong adjacent room. This can't be a serious crime?" Yet another crafty excuse! It is as if he was born with this talent for deception. I stare at him hatefully, bracing myself against the possibility that I would lose the will to fight at any moment. YuJiang sees how I'm staring at him, and as if deciding that I won't be able to make any move, closes his eyes and inhales deeply a few times. As if trying his best to take in the scent of the air. Just what is he up to? My hair is standing on end. Don't tell me he placed a hypnotic drug in the room, wanting to

.....

"There are no scents on your body."

"What?" His mocking smile from earlier this morning returns,

YuJiang's lips suddenly curl up, revealing a tender smile:

"ShengSheng, there is no scent of a woman on your body."

A sudden strike of thunder hits me on the head. Piercing through **my**

organs, destroying everything. Where can I find a

little will to fight? I take a deep breath, but fail to motivate

myself.

My lips heat up, YuJiang is already invading them. Stirring up surging emotions within me, this person suddenly retreats. Immediately I feel completely empty. In despair, I almost shed tears. YuJiang retreats a few steps, staying a distance from me, tenderly gazing at my face. At this moment, I'm still lost in his tenderness, blankly returning his gaze.

"ShengSheng, you're the one that first provoked me. I'm just returning the favor, that's not too much is it?" After saying those words, YuJiang walks leisurely and contentedly towards the door. I stare foolishly as he casually walks out the room. Up until the door closes, it's as if I'm caught in a dream.

Only returning the favor? Is that so. YuJiang, you've come from thousands of miles away, scheming at every turn, don't tell me it's all because of my one phone call, making ripples in your "pond of spring water"? Maybe you're just like me, too deeply poisoned

.....

I heave a huge sigh, picking up the phone, connecting to the front desk.

"I'm the guest in room 1709, please book two air tickets for me on the earliest flight to the Lyon airport in France. One other thing, may I ask, the guest who checked in to the room adjacent to 1709, is it under the Rong surname?"

"You can't tell me? That's fine, thank you."

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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Posted on Dec. 3rd, 2014 at 04:05 pm

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 29

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

The hotel staff calls me back quickly, letting me know that the air tickets are taken care of. I pack my things in a hurry, fidgeting in the room, pacing back and forth, waiting for HongBing to return before immediately rushing to the airport. The plane leaves at 5 pm. The FeiRuoLin celebratory reception should be ending soon. So after HongBing gets back, we still have 2 hours to get to the airport.

At 3 pm, HongBing has yet to return. I'm a little impatient, and decide to call HongBing. How strange, her cell is not turned on. Suddenly I feel alarmed. YuJiang's words, sinisterly flooding over my heart. "The victim would be very miserable." My eyes fly open in fright, shaking and trembling, I call a staff member from the branch company that is also at the reception. Once the call connects, I can't even manage any of the conventional greetings, almost shouting out:

"Where's HongBing? Do you know where HongBing is?" The person on the side is clearly startled, there is no response for quite a while. I consider hanging up the phone and calling the police. At this moment, HongBing's voice comes over the phone: "Boss, what happened?" She asks anxiously, thinking something must have happened to me. Immediately my whole body relaxes. I look at the big mirror on the wall in the room. The face reflected in the mirror is as white as a ghost. Just like a bird startled by the

twang of a bow. It's as if I have just ran a 2 km race, just finished running, saying in a soft voice:

"It's nothing, I just want to let you know that there a lot of things to take care of in France, I have already reserved our return tickets for this afternoon, just make sure you don't come back too late." I add: "HongBing, why did you turn off your cell phone?" HongBing laughs softly in surprise:

"Aiya, I didn't even know it was turned off. No wonder it didn't ring the whole day." After the false alarm, I calm down considerably. I hang up the phone and collapse on the sofa.

Sometimes I'm really disgusted with myself, why can't I let go of what I should have let go a long time ago? Worrying over winning and losing, even worse than a woman. Cowardice, may be my true nature.

I hug the music box HongBing gave me and start to listen to it again, over and over '3 little pigs'. The cheerful and light-hearted tune dances in the air, but for no reason, I start to picture YuJiang, gently rubbing his face with my pajamas with his eyes closed. The feeling at that moment, the look on his face, was as if he was deeply in love but not daring to touch the one he loves. My heart starts to ache dully. I can't deny that it excites me and also makes me feel very touched. It's as if the look the on his face is telling everyone that the one who has been forsaken, wounded, full of riches but forever unhappy ----- is him. How outrageous. I sneer.

HongBing comes back on schedule, packs her bags, and leaves with me to the airport. Looking at her cheerful chatty manner, I

can't tell that her heart is still filled with pain. Or is it that one's own suffering can only be contemplated by oneself. No matter whose arms you throw yourself into sobbing, the pain remains in your own heart. Stop thinking nonsense, others can help share your burdens, if only a little piece, a little shred.

I sit alone on the plane, gazing out the window, slowly drinking cups of soft drinks, vaguely trying to use these artificial fruit juices to wash away the taste of YuJiang on my lips. HongBing notices that I'm uneasy, only stealing glances at me.

I don't know why, but I decided keep my distance from HongBing as much as possible, in the end, we are just employer and employee. Even if we were friends, we should not share a hotel room. It's definitely not because this could make YuJiang angry. Even when he arrogantly shows his holier than thou attitude, I know, he is furious. I can't deny that his anger makes me happy. If I were to speak more frankly and sincerely, then I should say, I find his anger very gratifying.

While I'm daydreaming, the plane arrives at the destination.

As I'm pulling my suitcase along, I definitely do not expect someone to come meet me at the airport. That's because I don't have much luggage, and also, I don't want someone to ask questions such as "Mr. President, why did you rush back immediately after signing the contract". But there is actually someone calling me from outside the airport.

"ShengSheng!" A familiar way of addressing me. Once I make out the face of the other person, I'm rooted to the spot, not

knowing how to respond. HongBing looks at me, looks at the other party, and tactfully decides to stand silently on one side. "I really managed to catch you!" the newcomer grabs my hand, overly excited. I blink blankly, only managing to say:

"ShuTing, it's been a while." Right now this person is really making me feel awkward. That time when I was imprisoned in Malaysia, it's also partly his fault, but he sincerely tried his best to save me; however after I escaped, I left hurriedly without a word. In fact, after I took over Huang enterprise, I'm always in the papers, he must have realized long ago that I had escaped with my life. But the thing that makes me most uncomfortable, is that he still likes me as a man. Thinking back to that day when we were escaping, when he held me in his arms, I can only shake my head endlessly.

"I called the hotel you were staying at in Vancouver. They told me that you had already booked tickets back to France. So I decided to come here and try my luck." ShuTing reveals a childish smile, helping me carry my leather suitcase. There is no way to explain this to HongBing, so I just adopt a boss-like manner, turning to HongBing:

"HongBing, you should also be tired, don't bother going back to the office, it's better if you go home and rest a little. We'll start work tomorrow." ShuTing beams with self-satisfaction, I secretly pray that he won't take these few words to my secretary as an indication that we have some sort of intimate relationship.

"Let me treat you to a welcome home dinner." ShuTing leads me

to his sports car. It's the latest model, I just saw a photo of it in some racing magazine. What suddenly flashes through my mind, is ShuTing's status in Malaysia as the second in line at He enterprise. That's right, ShuTing is also an heir of a prominent family, but he is so warm, so down to earth, that it makes people mistake his family background. An heir of a prominent family should be like me, or like YuJiang, or like YuTing, in any case, not like ShuTing.

I smile lightly, and get into ShuTing's car, letting him

bring me to wherever. This person will never hurt me, that is my intuition. ShuTing looks at me from the rearview mirror while driving.

"ShengSheng, you look much better, much healthier."

"Is that so? Thank you." I answer detachedly, in an

unfamiliar fashion. He seems a little uncomfortable, as if taking a blow from my detached manner. But he quickly picks himself up, and proceeds to chat and laugh with me. I remain cool and indifferent, responding occasionally in one or two syllables. Finally, ShuTing earnestly says:

"That time in Malaysia, when you escaped, why didn't let me

know?" I have nothing to say, even my eyes are cold inside. He asks again: "Do you think that I'm really useless? I guess, the one that saved you is Rong YuJiang." ShuTing gets no where with me, as I keep my mouth closed. I listen to him talk to himself. "Do you know how I felt when I heard the verdict of your case? At that time, there was a ban on visitors at the prison. It's only after I bribed

the policeman to allow me to take a look at the corpse of prisoner that was executed by shooting, that I found out the person that died wasn't you."

ShuTing became more agitated with each word, abruptly

slamming on the brakes, before turning around to face the aloof and indifferent me: "When I thought you had died, my heart wanted to split open. I thought that if I didn't bring you to Malaysia, that would not have happened to you, I really hated myself to death." I look at his face, looking as if he is about to shed tears. I can imagine him full of remorse to the point of death. But I actually feel ruthlessly happy.

I know that ShuTing is pure and sincere. Giving his heart and

soul to me. Such a rare person that actually treasures me, yet I find satisfaction in his suffering and despair. I surprise myself.

"After I found out that you had been executed by shooting, I

immediately thought of taking a pistol and committing suicide. But, I remembered that you were framed, so I stopped myself to avenge you." ShuTing sighs, as if feeling extremely lucky: "Luckily I didn't do such a foolish thing, ShengSheng, if not, wouldn't it be just like a pair of Romeo and Juliet?" He smiles gently at me.

Those words finally pique my interest:

"ShuTing, did you already investigate who framed me? What's the result?"

"I didn't find anything at all. I used all my family's

resources but we came up empty." He vows solemnly to me: "I won't give up, ShengSheng, I will definitely avenge you." Use all your

family's resources? Of course you found nothing. Who do you think controls the resources of the He family! I look at ShuTing, and ask him knowingly:

"ShuTing, these words you say to me today, is it a promise?"

He immediately grabs my hands:

"With the sun and the moon as my witness, He ShuTing will never betray HuangSheng." It's not as if we're in front of flowers or under the moonlight, I never had the intention to be together with him, why does he have to be so nauseating. What matters to me, is only one thing:

"You will definitely avenge me, right?"

"I will!" ShuTing nods his head earnestly. I know that I have concealed a cruel truth, unwilling to look in his eyes, I turn my head and wind down the window.

Yet another enchanting moonlit night, yet again the wind is blowing **hu hu** in, yet again in a brand new sports car. I recall the first night I slipped out of the Rong mansion with YuJiang.

Looks like deception between people, is definitely not something that is planned deliberately, someone will present themselves at the door, giving over his heart wholeheartedly, presenting it before you with both hands, to let you step on it. Such a generous gift, it would be impolite to refuse. Just reaching out to take it with a smile, use it to my heart's content, that's how it's done in reality. I want to laugh, but my heart aches.

ShuTing hugs me gently from behind, saying softly:

"ShengSheng, don't be afraid, I will help you, I will protect

you. From this point on, no one will be able to harm you." I

say:

"ShuTing, don't do too much for me, I won't be able to take it."

"Silly."

He doesn't know, that this conversation, except for the names, each and every word, have already, without change, been used in front of flowers, under the moonlight. By YuJiang and me. Our yesterday.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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Posted on Dec. 5th, 2014 at 11:48 am

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 30

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

One's intentions are the fastest changing things in the

world. When I got in ShuTing's car, I decided that I wanted to draw the line with ShuTing, thinking of how awkward it was being in his embrace. But when I get down from the car, I have already agreed to go to dinner with him at France's most romantic restaurant. So much so that in the middle of the meal, I nauseatingly personally feed

him a piece of steak that I had cut myself, bringing it up to

ShuTing's lips. ShuTing smiles as if he is in a middle of a dream, already forgetting what year it is.

The sound of violins rising and falling float through the

restaurant, but in my ears, I only hear the sound of ice cracking.

Ever since I decided to exploit ShuTing to get my revenge, this type of sound, enters my ears whenever I look at ShuTing. I can't get rid of it. I understand very well that it is ShuTing's future, the sound of his impending broken heart. It's just that I, **the cause of it**

all, is hearing it in advance, nothing more.

Cruelty is in my nature, or is it something I learned from

YuJiang?

I look at ShuTing, manly yet sincerely obedient, not daring

to believe in his luck, my mind wandering while listening to him

talk of his recent experiences.

"ShengSheng?" Realizing that my mind is wandering, ShuTing

waves his hand in front of my eyes: "What are you thinking of? So absorbed."

"O? It's nothing." I quickly drink a sip of the wine in the

glass, and ask him: "ShuTing, have you decided to continue pursuing medicine? What will happen to your family business?"

"The family business is being taken care of by my older

sister, she keeps asking me to go back and help her. But you know

how I am, how can I accept such a living hell?"

"Actually, managing the family business is uniquely

challenging, before I had the same opinion as you, but now, it has changed."

ShuTing puts down his knife and fork, and looks at me

earnestly:

"ShengSheng, do you want me to succeed my family

business?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

"Because that's what I want." I'm busy calculating in my

heart and say lightly: "It would mean more if I could gallop on the market together with you." ShuTing looks at me quietly. In that

split second, I think that he had figured out my plan. But he puts down his silverware, and gently holds my hand, asking:

"ShengSheng, is it because supporting Huang enterprise is

causing you to be overworked?" His expression, is simply one of

extreme heartache. I don't know what he is imagining, making him

show such a pained expression. I'm the president of Huang

enterprise, not a laborer. But then, an opportunity must be used, I lower my head and sigh softly:

"The market is like a battlefield, who wouldn't be

overworked? Finding an ally of one heart and one mind, is harder

than scaling the heavens." I steal a glance at him. "ShuTing, I'm

very tired. So tired that I have nothing else to say."

"If I were to succeed my family business, I will then be able

to lend you a hand?"

"ShuTing, don't force yourself on my behalf. That way, I

won't be able to take it, I would feel too guilty." ShuTing

immediately looks straight at me with shining eyes,

saying:

"ShengSheng, what you said is right, only with formidable

power, can one protect you from any harm." At this moment, I'm a

little touched. I lean on ShuTing's shoulder saying:

"ShuTing, promise me one thing."

"Just say it, I will promise you anything."

"Never force yourself to do something, or tire yourself out,

because of me." ShuTing is silent for a moment, before saying in a low voice:

"ShengSheng, I promise you, that I will never force you, that

I will never let you be tired." This is an expected answer, but I

can't accept the deep love contained in those words. I feel a

violent pain in my heart, shooting through my body while I stare at ShuTing in front of me. That isn't that the ShengSheng of

yesterday? Such infatuation and single hearted devotion, in a dream that is slowly destroying oneself. Suddenly my anguish overflows,

flooding into my marrow, forcing the blood to flow out of my four

limbs, corroding my

"five viscera, six bowels">**insides**, so much

pain that I almost scream wildly in this posh

restaurant.

I shouldn't! I shouldn't! I shouldn't be such a cruel person!

I'm not YuJiang!

"ShengSheng, why are you sighing?" ShuTing leans over: "Why

are you not happy?" He also sighs. He has no idea of the surge of

magma currently churning in my narrow heart. I stare blankly at him, the light in my eyes flickering in and out, before finally sighing lifelessly, again leaning on his shoulder.

"ShuTing, I have one more wish."

"Tell me."

"Don't treat me too well, that will only hurt me."

"ShengSheng, you're very special." ShuTing laughs dotingly.

He gently strokes my hair, tender actions full of love.

This is not bliss. This is sin.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

A heads up. I'm going away at the end of this week, so I won't be able to finish the story before years end. I will try to put out the next 2 but I won't get to the last chapter. I know it's almost the end but the timing is just so.

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 31

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

I thought that I have already become stronger, but, when I hear ShuTing say how lucky he is while embracing me, I finally realize: I'm still weak beyond compare, just a student of how to hurt others. In his arms, I cover his whole chest in tears, but I tell myself: ShengSheng, you can't be softhearted. That's right, the world is such a cruel place, how can I be the only softhearted one. Without a cold hard like iron heart, how can I stand together with YuJiang, shoulder to shoulder.

I look to the heavens wordlessly. That's right, there will be a day, I want to stand shoulder to shoulder with YuJiang, no matter what I turn into, even if I become frightening to myself.

ShuTing drives me home. He stands beside the car, reluctantly watching me enter the house. My facial muscles are so tense from playing the part in his hot pursuit, I heave a huge sigh after closing the door. This is wrong, a twinge of regret flashes past.

Dad is standing by the window, looking outside with a black pipe in his mouth. He turns towards me. Under the gaze of my all-knowing dad, I'm suddenly afraid of being found out, only wanting to turn around and head to my room.

"ShengSheng, why are you still standing there? It's time for dinner." Mom's voice leisurely travels over. In order to catch the

daily evening TV series, the family keeps a strict schedule set by mom. According to her, it's so that neither family bonds nor TV are neglected.

This dinner, is particularly spiritless. Mom continuously puts food into our bowls, calm and composed. I don't know if it's because she doesn't sense the awkward atmosphere, or she just doesn't want to bring it up. At any rate, when the time comes, she puts down her chopsticks and walks over to the TV. Only dad and me remain at the dining table. Sure enough, dad asks: "Is that the second child of the He family?" I stay silent, put down my chopsticks, and nod my head. A long sigh comes out from dad's throat. My heart tightens suddenly, because even when I was imprisoned in Malaysia, I never heard dad heave such a long sigh. "Fine, go take a bath and go to bed a little earlier." Dad's sigh seemed to take his vigor along with him, he puts down his bowl and chopsticks, and when he stands up, he looks aged. Looking at my dad, my heart feels as if it has been smashed by a thousand **jin** stone. I know that he already realizes what I plan to do. I expected him to have a very big reaction. Reprimand or encourage, anything would do, as long as it's not like this, walking away without a word. Looking at dad's back, right at this moment, I suddenly feel the fear of abandonment.

"Pa!" I burst out. He stops but doesn't turn around, only waiting for what I will say next. I look at his back silently, and grit my teeth: "I know I'm wrong, but I won't change my decision." Dad is unmoved, as if he expected that was what I was going to say, silently leaving without even another sigh.

This night, there is no way I'm getting any sleep. I toss and turn, finally sitting up abruptly on the bed. My head in the smoke and clouds, I dial YuJiang's number. It's as if this person keeps watch by the phone even at the darkest time of night. The second he picks up the phone, he says without waiting for me to open my mouth:

"ShengSheng, I know it must be you." Not paying any attention

to how he knows, I ask:

"YuJiang, do you regret it?"

"What do you think?"

"I don't know, you tell me, from when you first started using me up to now, have you ever regretted it?"

"Why are you asking me this?" I suddenly feel like laughing, feel like cackling insanely. I clutch the receiver, I say **resolutely and decisively**:

"YuJiang, don't doubt it, I'm just as ruthless as you." After hanging up the phone, I sit blankly beside the bed, right up to when the sun starts to rise from the east.

Back in company, the first thing I do, is call HongBing into the office.

"Lately, public safety is a little uncertain, I'm thinking of hiring bodyguards." At the least, the matter of YuJiang easily entering my room would not recur. HongBing also agrees:

"That's right, having bodyguards at the side is the recent trend of the elites."

"I'll let you do the choosing."

"Will do, boss."

The second thing, is to call one of my 'uncles' in HongKong.

He is dad's good friend, definitely not a business person, but a well renowned architect. A professional architect, must not only have vision and aesthetics, more importantly, he must have a deep understanding of the principles of building foundations. Otherwise, even if he designs awe-inspiring skyscrapers, what use is there if it can't withstand one bout of a typhoon?

This Wu ChuYin uncle, is an authority on combining building design and safety. Therefore, when I'm on the phone, I'm a hundred percent respectful.

"Uncle Wu? How are you? I'm HuangSheng, do you still remember me? When I was small " Before I finish my words, the middle aged man on the other side already starts to laugh heartily **ha ha**:

"O, I remember, I remember, you are Old Huang's son!" It's rare for a big city person to not be indifferent and unfamiliar. I immediately feel touched. After exchanging a round of conventional greetings: "ShengSheng, one doesn't visit a temple without a reason, I know you have succeeded the family business, you must be very busy, is there something you need my help with?" He really is a considerate man.

"Although this may be something trivial for Uncle Wu, it is something very important to me." I also

"open door, see mountain">**get to the point**,

saying earnestly: "Have you heard the matter concerning mainland China lifting the restrictions on foreign construction companies?"

"In fact, foreign construction companies setting up in mainland China is no longer a rare thing. But this time, the

previous policy that restricts foreign companies from certain large-scale projects, such as for an entire airport has been removed and foreign companies can now join in to submit their tenders."

"Although it is so, those companies that want to submit their tenders for the large-scale projects must undoubtedly fight for recognition from the central authority. Only three parties will be chosen, every country in the world also wants to take part, it's really like many monks, not enough gruel, that type of fierce competition." Uncle Wu laughs into the phone:

"Huang enterprise also has interest in this matter?"

"Of course. but I also know our limitations, wanting to force our way in among fierce competition, is not an easy matter. If we talk about China's viewpoint, do you think they will give preferential treatment towards overseas chinese?"

"There are too many overseas chinese, how can China take care of each and every one of them. But the central authorities really look out for HongKong. It's definite that one of the spots is reserved for a construction company from HongKong." This is exactly where the problem lies. I feign a random question:

"Uncle, in your view, which company do you think has the best chance in seizing this opportunity?"

"Do you still have to ask, one look at HongKong, of course there is only one company, Rong enterprise. Furthermore, the boss of Rong enterprise has a good relationship with the mainland, it's hard to imagine they won't get in."

"So you're saying, I should call up the boss of Rong

enterprise and congratulate him?"

"Exactly, ShengSheng, I forgot, you're also good friends with

Rong enterprise's Rong YuJiang."

"I am, I am." I laugh softly, thanking him: "Uncle Wu, I've

troubled you, when will you be coming over to France to have fun?

My dad misses you a lot, saying that you're a good match to have a master battle with him in

"chinese board game">Go." He lets out another

long laugh.

After hanging up the phone, I stand up and stretch my body,

cracking my joints and bones. Now that Rong enterprise has been

accepted into the inner circle, attaining top level construction

privileges in the mainland, he will only get even further away from

me. Sitting down, I press the intercom button on my

desk.

"HongBing, please bring me the data for Rong enterprise's

large-scale projects over the years, as much detail as possible."

There is a huge pile of documents on my desk, but in my eyes, it is

not daunting. I hastily go through a few of them before quickly

putting down my pen and dialing ShuTing's number.

"ShuTing, it's me."

"ShengSheng?" ShuTing's voice is excited, he asks: "We just

saw each other last night, are you missing me?" Such a ridiculous

question, I simply brush it off.

"ShuTing, your family business, have you really never taken

part in it?"

"Even if I did, it was very limited, but I have already

contacted my older sister, telling her that I intend to help her and work together. She is very happy." I ponder over that. ShuTing asks: "ShengSheng, do have a business problem that you need my help with? Just say it and I will do all I can."

"It seems that Rong enterprise had previous business dealings with He enterprise, would you be able to get the data for me?" I hesitate a little before adding: "ShuTing, I don't want to cause idle gossip, if you really want to help me, don't tell anyone who asked for this data." I can't not take precautions, after all, there still is Rong YuTing moving around in the nucleus of He enterprise.

"Ok, I'll help you find it. Also, I promise you, I won't tell anyone." ShuTing adds: "Including my older sister."

"Thank you."

"You don't have to be so formal with me." That one sentence, reminds me how contemptibly vicious I'm being at this moment. I wrap it up quickly, a little overwhelmed. I can't help but think of those days when YuJiang was secretly listening to how I was exhausting all avenues for his sake, that type of feeling.

ZhouHeng again reports back his success from over there, settling the contract with the Japanese, and also bringing enormous profit for Huang enterprise. I call him to offer my congratulations.

"I wasn't wrong, ZhouHeng, sure enough you were able to handle it by yourself."

"Mr. Huang, thank you for your support."

"Do you plan on coming back?"

"Come back?" ZhouHeng's tone, sounds a little surprised:

"But, everything over here " Conveniently moving the commander right after achieving success, anyone would think that there is a personal grudge in play. I laugh while assuring him:

"Don't worry, it's not that I want you to immediately give up your position in Japan. But I'm planning to register a new company that is completely separate from Huang enterprise in Germany, specializing in the research of high-tech electronics, but I'm short of a person in charge."

"High-tech electronics?"

"That's right, what do you think?" ZhouHeng thinks it over for a moment before saying sincerely:

"Mr. Huang, I don't quite understand. A company that is completely unrelated to Huang enterprise, everything will have to be built from the ground up, including market research, public relations, and brand recognition."

"There is indeed some truth in that, the Buddha said, **it can't be said**. I only want to know, ZhouHeng, if you have any interest?" ZhouHeng is really a rare breed, not conceited and not rash. He is silent for a moment before replying:

"I would like to accept the challenge."

"Then, next month on the 1st, leave Japan and come here to meet with me." Just when I hang up the phone, HongBing's voice comes through the intercom.

"Boss, the matter about the bodyguards, I've found two top notch security companies. Are you free now? I'll bring in the files for you to choose."

"I'll let you make the decision." HongBing laughs **hei hei** through the phone:

"This important matter of guarding your life, how can I

simply choose one? But boss, you're really a nice person, actually

placing so much trust in me." I hear the incredulity in her words,

and immediately change my decision:

"I'm not free right now, get the documents ready, deliver

them to me tomorrow with the other important documents." I'm

suddenly breaking out in a cold sweat. Not because of anything, but

because of HongBing's one sentence, letting me realize that my

heart is completely unguarded. Looks like I still have a lot to

learn. In addition to drawing up plans, I also have to be on guard

against everyone. Even if they are as close as family, I still

can't trust them with everything.

I heave a huge sigh, if this is what it means to be a human

being, then why does each and every person, all wish for

reincarnation? Wouldn't it be too tiring?

These few days, even though my mood is not too bad, but every

night I'm unwilling to return home. Using an excuse of having to be

at the office, I ask HongBing to reserve a room at a hotel close to

the office, choosing to stay there instead.

ShuTing is a man of his word, the data of the previous

collaboration between Rong enterprise and He enterprise, were

quickly presented to me. HongBing had also collected the data of

Rong enterprise, putting it on my desk. I pore of the data over a

few days, trying to get a clear picture from the reported

information, turning them over and over in my mind, suddenly a

flash of understanding.

I immediately contact ShuTing again. This person, as expected, returned home to Malaysia to succeed his family business, as if truly wanting to go all out for me.

"ShuTing, it's me."

"ShengSheng? I'm really happy to hear your voice."

"You're at the office?"

"Yes."

"Is this a convenient time to talk?" ShuTing laughs saying:

"ShengSheng, you don't have to be so nervous, as if we're engaged in some sort of espionage, truthfully, even if my older sister and others know that we " Afraid that he would launch into a lengthy spiel, I hastily cut in:

"ShuTing, I just looked through the things you gave me."

"O? How is it? Is there enough detail?" I flip through the data in my hands, make my decision, and ask:

"The skyscraper built by Rong enterprise together with He enterprise, was investigated by a special unit of the local government, what was the reason for the investigation?"

"I heard that it was due to rumors from "red eyed">**jealous** parties, completely baseless."

"Who was the person in charge?"

"It must have been the interior investigative unit of the Malaysian government, I'm not too clear myself."

"I see, I'm very busy, I'm going to hang up." I'm

deliberately cold, although I'm using him, I don't want to increase the weight of my crime by being hypocritical.

"So fast?" He is very disappointed, like an upset child:

"ShengSheng, why are you begrudging me even a simple greeting?"

"Goodbye, I'll get in touch if there's something." I hang up without hesitating. I really wish that he would suddenly understand my heartlessness, throw a huge fit, and never allow me to manipulate him again.

Mainland China is the most attractive market in the 21st century. Who wouldn't want a share of the soup? It's too bad that China is no longer easily taken advantage of, like it was a few years ago. Now in order to get in, we must win their acceptance. So many people are beating their heads against the wall to get one of those three places, to allow them to submit tenders for large-scale construction projects in the mainland. Rong enterprise, is of course one of the chosen, majestic and celebrated.

I don't bother to go ingratiate myself with the officials, entering the brawl with others. I fly to a small island in Germany. This trip is so hurried, I don't even bring HongBing with me. Krk island is a warm and friendly place. The people here all have satisfied smiling faces. Therefore, it has the qualities needed for a place where retired high-ranking officials from other countries come to spend their retirement. Buy a small place and reflect on life by the peaceful ocean.

I follow the address that I had investigated, finding a charming unique log cabin. The cabin has two tall trees that I'm

unfamiliar with growing at its side, lush and green. I ring the doorbell. A middle-aged woman answers the door.

"Good afternoon, is Mr. DuYe at home?"

"You're here to see Mr. DuYe?"

"Yes, I'm Mr. Huang, I spoke to Mr. DuYe on the phone. I came from France hoping to meet with Mr. DuYe." She goes in for a while, before coming back to open the door, smiling at me:

"Mr. DuYe would like you to come in." Once inside the house, beautiful shells are everywhere, strung together one by one, hanging from the ceiling. When the wind blows, they brush together ***ding ding dang dang*** endlessly. A relaxing feeling immediately enters the heart.

A middle-aged man sits at the center of the house. He puts down the newspaper in his hands, takes off his glasses, and asks me:

"Mr. Huang? Please have a seat." I sit down. He says: "It's been a long time since I've had guests from afar."

"I'm really sorry that I've troubled Mr. DuYe."

"Don't say that. You've come a long way, what can I help you with?" I look at the carefree retiree in front of me. I open the carrying case at my side, revealing neat bundles of US dollars.

"With this?" I smile: "I'm really sorry Mr. DuYe, if my actions are a little shady. But I'm short of time. I hope to settle this matter quickly so that I can return to France to take care of other matters." He looks at me, showing no reaction. I add: "I guarantee you that this monetary gift will definitely not give you any legal problems. I hope that you won't fault me for showing my

respect for you in this manner."

"What do you want to know?" He asks suddenly. I smile while placing the bag next to him, getting straight to the point:

"When Mr. DuYe was a high-ranking official in Malaysia, were you in charge of a major construction liability case?"

"Which one are you referring to?"

"The one that caused an uproar, involving the collaboration between the prominent Rong enterprise and He enterprise, their joint-venture to construct the imposing skyscraper. There was an anonymous accusation of inferior materials used during construction and of completely failing to meet the construction safety factor."

"That's right, the one in charge of the investigation was me." DuYe obviously remembers this issue very well: "The results were made public, the whole DiQiang skyscraper project was in accord with international standards, immediately dispelling all rumors." I smile slightly. Of course, he hasn't revealed everything.

I look around the small courtyard, with a little pond that actually has quite a lot of fish. It's a very peaceful and secluded space. Many years later, when it's time for me to retire, will I be able to find such a peaceful place to spend my later years? Of course, the prerequisite is, that I have DuYe's shrewdness and cautiousness.

"The seafood here is very famous, how about you stay for dinner?"

"That's all I wish for." I stay for dinner.

DuYe is an enthusiastic host. In addition to serving fresh seafood, he entertains me with many interesting anecdotes of life over here, but not a word about the DiQiang skyscraper.

After finishing the meal with relish, I take my leave. DuYe sends me to the door.

"Although the scenery here is boundless, taking some time to go elsewhere, travel a little, will benefit the mind and body."

DuYe nods:

"Mr. Huang, we've just met and we're already like old friends, you're a smart person. Here is a little something from the past, of no use to me, only capable of bringing trouble, I'll give it to you." He brings out a simply designed briefcase, and hands it to me, adding: "After giving you this, I will no longer have anything to do with my previous position." I receive it earnestly, hugging it to my chest.

I rush to the airport that night. Only after I've returned all the way back to France, do I open the briefcase that DuYe gave me. All the confidential files from the investigation done that year on the DiQiang skyscraper, spread out impressively in front of me. Trying to bring back to life something that has long been frozen away, is really not an easy thing. While I'm carefully examining the files, I'm also saying to myself: Look, turns out even Rong YuJiang is capable of negligence.

The following days, I run about like the wind, going back and forth endlessly between the mainland and HongKong. Not just meeting with the central authorities to certify our construction business

but also developing new connections in all directions. China is economically the place to be in the future, how can I just let it go? Especially since I've vowed to overtake YuJiang.

The launch happens with wild beatings of gongs and drums, the competition for the three spots are in full swing. Although the results have not been announced, everyone is well aware that the likely results are already in the hands of the people in power.

Rong enterprise, thanks to the close connections between HongKong and the mainland, of course will be the first one in. I pick the most opportune moment to call YuJiang.

"Looks like I should congratulate you, YuJiang, for getting the right to submit tenders for large-scale projects in mainland China, from now on, you no longer have to be subject to the fetters of China's protectionist policies."

"ShengSheng, your tone is full of discontent, don't you think that you're being ungracious?" I can't stop myself from laughing softly:

"Ungracious? How am I ungracious? YuJiang, have you received what I sent you?"

"What did you send me? To go so far as to send it by post? I didn't receive it."

"That's right, the earliest FedEx delivery is at 9 am, it has just reached the lobby of Rong enterprise. It's just that I'm too impatient to find out your reaction. Since it's like this, I'll wait for you to look at it before talking it over with me." Hanging up the phone, I sit on the chair, slowly twirling my pen. The coffee HongBing brought in is on the table, steaming hot, the

fragrance filling the air. I don't feel like drinking, waiting for my one splendid victory, before happily enjoying the delicious taste, wouldn't that be even better. Sure enough, YuJiang calls back.

"ShengSheng, you're really something." YuJiang praises me in admiration: "You managed to dig up such ancient history."

"What is there that can be buried forever? Even someone as shrewd as you, won't be able to keep it buried until the seas run dry and the stones turn soft."

"So, what of it? What can you do with this data? Seven years ago, I wasn't in charge of Rong enterprise, furthermore, from the findings of the Malaysian government, the DiQiang skyscraper is perfectly according to standards. These files have no legal value." Why then would I pester him with this matter.

"YuJiang, whether these files are true, you yourself should know. Indeed, they don't have legal value, but if they were to appear in front of certain people, I'm afraid it will destroy your beautiful dream of advancing into China. The current situation, you know it better than me. How many

"red-eyed">**envious** people are hoping for Rong enterprise to slip up. Don't tell me you really want me to get someone to go to Malaysia, and dig up the foundations of the DiQiang skyscraper, and expose the negligence of Rong enterprise, to measure how much shorter the actual length of those steel foundations are, before you're willing to acknowledge it?"

"ShengSheng, you won't do that."

"I won't?" I sneer: "The matter with GuiDe, I already let it slide." He hesitates a while before asking:

"What is it that you want?" His question leaves me in a daze.

He had already asked me many times before: What do you want to do?

What is it that you want? What is it that you really want? Today, his tone is, for the first time, a serious tone.

"It's quite simple, Huang enterprise will collaborate with

Rong enterprise in name, and together strive to obtain the permit for construction in China." There is an immediate silence on the other side. I calmly wait for his reply. Finally, YuJiang starts to speak:

"ShengSheng, you're too greedy, you clearly know how much

resources I put into getting one of these spots. If I were to simply let Huang enterprise take away half of it, without spending a single cent, how will I explain it to the board of directors?

Moreover, things are not so simple that it will be just as I say, the central authorities have confidence in Rong enterprise, it may not be so with Huang enterprise." I can't say that I'm not affected by his serious tone. Furthermore, since I have already raised the threatening dagger, I have no other place to go. Moreover, I don't have any intention of letting it go.

"Huang enterprise also needs an excellent opportunity to

boost our expansion. As for China's central authorities, you don't need to fret, I have also run myself ragged, not any less than you have. They will be more than happy to see us join forces."

"If I don't agree, you will take actions to disqualify Rong enterprise?"

"There is

already no turning back, YuJiang, do you think I will **let you**

off?" YuJiang is also a straightforward person, he weighed it over on the phone for a bit, before knowing what should be done, asking in a deep voice:

"When should we announce this?"

"As soon as possible."

"What are you going to do with all the files?"

"You don't need to worry, after we join forces, Rong enterprise's reputation will be linked with that of Huang enterprise, why would I bring trouble upon myself?"

"ShengSheng " Hearing him call my name, my heart suddenly tightens.

"What is it?"

"With this joint-venture, we will soon see a lot of each other." I say icily:

"For business concerning the mainland, I will appoint someone to take the lead. You don't have to feel uncomfortable since we won't be seeing each frequently." Just like this, I seize what YuJiang had labored over, snatching away one half of the gains from among the numerous competitors. The joy in my heart, although intense, cannot dispel a faint inexplicable sadness.

I hang up the phone and sit back, sighing. The coffee on the table has cooled down long ago. I bring it to my lips but only feel a chill in my heart, yet again, I don't feel like

drinking.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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Posted on Dec. 10th, 2014 at 01:09 pm

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 32

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

The announcement of the joint-venture between our two companies caused an uproar in the market. But I have no intention of proudly stretching out my hands to receive the accolades on my victory. The person that represented Huang enterprise in HongKong to sign the contract was HongBing, not me. YuJiang seems not to have expected that it wouldn't be me, actually calling me up. How laughable, I still think of him as someone that sits calmly by the desk, waiting for my phone call. He asks:

"ShengSheng, since our companies are already partners, why do you have to avoid me?" I don't even want to think about it, replying:

"YuJiang, firstly, Huang enterprise and Rong enterprise, although we have a shared interest in certain aspects, we are not joined at the hip. Secondly, I'm not intentionally avoiding you, I'm also not fervently hoping to see you."

"You really think that way?"

"Don't overestimate your position in the hearts of others." I speak mean-spiritedly. YuJiang pauses.

"ShengSheng, if I overestimate my position in your heart, there is only one reason." He says: "It's because I've always thought, that you value me, just as I value you." My heart sinks suddenly. Things have come to this, what's the point of saying these words. Even if it is all true, there is no way for redemption.

"YuJiang, are you still in love with me?" He

sighs:

"Don't tell me you think I still have a chance of loving

someone else?" I'm thrown into chaos, overwhelmed and alarmed.

"Even if that is true, what's the use? The HuangSheng you

love is no longer." The affairs of human life is always ironic. The naive HuangSheng, although he gets the love, he doesn't have the person. The changed HuangSheng, even if he qualifies to stand shoulder to shoulder with him for the rest of their lives, but where does he have to go to figure out which part is real? This fact, is very clear to the both of us. It's too bad that we also know deeply that it's fated, that this entanglement will last through lifetime after lifetime, never to be untied. So, we can only continue walking down this road.

The events that followed, although they can cause waves at

anytime, but once it happens, is easily settled. Huang enterprise and Rong enterprise are of one position when it comes to construction in mainland China, but in other respects, even though they are equally matched, they oppose each other at every opportunity. Not only do both companies submit competing bids on foreign projects, we also compete for projects in France and HongKong. Just like this, our affiliated small companies, also squabble heatedly, snatching and grabbing, in accordance with the actions of their parent companies, fighting endlessly. HongBing asked before:

"Rong enterprise and Huang enterprise have some friendly

connections, why are we fighting each other at every turn, two powerful companies competing over the same things, wouldn't it be better to talk privately with Rong enterprise, and agree to submit tenders to non-overlapping projects, wouldn't this make it easier for both to succeed?" All sorts of reasons, if we were to seriously take a look at it, who could say that I don't have selfish reasons to do so? But this is the advantage of being in charge, everything is up to you to decide, you don't even need to justify it. I say resolutely:

"Huang enterprise is Huang enterprise, Rong enterprise is Rong enterprise. There are no eternal friends in business, only eternal enemies. This one thing, you have to keep in mind." Because I'm too afraid of suddenly relenting, I say each word **resolutely and decisively**. At the least, HongBing doesn't bring this up again.

The success and failures on both sides are about equal. At the end of the financial year, I finally smile. Because of the outstanding growth of Rong enterprise in the previous years, the increase this year compared the last two is somewhat decreased. That, of course, is due to some of their projects being snatched away by Huang enterprise. Many in the financial news media love to speculate on the love hate relationship between our two companies. Rong enterprise and Huang enterprise are always compared with each other. Regarding this matter, I'm very satisfied. After all, there is finally something where I'm on the same level as him.

Time flies by, it is almost the new year. Relying on the half of the construction rights we got for China, Huang enterprise's profits rose impressively. I chose to announce to the whole company during this happy time that the year end bonus will be increased by 150%, resulting in immediate cheers and happy chatter.

The New Year holidays are also fast approaching. Everyone is busy planning their time off. However, I'm definitely not going on vacation. Not only that, I also roped in HongBing for some overtime. It's not the work of going over files, but the inescapable non-stop like a runaway horse stream of dinner and cocktail party invitations.

NiLuo's party, after GuiDe weathered the wind and waves, the guests come streaming in like clouds, just like before, and all very rich and important people. I received his invitation to his new year party, and for business and personal reasons, decide to attend the party.

At that familiar villa, I see YuJiang once again. In the midst of the fluttering music, everyone is elegant and stunning. But the most striking one, is still the one and only incomparable one person.

"It's really lively today. The New Year is really the New Year." I hold my wineglass and chat merrily with a business partner that is also attending the party. The representative from FeiRuoLin, **Locke**, is

over fifty and sports a big belly. He nods saying:
"I have long heard that the parties held by the chairman of GuiDe has a unique style, today I've seen it, truly

amazing."

"But it's all done with money, nothing more."

"Money is actually a good thing, at the least, you can use it to throw this type of fabulous party." Locke praises NiLuo's wine endlessly, quickly taking another glass. He suddenly says: "Oh right, the one over there, is the CEO of Rong enterprise?" I jump out of my skin. Who wouldn't notice that person, he looks intently at the distant YuJiang and sighs: "He's even more handsome in person than in the magazines. Men today, must not lack power and money, also need good looks, in order to please the ladies. Ai"

It was my intention to not pay any attention to YuJiang, but after listening to LuoKe, I can only turn around and glance at him. YuJiang was just chatting with NiLuo, but now I don't know when he became such good friends with the only daughter of the French Minister of Works,

"LiYa">**Lea**. The both of them are laughing heartily. I originally wanted to treat it as nothing, just indifferently letting it pass, as if I didn't see anything. But looking at the dazzling scene with a handsome man smiling at a beautiful woman, I can't stop myself from

"gnashing my teeth">**feeling**

displeased.

Don't tell me my gaze is too scorching hot? One glance and

YuJiang senses it immediately. He suddenly tilts his head and looks intently at me. I'm almost scared out of my wits. It's not an exaggeration. I've long since been on guard, to treat him like

anybody else, not giving him any attention whatsoever, absolutely not losing my ground. This one look, and I lose all the **resilience** I gained from "thousand suffering, ten thousand bitterness">**arduous** training. What is there to be afraid of? It's not like it used to be. I

straighten up my back, and wave a toast at him. YuJiang smiles, looking at me with surprise and satisfaction, the warmth making me feel touched, no longer knowing which world I'm in.

"Mr. Huang?" Locke wakes me from my reverie.

"A? O, I'm sorry, the music is making my mind wander." Locke

laughs **he he**,

"Fabulous wines make my mind wander, music makes your mind wander, everyone's interests are really different." I turn my head, YuJiang once again has his head bowed, indulging his beautiful woman. It's pointless to feel down, it's not as if I need to insist on someone never turning to someone new because of me, to show that I'm still charming.

Right up to the end of the party, I didn't get close to chat with YuJiang. Him and I, in the same hall, although moving round and round, not once did we run into each other from beginning to end. Each time we raise our heads, our gaze would meet distantly, each of us knowing full well that we would meet each other's eyes. Yet, we also conceal our feelings as much as possible. Maybe it's because there is too much history between us, only suitable for each of us to dwell on alone, in the dead of the night, not right now under the clear sun and moon.

Sitting in the car on the way home, there is an inexplicable

feeling in my heart. I suddenly don't feel like going home, to

sleep on that lonesome bed. I say to the driver:

"Uncle Lai, stop the car, you can return home, I want to walk about for a bit." I then walk by myself by the cold main road. It's not a beautiful night. Not only is there no moon, even the stars are nowhere to be seen. Luckily there are still the city lights, bright and glimmering, lighting my way home. The phone in my pocket suddenly rings **di di**. It's ShuTing. He says

lovingly through the phone:

"ShengSheng, Happy New Year." I smile bitterly.

"ShuTing, Happy New Year." Yet another year. Looks like I've been deceiving this pitiful person for no less than one year.

"I intended to go to France to celebrate the New Year with you, but things are very busy in Malaysia, ShengSheng, please don't be angry."

"Work is most important, I admire your diligence." All the lies, I conveniently pick out of the cold chilly air effortlessly.

"That's good then, ShengSheng, I'm hanging up. Goodbye, I love you." I can't wait to hang up:

"Goodbye, ShuTing." I might as well switch off my phone, to prevent any other insensitive people from calling, perturbing my peace and quiet. It's too bad my wishes are seldom granted. When I raise my head, there is already someone standing before me. For a moment, I still think it's my imagination. Very quickly I laugh, patting my forehead. I say:

"Right, right, how can I forget, today even the bodyguards are off." Therefore you can block my path like an evil

spirit.

"ShengSheng, lets have a talk?"

"What is there to talk about? The construction permit

joint-venture has already been hammered out, as for the other

troubles " I look at him, and say composedly: "That is also

business, YuJiang." YuJiang looks at me and laughs softly. How

strange, I thought he would be shamed into anger. After all, in his

eyes, I'm always at his mercy, to be

"twist round, press flat">**manipulated**. Even his

bottomless eyes are smiling, looking very appealing. For no reason,

I think of Lea looking at YuJiang with admiring eyes. In the

yesterday that is gone with the wind, how many times have I used

the same look, to gaze fixedly at his face.

"ShengSheng " He comes closer, his slow movements

seem to make me lose all my guardedness. Under the beautiful

twinkling lights of France, I am once again softly embraced in

YuJiang's arms. Everything feels as if we've been apart for a

hundred years. This one night, I'm suddenly no longer afraid.

That's because I know that the body that he has in his embrace,

although riddled with scars, the

"muscles and bones">**soul** inside, is not the

same as that of past days. It is no longer unable to endure a

fierce embrace. YuJiang's embrace is unusually warm and steady. I

say:

"YuJiang, don't think that I will forgive everything."

YuJiang kisses my forehead.

"I don't wish for you to forgive everything." I quickly raise

my head:

"Then, do you regret everything that happened?" This

question, YuJiang is unwilling to answer. He holds me in his arms, tightly, refusing to let go.

"ShengSheng, tonight, please put aside yesterday for now, OK?

Only think of tonight." My tightly guarded front suddenly splits open to reveal a bloody wound, my suppressed emotions rush out violently. I struggle out of his arms, raise my head, straighten my chest, and confront him.

"YuJiang, tonight we put it aside, what about tomorrow?"

"ShengSheng, I only know, that our love is real."

"So what if it is real?" I blurt out without thinking: "It's

a pity our yesterday is too unbearable to recall, just like our love for each other, carved in our bones, engraved in our hearts, impossible to forget."

"Don't tell me there is no way back?"

"There is!" I shout out loud: "Until one day, when I'm

"shed my mortal body, exchange my bones">**reborn**,

worn down to the point that a hundred poisons will no longer enter, when I will look but not see yesterday, then only will we meet again. When that time comes, YuJiang, please fall in love with me again." This is a one-way path that is not right or wrong. Even if there are a thousand types of love, not having a way to go, how can we cross this thousand mountains and ten thousand torrents?

I love him deeply, if not for the vow I made while in prison

in Malaysia, wanting to fly above the ninth heaven, training myself, this moment, I would have definitely snuggled into his embrace, never to part again. The only good thing, is that when I turned away from YuJiang and walked step by step further from him, I didn't shed any tears.

This one night, I sit alone in my room until daybreak. At dawn, I head downstairs, and see my parents at the dining table.

Mom says:

"Happy New Year, ShengSheng."

"Happy New Year, Pa, Ma." I walk over and kiss mom on the forehead, turning around to smile gently at dad. Dad says:

"What a strong smell of smoke. ShengSheng, you were smoking last night?" I nod:

"I was." But, dad, do you know. Your son, he did not shed any tears last night.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! I'll be back as soon as I can.

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Posted on Dec. 12th, 2014 at 03:08 pm

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 33 A

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

Time rushes by quickly. Thanks to the chaotic mess of my past, no one comes to ask for my hand in marriage, although occasionally there are families that only covet wealth and status, willing to marry their daughter off to a homosexual, they are waved off by my dad, brushed off vaguely.

I rush through the neverending files, signing one after another, thinking constantly, just what exactly do people live for? Maybe I'm too greedy, I already have too many things. Just with a wave of my hand, I'm already where other people strive their whole lives to achieve. But, just as HongBing said, I'm not happy.

HongBing found a new man, and got married in a flash, seemingly wanting to grasp him firmly by hook or by crook. I attend her wedding ceremony, looking at the bridegroom from afar, he has a striking appearance that matches very well with HongBing. I don't like to stay long in crowded places, using my status as the bride's boss, I enter the bride's dressing room, where HongBing is nervously examining her makeup.

"HongBing, congratulations." I am sincere, softly praying, at least happiness will befall the people close to me. This can also be considered happiness.

"Boss!" HongBing seems even more excited to see me than her own family, her eyes are sparkling.

"From now on, you will be someone's loving wife and loving

mother, you have to treasure it."

"That's right, I never thought that I would finally get married. Thinking of the days past and my past suffering." She suddenly remembers something and sighs, saying preposterously: "I really hope that this will turn out, just like a fairy tale, ending precisely with that one sentence happily ever after." I can't help feeling touched. The reality of life is really frightful, not yet savoring fully the happiness of the present, already thinking of the difficulties that are to come. That's right, protecting a happy marriage, is harder than waging a protracted battle. Whose life is not a non-stop neverending brave battle?

"HongBing, what are you blathering about? Even if there is a sequel to Cinderella, she must be bickering over **daily necessities** with the prince, who could be an exception?" HongBing suddenly laughs *xi xi*:

"Boss, I'm just wondering, nothing more, you don't have to console me. Truthfully, as long as he is with me, a little bitterness, a little anger, is no big deal. After all, I think that loving someone, is to accept bitterness and loss. If I don't love him, why would I give myself away?"

"I never thought that you were such a perceptive person. I still thought you were a model modern city woman, not having such ideas about love."

"Modern city woman? Doing all these things, using so many schemes, all for what? All to let myself get a little bit of happiness. Saying this and that, it's just all for one thing."

HongBing places her hand over her heart, her expression gentle and

beautiful, making me think of the statue of the Virgin Mary in the church: "And him, he can make my heart feel full, warm." I look and HongBing and laugh softly. HongBing puts down her hand and says to me: "Boss, you should try it too, place your hand on your heart and think of a special person. The feeling of fullness, warmth, that person will be your source of happiness. I dodge her hand.

"HongBing, don't be cheeky. You're the bride today, it's improper. I don't want to be punched by the groom, besides he is flanked by such big and tall best man and 'brothers'" As I say this, I place the gift I brought on the table, and withdraw from the dressing room. My phone rings suddenly. I answer, turns out it's ShuTing.

"ShengSheng, guess where I am?" ShuTing has been devoting himself to the business at He enterprise, he says it's because of me, but I feel that he has come to like it, enabling him to sound like he's having a good time. I gave the excuse of it being too troublesome, repeatedly preventing him from coming to see me in France, finding countless excuses, so much so that he vaguely knows that I don't want him to appear in front of me. I think it over and say:

"Since you're asking me like that, you must not be in Malaysia. Don't tell me you're on a business trip, to somewhere very close to me?"

"You're so clever. ShengSheng, I really want to see you." I hesitate a little and he adds: "I won't let other people see us together, I just want to see you." Even though we are only

connected through the phone, I can picture him imploring. It's like I'm standing on a single plank bridge, going forward will be one more step of deception, going back will hurt him immediately, standing still will only torture myself with my guilty conscience.

After a considerable while, I say:

"I'm not at the office."

"Then where are you? I'll come pick you up." I sigh silently,

giving him the name of the hotel. ShuTing arrives very quickly, I

suspect that he was already outside Huang enterprise when he called me, wanting to give me a pleasant surprise. Getting into the car, I

see ShuTing's excited state. "Where should we go eat?" He asks:

"I've prepared a number of good choices, just waiting to see what you're in the mood for."

"McDonalds."

"Huh?" He turns to look at me, saying earnestly: "That is

junk food, it's fine if I eat it, but you can't." I can't help but

laugh:

"ShuTing, I'm not a doll, I'm also not made of glass, you

don't have to be so concerned. But I don't have an appetite, I just want to drink a little McDonald's coffee."

"No appetite and you still want to drink coffee, that is not

good for your stomach." ShuTing asks considerately: "How about some orange juice? I don't know if their orange juice is freshly

squeezed, I rarely go to fast food outlets." When did I ever

frequent fast food outlets? It's just that I don't want to go to a restaurant with him, and prolong the misery.

"Then, orange juice it is." We drive looking for a McDonalds,

ordering takeout, and dividing up the drinks in the car.

"For you, this is freshly squeezed orange juice." ShuTing rummages a bit in the bag and hands me an orange juice. We sit in the car, silently sipping the beverages in our hands with our heads bowed. I feel unbearably awkward, hoping that he wouldn't take this as spending some lovey dovey time with me. "ShengSheng, we have not spent time together like this for a long time." That's not right, we never have. We have never been together before. I stay silent, quietly nursing my straw. "ShengSheng, I feel that you are very indifferent to me. Is there something about me that you're not happy with?"

"How can that be? You've always been a very good person."

This one sentence, unexpectedly is not the slightest bit false.

ShuTing puts down his juice and leans towards me, blinking his bright eyes at me asking:

"Then, do you love me? ShengSheng, don't tell me that all my efforts are in vain." I suddenly realize that his attractiveness is not any less than YuJiang.

"ShuTing, how about you put your hand on your heart?"

"Huh?" He doesn't understand but still does as I suggest.

"Then, who makes you feel filled and warm when you think of them?" This type of things can only be done by school children, done by two grown men, it should be extremely ridiculous. But both ShuTing and I do it with a sincere heart, seriously putting our

hands over our hearts, closing our eyes and analyzing. "Who did you think of?" I ask.

"HuangSheng." I smile bitterly:

"I'm honored."

"What about you?"

"Guess." ShuTing turns his head and looks at me, calmly saying:

"It's not me, am I right?" I suddenly realize that his intelligence is also not inferior to YuJiang. I nod. Right now, an impulse to end everything in one strike hits my heart. "Then who is it? Rong YuJiang?" I nod my head again. ShuTing is speechless. I

say:

"ShuTing, we never started anything between us. Therefore, I think, I don't need to raise the matter of breaking up." All of a sudden, ShuTing extends his arms, hugging me tightly in his arms. I never thought he would react like this. Because this embrace really has no trace of anger or hatred, rather it is full of true love and yearning. It even vaguely resembles YuJiang's embrace.

"You don't understand anything. ShengSheng, my love for you started way before Rong YuJiang came into the picture. A very very long time ago, I already planted it in my heart. Right now, you do have special feelings for me, am I right? Then how can I possibly give up?"

"The one I love, is definitely not you."

"Then, is it possible, that you would come to love me one day in the future? Tell me, is it possible?"

"ShuTing, what is the use of hoping, the affairs of the heart cannot be affected with sincerity, just like trying to open a

mountain.

"Even if you love Rong YuJiang, so what of it? It only proves that you can love wholeheartedly. That is what I really like about you."

"Don't put such a bright halo on my head!" Right at this moment, I feel a little shamed into anger, struggling free of ShuTing, holding my head high: "Everything is something you imagined out of thin air. I have always displayed my ruthlessness in front of people, don't you regard me as a gentleman, only to rain curses on me after you have been fooled, crowning me a hypocrite. ShuTing, doing so will definitely not affirm your innocence, nor highlight your magnanimity. I'm telling you clearly right now, to your face, that I'm not a pure and innocent boy, but a black winged demon."

ShuTing is shocked by my words, showing it clearly on his face. He looks at me silently, his gaze lingering on my face, as if looking for some explanation to ease his heart. I really hope that he won't find anything, so that he will drive off in his new car, get totally drunk by himself, forgetting all about this person, HuangSheng.

"ShengSheng " In the end, he found what he was looking for. He places his hands on mine, saying softly: "You're an angel, your feathers have been dirtied by others to the point of becoming black, that's why you're mistaking yourself for a demon. That's because you are too spotlessly white. I love you, I will always believe that you are spotlessly white." Heavens, please end all this preposterousness! I push open the car door and rush out.

ShuTing runs after me and grabs my hand.

"Don't let everything end just like this, ShengSheng."

ShuTing says: "You can't be so cruel, I beg you, ShengSheng." Don't tell me you don't know what will be even more cruel? Or, is it that you understand but are unable to accept it.

"ShuTing

"Don't end it. ShengSheng, you have never understood, all this in my heart, represents all that is good in my life. If you can't accept the rest, at least let us maintain the relationship we have now."

"What relationship do you think we have now?"

"In the least, you're willing to accept my phone calls, you're willing to talk to me, you're willing to eat McDonald's with me." I can't even let out a gasp, a violent pain shoots through my chest. I'm learning that if you want to deceive someone, you must not have even the slightest bit of affection for them. Otherwise, the person that will be tormented, is only yourself.

"ShuTing, you you should also at least let me calm down a little, OK?" I leave hastily. I can vaguely picture ShuTing in my mind looking yearningly at my back. I should have ended it but I didn't.

I'm back in the office the next day. HongBing is not here, the newly married would of course request for a long leave. Human resources has again sent a new replacement, everything is not going smoothly. What did I do to deserve such a horrible time? I tell myself, I should have known a long time ago that things would come to this wretched situation. But worse times are yet to come.

Because, I just can't let YuTing off, and of course, I also can't let He enterprise off. I suddenly regret wanting ShuTing to involve himself with He enterprise. The phone rings, I shake off all the tedious thoughts weighing me down, and answer the phone.

"ShengSheng?"

"ShuTing?" Will he really never give up? I almost roar out loud, releasing all my frustration.

"I have already returned to Malaysia. It's just that I want to make sure if you're still angry." This person really makes no sense. I can only laugh bitterly:

"Why should I be angry?" If someone should be angry, that would be ShuTing. It's too bad, he has never been angry with me. It must be some inexplicable bad karma.

"You're not angry, that's for the best. OK, I know you don't like to be long-winded, I'm hanging up. Goodbye." This is the aftermath of not settling everything cruelly. If someone were to come up to me now and slap me in the face, berate me for waffling and being indecisive, acting like a little old lady without any backbone, I can only agree.

"Mr. Huang, these are the files sent over by the planning division, they said it is very important, to be acted on as soon as possible." The assigned temporary secretary, LinYe, knocks on the door and comes in.

"OK, put them here, I will prioritize them." She places the files on top of the desk, and glances at me smiling.

"In a bad mood?"

"Is it obvious?"

"Mr. Huang's face does not look too good." I look up

expressionless:

"Thanks for your concern, but I would be even happier if you

take the time you're using to show your concern to deal with the

other urgent files." I ruthlessly frighten the new secretary into

withdrawing in alarm with my words. Only after she shuts the door

do I realize that I've lost my temper, and took my anger out on

others. HuangSheng, what on earth are you doing? There really isn't

a president more monstrous than you. I come to my senses and put my

attention back on work.

As for ZhouHeng, he is still keeping his close relationship

with me a secret. After taking care of the construction files, I

leaf through the data that ZhouHeng sent over before picking up the

phone and calling ZhouHeng to set up an appointment to meet two

days later. ZhouHeng has already registered the new company YouDi

Science and Technology. Concealing the relationship with Huang

enterprise from the outside world, engaging in the research and

development of high-tech products. My meeting with ZhouHeng is at a

quiet French restaurant. In order not to attract attention, we

reserved a private room.

"ZhouHeng, I've already looked through the report you

sent."

"What do you think, Mr. Huang?"

"It looks very good, with high market potential, it can be

used as YouDi's competitive product." ZhouHeng is the same as

always, not conceited or rash:

"Mr. Huang has thrown so much money into research, if the

results are not satisfactory, how can I explain myself to Mr.

Huang? The research phase of this mobile memory technology is now complete, we are now officially entering the production phase.

Regarding the issue of a worldwide distributor, we should start soon."

"Do you have any ideas?" ZhouHeng is a very shrewd man, he glances at me and says:

"Usually, for this type of product, we should look for a suitable agent in each region, to serve as a pipeline for our distribution. It would be better for YouDi to be only responsible for production and further technology research."

"Look for an agent for each region? What if we were to look for a worldwide agent?"

"Mr. Huang wants to give all the distribution rights to one company?"

"That's right." ZhouHeng ponders with his eyes lowered, before raising his head asking:

"He enterprise?" I start to smile:

"ZhouHeng, you are indeed an intelligent man." Everything has already been said, becoming clear to all. ZhouHeng thinks for a bit, saying:

"Although the subsidiaries of He enterprise are involved in the science and technology industry, their main focus is still on construction."

"Tech is currently a hot sector, if you make them believe that they will gain a lot from being the worldwide agent, they would definitely make a big commitment. Businessmen, will do whatever brings in profit, He enterprise is no exception. All of

this, I will leave it to you."

"You're leaving it all up to me?"

"ZhouHeng, someone as capable as you, would definitely be able to ensure that He enterprise would not be the least bit vigilant, and look upon this partnership as a "big fatty piece of meat">**gold mine** sent down from heaven."

"This won't be a problem. Even if we were to put aside the technology, we still have an advantage on the manufacturing costs, making our product a honest to goodness gold mine." A secret board game has already been laid out.

After a month, HongBing finally returns from her honeymoon.

Returning to the office early in the morning, I catch sight of her familiar figure, leaving me immediately pleasantly surprised.

"HongBing? You've finally come back. How was the honeymoon?"

The days without a familiar secretary were too hard to bear.

HongBing is dressed in a pink suit, in great spirits, she looks up at me and laughs while straightening out the files on the desk, looking through the records from the past month.

"I know you were hoping for my return day and night.

Honeymoon? Of course it was pure bliss like floating on clouds.

Boss, I will give you your present later."

"Yet another music box?"

"If I tell you, it wouldn't be a surprise." She is busy

handling the work that had been put aside for a month, moving about like a whirlwind. I decide not to get in her way and enter happily into the president's office. In this world, there is finally

someone that is happy, isn't that right? Just into the office, the phone rings. It's ZhouHeng bringing good news.

"He enterprise has researched the technology and market potential behind our new memory product, boosting their confidence greatly in our product, stating clearly that they are interested in becoming the sole agent for our product in Asia." I laugh softly saying:

"Then, when you indicated that you are looking for a worldwide agent, the eyes of the representatives from He enterprise must have fallen out of their sockets?"

"It was quite entertaining to see the looks of those people drooling over the **potential**

profits. YouDi is now having top level negotiations with He enterprise. Mr Huang, are we going to hand over the distribution rights to them if they once again state that they are interested in being the worldwide agent?"

"Of course."

"But, wouldn't that be too beneficial to He enterprise?"

"If it is not to their advantage, how are we going to gain their trust? ZhouHeng, you can sell off the rights to them but there are two conditions. First, even though the strength of our product is great, we shouldn't drive up the price, nor can we price it too cheaply. In fact, even if it's priced high, as long as there is profit, He enterprise will still want it. Second, remember to attach an ambiguous clause of the final contract."

"Ambiguous?"

"Let them know that in order to retain their rights as the

agent, they must be vigilant at all times."

"Ah, I understand." Once I hung up the phone, HongBing walks in. She holds an exquisitely wrapped box in her hand, smiling broadly:

"Boss, your mood is really good today, anything good happened?"

"Of course it's because I get to see my capable secretary."

"Then, I'm really honored. Now I'm a happy wife and a happy secretary."

"Soon it will be the day when you'll be a happy mother." I accept the gift and shake it while smiling: "What can it be?"

"Open it and see for yourself. I like people who quietly open up their gifts." HongBing puts down the documents in her other hand, and changes to her professional tone saying: "GuiDe is holding a party tomorrow night, will you be attending?" I nod. HongBing quickly jots down my response: "If there's nothing else, I'll be outside." She sticks her tongue out at me and quips: "After one month away, the backlog is as high as a mountain, scaring me to death. Boss, GuiDe's party tomorrow night, you must definitely not ask me to be your dance partner, I will be working overtime to straighten out everything." This woman when she is serious is really like a strong city woman, but when she is cheeky, you'll have to bring her age down to about 10 years old. I shake my head and can't help but laugh.

NiLuo's party is already something

"driving carriage down familiar road">**so familiar** to me, yet again with new interior decoration, leaving people

praising in amazement. I stand in a corner listening to the music with a glass of wine. Speaking about music, NiLuo chose a very outstanding DJ, weaving the music according to atmosphere of the party.

"ShengSheng, have you been here long?" I turn around and raise my glass towards NiLuo:

"I just saw you busy entertaining your other guests, so I didn't go over to greet you." NiLuo inclines his head looking at the man he was just talking to and says to me:

"There is an interesting business proposition, don't know if you have any interest?" I give him a warning glance, saying breezily:

"NiLuo, I don't have any interest in any deals between you and Rong YuJiang."

"Ah, you have a deep seated mistrust of YuJiang."

"I'm only keeping myself from harm, nothing more."

"It's a really interesting proposition, there's no harm in hearing me out. Come." NiLuo pulls me into one of the small resting rooms prepared for his distinguished guests. He shuts the door blotting out the music, leaving us a quiet room. I can only sit down and listen to NiLuo elaborate on this interesting business proposition.

"ShengSheng, if you were given a block of land in New York City that is over one hundred thousand square meters for

development, what would you do?" I shake my head while laughing softly, saying:

"NiLuo, a piece of land in New York City? Aren't you indulging in wild fantasies?"

"It's only a coincidence of sheer luck, that we received such a rare opportunity. This piece of land originally belongs to an American development company, but they suddenly experienced financial difficulties, causing them to have no choice but to give up this **gold mine**."

"They handed over the mortgage to GuiDe?" NiLuo nods slyly:

"There are a lot of other things involved, but that is not of your concern." I finally start to show interest, suddenly tempted, asking:

"Where in New York?"

"Of course it's not downtown, but within the city limits, recently drawing interest from people, if the city center were to move a little towards it, the profits would be out of this world. First things first, do you have any interest?" I think it over carefully before nodding saying:

"As long as it's in this line of business, I'm afraid no one would be able to resist it." We start to have an animated discussion such that when it was time to leave the villa, it was already daylight, the guests of the party have all left long ago. Although I feel very tired, I was full of excitement. I may be a born businessman, my spirits buoyed by a promising prospect.

Everything started to unfold quickly. I took the data from

NiLuo and handed them over to my underlings, asking them to look into the feasibility of the plan, most importantly with regards to the legalese to see if there any loopholes that may cause problems.

One

"men and horses thrown off their feet">**frenzied** week later, I finally decide that the plan is not only

feasible but also has the possibility of being very profitable. I

decide to take it on. After all, carrying out real estate

development in a place like New York is in itself a very exciting

thing. I formally indicate to NiLuo that Huang enterprise is

interested in developing this piece of land. NiLuo

says:

"ShengSheng, this size of land is worth a great deal, so the

investment is also substantial. Based on the current standing of

Huang enterprise, GuiDe is unable to fully support it." I

sneer:

"NiLuo, you obviously know the standing of Huang enterprise

long before. If your answer was going to be like this, why did you

try to persuade me a hundred ways?"

"I thought you would bring in a partner, and carry out the

development together, not relying on just your own strength to

carry it out."

"Partner? Who are you referring to?"

"Who do you think?"

"If you think I would go seek a collaboration with Rong

YuJiang, you're sorely mistaken."

"Don't get so upset." NiLuo laughs while shrugging his

shoulders, saying: "I operate a bank, not a court, we don't make laws. But really, I'm the only one responsible for this deal, if you can find a qualified partner that would make GuiDe have full confidence in your ability to shoulder the entire investment, I will definitely support you." It's as if I have been splashed with cold water, drenched from head to toe, my fiery heart letting out a **chi chi** sound.

Coming out from NiLuo's office, I sit in the car, continuously polishing the steering wheel with my hands, thinking of who I should choose as my partner? YuJiang? That's impossible. Thinking of how we'd have to interact everyday, discussing the details of the project, I can't help but "heart palpitate, hand tremble">**shudder**, shaking my head. Then, other construction companies, there are in the middle of my confusion, my cell phone rings. Turns out it's ShuTing.

"ShengSheng, how are you?" ShuTing pauses before continuing in a soft voice: "I miss you." My heart starts pounding in fright, I'm especially fearful of his gentle tone. But there is something that I need to ask him:

"ShuTing, are you still responsible for foreign construction projects for He enterprise?"

"I am, why? Do you need my help with something?"

"It's not that I want your help, but I have something good to tell you."

"What is it?" I subconsciously want to pull He enterprise into this deal, but I still don't know how I'm going to use this

opportunity. I quickly relate the details of the New York land deal to ShuTing, saying at the end:

"This is truly a once in a lifetime opportunity, it would really be a waste if we let it slip by." ShuTing stays quiet on the phone, finally speaking after a long time:

"ShengSheng, your intention is for He enterprise and Huang enterprise to collaborate on this development project?"

"You doubt my sincerity?"

"How can I? This plan is a little interesting. What other details can you give me?"

"Wait till I get back to the office. Then we'll continue our discussion." I hang up the phone and start the car. NiLuo, did you put this **gold mine** in front of me because YuJiang asked you to? He must have thought that I would definitely ask him to join in, but if he finds out that I have dragged in He enterprise, wouldn't he be so furious to the point of spitting up blood?

It is safer for me to partner with ShuTing than with Rong enterprise. I make a hundred excuses for myself, but in the end, I have no choice but to admit that I'm a little afraid of facing YuJiang. If I were to work with YuJiang closely, how many days would it be before I throw myself into his arms? The scene where I emotionally rushed into YuJiang's arms that night plays continuously in my mind. The faint warmth and the inexplicable sense of security and contentment that I felt lying on his chest really alarms me.

This is insanity. I clearly know that getting close to

YuJiang is a dangerous thing. Unfortunately reason and emotions are always in a constant struggle. If I was a ranked master of martial arts, my lethal point would have long ago been manipulated by some other master. Only mounting a passive resistance before being totally wiped out.

Things seem to progress smoothly. After a week, ShuTing calls to say that He enterprise is very interested in the project, but:

"I don't know why but brother-in-law is very wary of Huang enterprise. ShengSheng, based on the relationship between Rong enterprise and Huang enterprise, the both of you must have had some contact." ShuTing's tone seems to imply that both me and YuTing were victims of YuJiang, so we should empathize with each other. My heart jumps a little, saying:

"Business is business, as for your brother-in-law's prejudice towards Huang enterprise, I don't know the reason." ShuTing appeases me saying:

"Don't worry, brother-in-law is not currently in charge of construction business, also big sister is very supportive of this project, urging me to seize the opportunity. I will reach France tomorrow, we'll discuss it in detail then."

"Good, I'll be waiting." Once I hung up the phone, before I could even take a sip of water, it rings again. This time, it is ZhouHeng, coming across lively and brightly, clearly in a good mood.

"Mr. Huang, the draft contract on the memory device is all going smoothly, making me happy."

"ZhouHeng, congratulations on yet another big success."

"That's too soon. The congratulations should wait until the contract has been officially sealed and signed. He enterprise looks at us as if we're a sure win, putting up lots of capital to be our agent." ZhouHeng says seriously: "In the drafted contract, it is stated that if He enterprise upsets the market while promoting our new memory technology, YouDi will immediately withdraw the agent rights and also demand compensation for our losses from He enterprise."

"Very well done, this provision, when we think about it, will give us quite a lot of wriggle room. Who will be signing on behalf of He enterprise?"

"He family's

"eastern bed">**dutiful** son-in-law, Rong YuTing."

I let out an 'Oh':

"He doesn't suspect you?" YuTing should know that ZhouHeng used to work for YuJiang.

"Suspicion can be manipulated. Once you find a way to eliminate the suspicion, you can foster an even deeper trust."

"There are times when I really admire you, ZhouHeng." It's done, ZhouHeng has lured ShuTing into the trap, I laugh happily.

I personally went to the airport to greet ShuTing when he arrived in France. I stand by the gate waiting for him to come out, laughing:

"It's strictly business, don't misunderstand."

"As long as you're willing to come, I'm happy." We both

laugh. I shake my head saying:

"ShuTing, our relationship is really a huge mess, isn't that

right?" ShuTing disagrees, saying:

"I feel it is quite harmonious." We have lunch and then drive

back together to Huang enterprise, to discuss the details of the project.

"This is a colossal project."

"Indeed, there are a lot of companies who staked everything on this type of

"shake heaven and earth">**earth shattering** project to lay waste to all their rivals." ShuTing says

softly:

"But staking it all on one throw, is not a sure win for

everyone, in China's hundred years, how many have toppled over in just one day."

"ShuTing, don't tell me you don't have faith in our joint venture?"

"To tell you the truth, ShengSheng," ShuTing looks at me and

says slowly: "I agreed to the project not for the profit, but for you." His gaze was a little difficult to endure, such that I unconsciously evade it.

"Like this, it means your motivation seems to be completely

different from mine. This matter with the project, should we start again from the beginning?" ShuTing laughs, as if wiping away the uncomfortable atmosphere:

"ShengSheng, why so serious, of course I have faith in you,

and by extension, Huang enterprise. So I believe in the soundness

and profitability of this joint venture, in which we are definitely not in disagreement."

"That's good, let me call NiLuo now and arrange a meeting."

We go through all the details in the afternoon. ShuTing shows his authority as the He enterprise representative, seriously discussing with me the details of the deal. Looking at his manner, I too get down to business, bringing in the heads of the involved departments to join in, looking for any potential problem areas, exhausting all the possible outcomes of the project. Time passes by in excitement and weariness.

The next day, I go together with ShuTing to meet NiLuo. NiLuo

sees ShuTing and whispers to me meaningfully: "An excellent partner." My heart freezes, an indescribable feeling floats up.

ShuTing in front of NiLuo, although lacking YuJiang's slick and sophisticated ways, has his own dynamic nature, shaking hands charismatically with NiLuo, saying:

"I've heard people talk of GuiDe's parties many times, if there is a chance, I'd really like to see for myself."

"That's just an exaggeration. ShengSheng is a frequent valued guest at my parties." We exchange one round of greetings before sitting down to discuss the details of the project. Listening to our intentions, NiLuo doesn't speak, just habitually twirling the wine glass in his hand. ShuTing says:

"NiLuo, Huang enterprise and He enterprise are both accomplished companies, with strong backgrounds in real estate development, what is the view of GuiDe?"

"He enterprise and Huang enterprise coming together in a

joint venture, of course gets GuiDe's vote of confidence. But, ShuTing, truthfully, this mega project carries a huge cost, it is hard enough to raise funds just for the price of the land alone." I

interject:

"That's why we need GuiDe's backing, to get behind the plan by providing us with a loan."

"How much are you looking for?"

"Two billion." NiLuo puts down the wine glass in his hand and looks at me:

"Two billion?"

"That's right, a joint loan to Huang enterprise and He enterprise."

"I'm sorry, I can't agree." ShuTing and I look at each other, stunned, asking questioningly:

"Why? NiLuo, you know that this project will definitely succeed, isn't that right?"

"ShengSheng, calm down. I was the one that brought you the project, of course I know that the profit would be considerable."

NiLuo says this while slowly waving his hand, explaining to us:

"What I'm against, is a joint loan for Huang enterprise and He enterprise. ShengSheng, although we are good friends, and Huang enterprise's growth at the moment is also quite good, but in light of the frequent top level upheavals in Huang enterprise in the recent years, GuiDe's board of directors can only question the ability of Huang enterprise to repay the loan." It's true, these two years, Huang enterprise was in constant turmoil, again and again pulled back from the brink by YuJiang and NiLuo, a really unhealthy record. NiLuo turns his head and says: "But in this

respect, He enterprise has an excellent record. On the other hand, if the one borrowing funds is He enterprise, it would be easy for me to handle." I hesitate for a moment before saying:

"This project is a collaboration between our two houses.

Letting He enterprise shoulder the loan on its own is really unacceptable."

"It's actually quite simple, the value of this piece of land is about 1.2 billion, the title now belonging to GuiDe. If He enterprise acts on its own to borrow funds from GuiDe, the title will be handed over solely to He enterprise, leaving Huang enterprise responsible for the development costs, shouldering the costs of manpower and materials. Both houses shouldering 50% of the costs, isn't that fair?" ShuTing shakes his head saying:

"This way, it would be unfair to Huang enterprise. They are putting out manpower and materials while He enterprise is just using its reputation." I don't feel the same way:

"It's very fair, the contribution from He enterprise is the risk of repaying the loan." NiLuo says:

"The both of you should talk this over. This is my proposed solution. ShengSheng, the current economic landscape is not good, all of the banks are also very cautious when it comes to lending money, please don't hold it against me." ShuTing and I immediately return to Huang enterprise from NiLuo's office, to consider our options. In reality, there is nothing to discuss, NiLuo's proposal is really an excellent solution. Furthermore, He enterprise recently took on a couple of big projects in Malaysia, so they are

unable to spare any skilled personnel for the time being, no matter how you look at it, Huang enterprise would have to take care of the construction. ShuTing says:

"So then, He enterprise will take care of the bank loan, and take over the title for the piece of land in New York. We provide the land, you provide the buildings, how is that?" I nod saying:

"Let's do it this way." HongBing sits behind me, rapidly jotting down our discussion.

ShuTing spent a week persuading his big sister and the He enterprise board of directors. Although I remain in France, I fully expect YuTing to oppose the plan. But, maybe he won't be able to block it. Because it is such a rare opportunity for considerable profits, the upper ranks won't give it up in vain just because of one Rong YuTing. Sure enough, ShuTing quickly brings back the good news, returning to France to represent He enterprise.

We made an appointment to meet with NiLuo as quickly as possible, and signed the loan at record speed. Huang enterprise's commitments were also already in order. The contract signing ceremony was set for 2 pm. The venue was chosen by HongBing, all carefully arranged. Before the signing, I go for lunch with ShuTing.

"After the signing ceremony, it will be successfully accomplished, I will definitely take a few days off to rest.

ShengSheng, would you like to take a break together?"

"Heavens, this is only the beginning. Don't forget, after providing the land, He enterprise will just be waiting with

outstretched hands for profit, while Huang enterprise still has to construct the buildings. After the signing, I will be going to the site in New York." ShuTing laughs ***ha**

ha*:

"Getting to work seriously with you, makes me very happy.

Truthfully, as long as it's together with you, no matter what it is, I would be very happy." His final sentence again starts to hint at his adoration for me. Hearing that, my hair starts to stand on end. Luckily ShuTing's cell starts to ring. I heave a sigh.

"What?" ShuTing frowns slightly, as if coming across

something unpleasant. He says: "Big sister, you're being too paranoid?" Looks like it is the young mistress of the He family, I wonder if her husband is by her side. I look down while eating my lunch quietly. It is a while before ShuTing hangs up the phone. His expression is not too good.

"What? Is something wrong?" I raise my head.

"Regarding the contract, there is something I would like to add." My heart jumps fiercely, I calm myself down and say:

"What do you want to change?"

"Big sister says that He enterprise borrowed 2 billion from

GuiDe with the promise to return it in a year. We would only be able to repay after construction is finished, but Huang enterprise is responsible for the construction " ShuTing seems to have difficulty speaking: "If Huang enterprise were to intentionally delay the project, and not complete construction in six months, He

enterprise would be in the hole."

"Didn't we already discuss this in detail? The contract clearly states that Huang enterprise fails to complete the construction within the timeframe, we would compensate He enterprise ten thousand dollars each day until the construction is completed. Which such a stipulation, you don't need to worry about losses due to delays. Furthermore, we are developing this project together, why would I intentionally slow down the schedule?"

"I also don't know what big sister is thinking. But brother-in-law says that He enterprise has no right to question construction practices by Huang enterprise. So, if Huang enterprise were to complete 99% of the construction but refuse to put in the last piece, He enterprise will be ruined."

"I refuse to complete? Why would I stop myself from making profit, and instead pay you ten thousand each day?"

"If the majority of the buildings were already completed, and Huang enterprise were to rent out the completed sections, the earnings would be hundreds of thousands each day. The ten thousand compensation to He enterprise would only be

"a strand of ox hair">**a drop in the ocean,**

nothing more. On the other hand, He enterprise will be on the hook when the loan period is up, with no way to repay the loan to GuiDe, and be forced into bankruptcy." ShuTing says as he scratches his head: "Truthfully speaking, this aspect is not covered in the contract."

The glass in my hand jerks suddenly, spilling water all over

the table. The billows in my heart already reaching a level 2 alert. Not because of anything, but because I really did have this intention. Otherwise, why would I have spent so much time hatching this scheme? I really wanted to use this opportunity to destroy YuTing's sanctuary, but when I think of ShuTing, I couldn't find it in me to ruthlessly exploit him. This plan would have placed the fate of He enterprise in my hands. If I wanted to be cruel, I would just drag it out day after day, watching YuTing die in front of my eyes. If I wanted to be merciful, taking ShuTing into account, I will **give them a life**

raft at the critical moment, and make money together. It is rare to have someone's life in the palm of your hands in the business world. What could possibly be better than the current plan?

Now, it's ruined, exposed with his one remark. The alarm and guilt in my heart is indescribable. My face must be deathly pale. ShuTing thinks my reaction is caused by fury, so he quickly pacifies me:

"ShengSheng, I trust you, I've never doubted you. But brother-in-law is also looking out for He enterprise, after all, I am also accountable to the board of directors. If I don't modify the contract after he pointed out such a dangerous loophole

" I stop ShuTing with a wave of hand, smiling faintly, saying:

"Your brother-in-law is very diligent. Since it's like this, let us modify the contract immediately, let's not put it off and

still sign the contract this afternoon, OK?" ShuTing sighs immediately, saying happily:

"ShengSheng, you're really principled." I can only smile wryly in reply. HongBing makes the snap changes to the contract in a mad rush. But she has always been the invincible secretary, everything was ready before the signing ceremony. Aside for the snap changes to the contract, everything else goes smoothly.

After ShuTing fulfilled his duties, he was reluctant to leave for a while, but he eventually rushed to the airport to fly back to Malaysia to report back. HongBing and I send ShuTing off, both of us heave a sigh of relief, as if we had just fought a war.

"Boss, we have finally got through today safely, should we congratulate ourselves a little?" HongBing cast aside the **chaotic** afternoon amending the contract and laughed ***he**

he* at me.

"I see, you're thinking that we should go out for dinner to celebrate." HongBing exclaims:

"There is no one more perceptive on earth than my boss."

"What about your husband? Are you willing to let him gnaw on his bowl?"

"He left on a business trip yesterday." HongBing pulls a face. So it's like that. I can only act out the good boss and treat HongBing to a sumptuous dinner.

The business in New York progressed relatively smoothly.

Everyday, everyone at Huang enterprise are

"men and horses thrown off their feet">**rushing about**

busily, while I shuttle back and forth between

France and New York, losing quite a bit of weight. ShuTing still acts as the point of contact between me and He enterprise. For this, I'm extremely happy, even though my relationship with ShuTing is out of the ordinary, we understand each other well on a lot of issues.

I sneak a break amidst the craziness, asking NiLuo to play a round of golf with me. The green grass of the newly opened golf course is very pleasing. I breathe in the rare fresh air, and breathe out life's hardships, wanting to leave behind the toils of official business.

"I hear that your project is going smoothly." NiLuo takes a swing that is comparable to that of professionals. The sun is very strong, I wipe the sweat on my forehead, saying:

"It's going pretty well, we didn't have any problems getting approval from the New York authorities, the project is already in the foundation phase."

"It's too bad that He enterprise is earning easy money from this." I feel a sudden obstruction in my chest and look up at NiLuo. NiLuo is not paying attention to my expression, looking distantly at the ball he hit, saying casually: "I never would have guessed that He enterprise is so astute, adding a condition to the contract right at the last minute." I regain the color in my face, shaking my head laughingly:

"Really NiLuo, nothings gets past you."

"It's not that nothing gets past me."

"Then who? YuJiang?" I guess, saying coldly: "Looks like I, HuangSheng is worth several cities, for two big shots to watch over me day and night, on top of employing several top level psychologists to analyze my every move." NiLuo couldn't help but say:

"ShengSheng, just one mention of YuJiang, and you turn into a porcupine."

"I turn into a porcupine?"

"That's right, your sharp needles are hard to ward off." I run out of words, and can only shrug my shoulders saying coldly:

"NiLuo, I know you have a deep friendship with YuJiang. We are also old friends, tell me truthfully, how should I be handling all of this?"

"See, this is how you react. Would I dare to make any suggestions?"

"Fine, treat this as me asking for your frank advice today. What suggestions do you have, feel free to tell me." Looks like NiLuo came prepared. After leading me to ask his advice, he immediately sits down, clearly wanting to have a long discussion.

"ShengSheng, is it possible for you to put aside the old scores?"

"NiLuo, before we go any further, can you tell me, how much do you know about the old scores between me and YuJiang?"

"More than you think."

"Such as?"

"To give an example would only be rehashing the past once again, telling yourself how YuJiang cannot be forgiven, underscoring your own pain, what's the use? ShengSheng, you insist on bringing up the past constantly, trapping yourself. Why don't you take a step back and look up to the future?"

"Life's experiences, why can't it be taken from the past?"

Forgetting the past, I'm afraid, would only lead to a multitude of stumbles." The conversation seems to go nowhere. NiLuo thinks it over for a moment before saying sincerely:

"Truthfully, the reason why I'm having this frank talk with you today is because I can't bear to see this drag on." I reply out of the blue:

"You can't bear it? NiLuo, when did you ascribe to Buddhism, wanting to save all living things?"

"YuJiang is suffering." NiLuo is blunt and sincere, saying:

"Do you know how much he is suffering? He has been all along." His tone seems to carry a hint of criticism and resentment, but I'm already incapable of analyzing it further. All my brain cells, is focused on the word suffering. YuJiang's suffering It's as if just by hearing that one word, I am completely overwhelmed with heartache.

"So what if he is suffering? Who in the world is without suffering?" I laugh out saying: "NiLuo, look at your consideration for others, seems that you're showing your sensitive side, really what a surprise. But it's actually for someone like Rong YuJiang."

"ShengSheng, don't tell me you're really willing to let this

drag on? Insistently not willing to forgive YuJiang? Not willing to let go of all that is already long gone?" I reply incredulously:

"Let go? NiLuo, you've got it backwards. I should be the one to ask him to let me go."

"If YuJiang were to throw it all away, no longer watching over your every move, would you be happy?" NiLuo suddenly raises his voice, as if shouting into my ears. "Ask yourself truthfully, haven't you always sought out YuJiang's attention?" If YuJiang were to suddenly let me go I consider the possibility and tell myself faintly: Impossible, absolutely impossible. How could YuJiang be so kind as to let me go? I get angrier the more I think about it, as if falling into a nameless trap, agitated and anxious, saying bitterly:

"NiLuo, you and YuJiang are just like jackals from the same lair, twisting words to the extreme." NiLuo seems to realize that his words were too hurtful, staying quiet for a bit and calming down.

"YuJiang really loves you. I never thought it is possible for a man to love another man this much, this is a miracle in this circle. ShengSheng, don't you think you should cherish it?" NiLuo says softly: "Don't tell me you have never considered that, to keep tabs on your whereabouts, to keep tabs on your intentions, is even more confining than your imprisonment? If it was you, would you be able to show the same painstaking care for the one you love?"

"You don't think that this kind of love is

terrifying?"

"This kind of love is very heavy, not just anyone would be capable of it. Longing for you at every moment, having the ability to get to you at any time, but holding back in order to not alarm you. The way YuJiang cherishes you is unmatched in this world. Do you still want to let it continue on like this?" I reply coldly:

"Who would want to continue on like this? I am already terrified out of my wits." There is no use in continuing this conversation when there is no common ground, my face to face talk with NiLuo, could be considered parting on bad terms.

NiLuo is an excellent mediator. At the very least, that night, I kept on seeing YuJiang's worried face in my dreams.

YuJiang is very very thin and extremely haggard. He stands quietly at the side, seemingly very close, yet also seemingly very far away. At first, I was terrified, thinking of ways to escape, but after escaping, seeing that he makes no move, I can't help but return to him. I can't bear to part with the haggard him. I

ask:

"YuJiang, why are you not coming over?" YuJiang replies softly:

"ShengSheng, I won't be going over anymore." I suffer a huge shock, a feeling of abandonment assaults me. I ask:

"Why? Why are you not coming over?" I ask continuously, while

YuJiang just stands quietly, looking at me sorrowfully. "No! I don't like it!" In my sudden panic, I wake up from my dream. Cold air is flowing in the room, the cool moonlight filters in from the

window. It's very quiet, I feel an indescribable loneliness, a feeling of abandonment floods over me from the dream. I raise my hand to discover that my cheeks are wet with tears. Didn't I say that I no longer wish to cry?

Returning to Huang enterprise the next day, I feel very

dispirited. ZhouHeng calls again, looks like YouDi and He enterprise have officially signed the contract.

"Mr. Huang, the clause we spoke about previously, is also included in the contract."

"Speaking of that, He enterprise will soon start to deploy their assets to start promoting the new memory device?"

"That's right." I think to myself, He enterprise is getting a lot of major success in this period of time. Even though the performance is excellent, but with regards to expenditure, it carries a certain risk. Each project requires a considerable upfront investment, especially the New York real estate development project, having borrowed a substantial amount from GuiDe, if anything were to happen, to cause a breach in one part of He enterprise, it could easily lead to a domino effect, bringing He enterprise to financial ruin. Ai, why is it that the sanctuary YuTing chose, is the family business of ShuTing? Should I let this opportunity go, and just forget about the past, and wipe away all the old scores? Will this make me a little happier?

After worrying over it the whole morning, as dad used to say,

I'm still going round and round in circles over a simple emotional matter, completely entangled, how ridiculous. Maybe I just don't

have an extraordinary breadth of mind. Now that it has come to this, it would be better for me to focus on work. I resolve to continue immersing myself in work. Although the economy is in a recession, the receptions held by the big enterprises are not lacking in expense. Everyday, I receive all sorts of invitation cards. HongBing acts as the gatekeeper, ignoring the invitations from small companies, declining each one without exception, only showing me the invitations from our collaborators and other necessary parties.

Tonight is the 50th anniversary celebration of the biggest tech company in France, PaiLin, a grand occasion, of course I can't not attend. With the ever changing technology devices, this industry is highly valued. The big crocodiles have turned into darlings in the eye of the public. Therefore, this night, in addition to the elites of the tech industry, many celebrities are also in attendance. This is a glittering jeweled night, with all the ladies in attendance dripping with gems. Putting on a once in lifetime jewelry exhibition for the rest of us.

Maybe I'm showing my age. I have grown to appreciate peace and quiet with each day, often retiring to a corner at parties to wait out the time after attending to business greetings, leaving without a trace when the time comes. After giving my greetings to the president of PaiLin, I ask the server for the guest lounges, and proceed to hide in one of them. PaiLin is very considerate of its guests. They have prepared ten lounges, letting their guests rest by themselves, maybe to allow their guests to conduct private

conversations. I take a whole room to myself, shutting the door.

After all, I'm still a guest, so I don't lock the door, only turning on the "Do not disturb" lighted sign outside the door.

I definitely did not sleep well last night. It's strange but ever since I left YuJiang, I am rarely able to sleep soundly. Don't tell me I'm addicted to sedatives, unable to have a good night sleep without it. I lean back deeply into the sofa, slowly overcome by sleepiness. It's rare for me to have a good sleep. I might as well lie down on the sofa, close my eyes and invite the **God of Dreams**.

I inevitably start to dream, seeing YuJiang in my dreams as I often do. As usual, I awake in fright. Previously, YuJiang would transform into an evil spirit and fly towards me. But these days, the YuJiang in my dreams no longer wants me, leaving wordlessly. It makes me weep in dismay. If YuJiang were to abandon me, what would I do? Thinking of this possibility, my heart feels as if it is being cut into pieces by a small blunt knife. In my dreams, I can't help but admit that I cannot live without him. I can't leave him, no matter what he does.

"ShengSheng, you're as slim as before." I vaguely hear someone whisper in my ear. Who is it? It is not YuJiang's voice. Very familiar. I open my eyes drowsily to see a frightful face. "Seeing you in this pose, makes me think of the time when you begged for mercy under me." How did he end up here? I'm terrified, immediately jumping up from the sofa, only to let that person force

me back onto the sofa. I was so terrified that my voice comes out hoarsely:

"YuTing, don't forget where you are. I will scream for help."

"Seeing you terrified to such an extent, will you able to be able to scream? Don't be afraid, I'm also a distinguished guest of PaiLin, I won't do anything to you." I thought that I have already put the deathly fear of that day behind me, but seeing his face once more, I realize that I have only pushed it deeply inside. The terrifying atmosphere and his crude actions, lashes at me and rips me apart, at that instant an invisible force pounces, throwing me into the middle of the storm. The buzzing in my ear gets louder and louder. It turns out that psychological trauma can have such an intense effect. He's right, my hands and legs turn weak, I even lose the ability to say anything. YuTing looks at me intently and draws closer saying:

"Thank you for presenting He enterprise with a piece of the pie, after all, land in New York is very hard to get, my one clause added from my vigilance, did it ruin your plans?" I force myself to reply:

"YuTing, that's just business."

"Hmph, don't think I believe you. ShengSheng, kindness can be left unsaid, but hatred must be declared. Could you possibly have a ounce of consideration for He enterprise? I know you will never forgive me, but He enterprise is so powerful, what can you do?" YuTing says sinisterly: "What you're thinking is right. The both of us, we will never let go of each other." He enterprise? YuTing

hides unashamedly behind it. Right at this moment, I resolve to forsake the mutual affection between ShuTing and I, and destroy He enterprise overnight.

"Why do you hate me so much?"

"Because hurting you is the best way to hurt YuJiang." Me and YuJiang, it's not as if we are linked in body and mind. I reply shakily:

"You're talking nonsense!" The impulse that I've repressed for a very long time, dashes against the thin membranes of my heart, clamoring.

"Your throat is very pale." YuTing inches closer little by little, saying sarcastically: "Ripping apart your throat will cause YuJiang to rip off his own throat in pain." Heavens! I watch him get closer, completely powerless to fight back. Nothing comes out of my throat, my brain is in complete chaos. Just like a string that has been stretched to its limit, snapping all of a sudden.

Darkness falls before me and I pass out.

When I wake up in a daze, I'm lying in someone's arms. I feel inexplicably at ease, a feeling of belonging envelops me. Who else could it be?

"YuJiang?" This person seems to be all-knowing, always appearing at strange times, hitting me precisely when I'm most vulnerable.

"ShengSheng, it's me." I don't move even a little, quietly leaning in his arms, closing my eyes and asking:

"Where's YuTing?"

"I scared him off."

"Was I out for long?"

"Just a short while, not more than 5 minutes."

"How useless, I actually passed out from fear." I smile

bitterly. YuJiang dotes on me, saying consolingly:

"That's because your mind is under too much pressure. Other people will also be this way. Furthermore, you eat too little, not exercising to strengthen your body. Are you aware of that? You have low blood pressure, so you get dizzy easily." He speaks gently, unconsciously revealing his pained suffering. I raise my head and look at his face. Fortunately he is not haggard like in my dreams, still radiating health and energy. I sigh.

"No matter how I train, there is no way for me to achieve bronzed skin and iron bones." I continue foolishly: "I'll also still be vulnerable to a hundred poisons."

"ShengSheng, you've changed a lot, you've become a lot stronger. It's just that you don't realize it. Look, you even have me going around in circles."

"YuJiang, will you tell me the truth?"

"What do you want to ask?"

"With your capability, why did you let YuTing off, letting him stay in He enterprise, happy and free?" YuJiang laughs softly.

He says:

"I figured you would want to do something yourself."

"So you're saying that you let him off so that I can take my revenge personally?" I recover a little, struggling out of YuJiang's arms, and sit up on the sofa. YuJiang can only look at me, smiling bitterly.

"ShengSheng, you're really a proud man." He says frowning: "I

have never come across someone as proud as you."

"I'm sorry."

"No, I'm proud of you." Our conversation ends here. We sit quietly in this luxurious lounge. each pondering over our conversation. A serene atmosphere fills the air around us, touching our hearts. We sit like this the whole time, right until the end of the reception.

In the end, YuJiang sighs softly and stands up. He looks at me and as if realizing that leaving is inevitable, turns around and slowly walks out. I do my best to stop myself from stopping him. Right at that moment I feel that I'm not only tormenting YuJiang, but also tormenting myself. So why do I persist carrying on this way? I find no answer. YuJiang loves me, he really loves me. Watching the retreating back of YuJiang, I recall NiLuo's words. He has always been suffering, suffering because of me. In this world, am I the only one that can make him happy?

High tech is worthy of being the crux of today's world economy. YouDi's new memory product, under the strong promotion by He enterprise, because of its capability and inexpensive price, rapidly takes over the market. Sales channel after sales channel are rapidly established, earning profits that greatly exceed the estimates. These days, I frequently receive reports of success from ZhouHeng. I laugh into the phone saying:

"This proves that electronics has always been promising."

"Mr. Huang, if we continue this collaboration with He enterprise, both sides would be happy."

"That's right, let YuTing depend on our product, making him appear flushed with success at He enterprise, with a future as beautiful as brocade." ZhouHeng continues:

"Little do they know that success comes from

"chancellor of the Western Han Dynasty, who helped HanXin become a general but also played a role in HanXin's death"> **XiaoHe** but downfall also comes from XiaoHe."

After the surprise attack by YuTing, I already resolved to bring down He enterprise. Never again letting them go.

"ZhouHeng, hold back the troops for now, we might as well let

YuTing enjoy several days of happiness." Truthfully, I really don't want YuTing to be happy, much less deriving happiness on the back of Huang enterprise. But the misstep with the New York real estate development trap, made it ineffective, simply putting one plan into motion, will not for certain pull He enterprise off its horse. We must wait for an opportunity to bring them down in one fell swoop.

I think back to the time in Malaysia when the small packet of white powder was discovered, shocking me speechless, only that can be considered

"shock eye, astonish heart">**earth shattering,**

only letting people realize after the shock, the layer upon layer of deception, seamlessly arranged from the beginning. How can one not admire their evil masterplan?

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

LJ insists the post is too long so the finale will have to

wait ;p

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Posted on Jan. 5th, 2015 at 12:28 pm

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 33 B

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

The opportunity came very suddenly, taking even me by surprise. One day, while I was taking a nap in the office, HongBing barges suddenly into the office. She has been with Huang enterprise for a long time, also achieving considerable seniority, but she has never been this improper. After getting over my shock, I intuitively know that something has happened. Sure enough, HongBing almost yells out saying:

"Boss, switch on the TV quickly!" I don't ask why and immediately press the remote, just when I was about to ask which channel, my eyes are glued to the screen. A skyscraper collapses with a loud crash in a cloud of smoke. The video sways, unlike a Hollywood special effect. I can't believe it. I whisper hoarsely:

"World Trade Center?" We look at each other both in shock and agitation. It's like the end of the world, even though I'm not American, I suddenly feel sad knowing that the world will soon experience drastic changes. After a moment, I fly to the desk, struggling to dial the number of the New York office. Luckily the one in charge of construction in New York, is the one I fought to protect, Uncle Chen. The call connects.

"Uncle Chen? It's me, HuangSheng."

"ShengSheng, I knew you would definitely call." In the end, the old timers, used to the constant uproar of the business world,

have a comparatively calmer reaction. I ask hastily:

"Have you seen what's on TV?"

"I'm watching it right now, incredibly

shocking."

"Such a thing happened, the New York stock market must be in

chaos, furthermore, even the real estate sector will not be

spared." Uncle Chen says in a deep voice:

"Once it happened, I immediately gave orders to suspend all

construction, to wait and see." As expected from a founding member

of Huang enterprise. I feel a little comforted, and say

sincerely:

"For now, I can't leave the head office, but the New York

project is very important, Uncle Chen, please take care of

things."

"There is no other choice. In my opinion, there will be

losses with regard to this New York project. The one that is really

out of luck is He enterprise, they took on the mortgage for the

land, it's possible that the price would fall all the way down.

Fortunately Huang enterprise's investment is in the construction,

and we have just started, not having incurred much loss. I will try

to recover our investments as much as possible, and put a stop to

construction for the time being, in order to ensure that the losses

do not exceed the budget."

The situation that followed, can be described as a chaotic

retreat. Every company was in such a panic, unable to carry on even

for a single day, of course the financial reports carried an

endless stream of bad news. Who is able to un-furrow their brows?

It goes without saying that the stock market crashed. It experienced a crazy unprecedented plunge, as if it was hell on earth. Rong enterprise was also not spared, but YuJiang could be regarded as extremely capable, still remaining

"turn over a green tile">**profitable**, its

decline gradually coming to a stop, the first one to stabilize among the many in imminent danger.

Unlike He enterprise and Huang enterprise, because of the recent

"beat gong beat drum">**publicity**, announcing to

the world their collaboration to develop real estate in New York.

Recently New York has turned into a financial disaster, the lack of investor confidence in our two companies immediately pushed our stocks all the way down. No one predicted such a treacherous situation. Facing my own disaster, I have no time to concern myself with He enterprise. NiLuo could be considered thoughtful, after it happened he immediately called me saying:

"ShengSheng, recall your investments in New York immediately, the money going to waste over there, in the coming days, will be like a stone dropping into the ocean."

"I've already suspended construction, not wanting to incur more losses, but He enterprise and Huang enterprise have a previous contract, withdrawing all my investments like this will be looked upon as a breach of contract." NiLuo says:

"The crisis this time, He enterprise will bear the brunt. He enterprise's investment is the land, spending substantial sums to acquire the rights, right now the price of land has dropped far

more than a hundred fold, the heavens really wants to bring them down. If you are dragged in with them, it would just be one more sacrificial lamb. Regarding the contract, I have a suggestion." My heart chills, I faintly know that the end of He enterprise is already close at hand.

"I'd like to hear the details."

"As long as the price of He enterprise stock continues to fall, their assets would eventually fall below the approved value by GuiDe, GuiDe only needs to show that He enterprise no longer has the ability to repay the loan, immediately freezing the funds He enterprise has with GuiDe, to prevent further losses for GuiDe."

"This action of freezing part of their funds at this time, will cause an immediate chain reaction

"blot out sky, cover earth">**swallowing them**

whole, wouldn't He enterprise be destroyed in just one day?"

"Is that not your intention?" I suck in a breath of cool air.

Indeed, that is my intention. That is also something I most want to see. Maybe it's because I have no way of taking on Rong enterprise that I finally harden my heart and take out my resentment on another illustrious family. How cruel, for my own satisfaction, I will destroy ShuTing's home along with the multitude of workers at He enterprise. NiLuo goes on to say: "But He enterprise is still very strong, it will not be easy to bring about a crash in their shares." A thousand hundred thoughts goes through my mind, like armies from seven nations, fighting each other endlessly, causing

me to almost split apart.

The place of YuTing's refuge

The place of ShuTing's sanctuary

In order to extricate Huang enterprise, I can only pull He

enterprise into the abyss, ruthlessly stomping on the core of He

enterprise, stepping on it until it loses its life. I grit my teeth

suddenly saying to NiLuo:

"The construction side is a loss, so what is He enterprise

relying on now for investor confidence?"

"Their position as the agent for the new memory technology,

this product has excellent prospects in the market, this is where

the investors are placing their last hopes for He enterprise. If

this allows them to hang on for a while, relying on them being the

sole global distributor for this product, I'm afraid they might

still have a glimmer of hope to pull through."

"NiLuo, He enterprise's share price will definitely crash

tomorrow, you don't need to worry." After hanging up the phone, I

entered into a trance-like state, dialing ZhouHeng's number

reflexively.

"ZhouHeng, do you still remember the clause in the contract

with He enterprise regarding market reactions?"

"Of course I remember."

"The time to use it is now."

"OK, I'll take care of it right away." Hanging up the phone,

my face turns deathly pale, I hastily reached out to hold onto the

back of the chair, allowing me to barely stay upright. After a few

seconds, I revive myself. Why am I so distressed? I don't think it

is for He enterprise. If I say that I'm so distressed because of

ShuTing, that is also improbable. But the anguish that pierces my marrow reverberates throughout my body. Like frozen muscles suddenly plunged into boiling water, before being forced back into the freezer to freeze again. It is condition of numbness but yet still sensing pain.

In an instant, I understand YuJiang's suffering. People are not as mighty as depicted in books, when faced with the conflict between profit and affection, the feeling inside, onlookers would never understand. I'm only in so much pain because right at this moment, I suddenly realize, that all along, I have been willing to hurt my ShuTing. But what makes it most unbearable is that I'm not hurting him out of resentment, nor out of affection, but for the purpose of protecting Huang enterprise. For nothing other than money and profit.

It suddenly dawns on me, that the world is full of betrayal and treachery,

"drawing scorn and dirty salt">**despicable** actions are carried out one step at a time. And I, have now

become one of them. I can't accept it because I know that I won't change this cruel decision. Reality is reality, He enterprise will not be standing tomorrow. ShuTing, he was predestined to become the second HuangSheng.

Luckily I did not hand my heart over to ShuTing. Otherwise, to raise my hand and sink the knife into my most loved person, wouldn't that be even more painful? Right at this moment, I fall down to the floor and lie there sobbing. I also cry for YuJiang. I finally understand, as long as all that happened yesterday still

remains embedded in my heart, radiating seeds of darkness, he will never be happy.

He enterprise's stocks reacted just as I had said, crashing the next day. This is all thanks to the mastery of ZhouHeng, finding errors committed by He enterprise in record time, and relying on the clause in the contract, issued a formal statement, indicating their intention to withdraw the global distribution rights from He enterprise. It's actually just an excuse to incite chaos, causing the intended effect with the media, debating the legality of this withdrawal, a debate that does not really matter to us at this time.

Without waiting for a formal response from He enterprise, the rumors snowball, one can already hear the funeral tune playing for He enterprise. The investors are in an uproar, if one falls, they are stepped on by a hundred. At this point, He enterprise no longer has the strength to reverse its fate. Since YouDi lacks powerful backing, rumors circulated of it suffering a financial crisis with He enterprise, endangering its own growth. At this critical moment, ZhouHeng holds a press conference, announcing that YouDi receives funding from Huang enterprise. From this point on, YouDi's backer is as clear as day. All the calculated maneuvers that Huang enterprise played against He enterprise are also brought to light.

Everyone starts to talk, saying:

"This formidable action by Huang enterprise, pulling He enterprise, such a powerful rival, off its horse all of a sudden. Maybe even Rong enterprise will not be able to match them." I savor

the fruits of victory with an anguished heart. Watching He enterprise step closer and closer to their demise only makes me pace endlessly back and forth.

ShuTing keeps calling my cell phone. Even in such circumstances, I guess that he has not given up hope, looking for help in all directions. The first one in his mind, would of course be me. Based on ShuTing's character, although all things point to me as the villain, he may still choose not to believe it. His trust in me seems to be inherent, making my heart ache uncontrollably.

That day, YuJiang said to me:

"You should have figured it out long ago. I never thought that you would actually not figure it out." I am blind when it comes to YuJiang. When it comes to me, was ShuTing ever alert, even once? I may as well turn off my phone. HongBing comes through the intercom:

"Boss, Mr. He is on line three. Would you like to accept his call?"

"No." I am cruel, I reject the call without any hesitation, bringing judgement on myself. It's not hard to guess what ShuTing wants. He wants YouDi to state that the relationship between YouDi and He enterprise is still close, reassuring the investors.

Furthermore, he hopes that I will intercede on behalf of He enterprise to GuiDe regarding the repayment of debts. Even if I were to agree, it will all amount to nothing. He enterprise is out of options, even if there is hope of life, I will not lend a hand.

Heaven only knows what other terrifying things YuTing will do if he manages get another chance. No one would put mercy for others over

themselves and their loved ones. I am also the same. HongBing walks in with some files, seeing my grieved appearance, sighs and says:

"Truthfully, what's the harm in listening to him? If you can't help him, at least give him some comfort. This disaster with He enterprise, everyone is avoiding them like the plague, watching all this really makes one uncomfortable."

"I'm not afraid that He enterprise will implicate me, nor am I afraid of whatever ShuTing wants of me. But there is no way I can help him, why should I give him false hope? Besides " I say dejectedly: "I also don't want to face him." I spent the whole afternoon in hopeless despair. The following day dragged on like a year, two days later, ShuTing finally stopped calling. Just when I was about to force myself to throw He enterprise to the back of my mind, HongBing knocks on the door and comes in.

"Boss, something's happened. He enterprise has declared bankruptcy." I expected this from the beginning, nothing surprising. It's only an army running as if the mountain has toppled, how can I not be bitterly disappointed? HongBing watches me, as if afraid that whatever she is going to tell me next will terrify me. "Also, the president of He enterprise, He ShuMin, committed suicide by taking sleeping pills."

"What?" I jump up from the chair, eyes popping out of their sockets. My legs give way and I fall back heavily into the chair. Cold currents from ten directions rush up from the ground, invading my four limbs and hundred veins.

"Boss " HongBing quickly rushes over. She sees my

wretched and confused expression, biting her lips, as if wanting to say something. I know what she wants to say. She wants to console me, saying that all this is just brutal reality, nothing to do with me. There are terrorists involved, the American government, the abandonment of investors and the stock market, I shouldn't put all the blame on myself. I shake my head and whisper weakly:

"Don't say it. Don't say anything. I understand clearly, this is not the result from just my sin." But this is what I started, the fruits of my actions. The taste of which is endlessly bitter. Tonight, where would ShuTing go to weep? He has lost the light of his bright life. And "first person to bury funerary dolls">**it's all because of me.** I have no way of stopping my own actions, I pushed away my bodyguards and drive off on my own going any which way.

I am guilty, that, I know keenly. But, my sin will be carried along with me. I must not wipe clean the butcher's knife, leaving a way out for myself. I have wronged ShuTing, his existence will be the proof of my guilt. Coming across a McDonald's I stop the car. At this intersection, ShuTing had pleaded with me tearfully. He said:

"Don't end it." "Don't be so cruel." What I envisioned that day, has now become reality, showing him what cruelty really looks like. I look stupidly in front of me, already unable to tell what I'm feeling in my heart. Right at this moment, I suddenly smell a

chemical odor, a spotlessly white towel suddenly enters through the window, smothering my face. A man's arm hooks around my neck. When I inhale deeply to cry for help, the chemical enters my nose. My body is no longer obeying my mind. Kidnapping? In the midst of my panic, I sink into darkness.

I open my eyes drowsily, my head spinning. I see a spacious room in front of me, minimally but comfortably furnished. The air is especially fresh, I faintly hear the sound of birds. I can even hear the gurgling sound of a mountain spring. I listen attentively to my surroundings, guessing that I'm at a remote vacation rental. A shadow suddenly comes closer, I look up, and after a moment of surprise, I can only smile bitterly. I say:

"ShuTing, looks like it's you." I didn't expect that we two soldiers would confront each other so suddenly, I have always felt guilty, so I am at a complete loss. ShuTing looks conflicted as he watches me. Truthfully, I should understand what is going through his mind. Because what we have both experienced is very similar. He fixes his jet-black eyes on me, with no sign of fury burning in his eyes. Instead, he is very calm.

"That's right, ShengSheng, it's indeed me." ShuTing also smiles bitterly, as if feeling our hopeless situation. The calmer he is, the guiltier I feel. I know that his heart is definitely slowly bleeding at this moment. Betrayed and used by the person he loves with his heart and soul. Even if I'm only guessing what he is feeling, I'm aware of the pain piercing through his heart. I thought he would gnash his teeth and rip me into a thousand pieces,

but he actually asks me gently:

"Does your hand hurt?" I'm stunned. The guilt in my heart, suddenly expands ten fold, almost exploding through my chest. ShuTing looks at my hands that are tied behind my back, as if unable to bear it, staring at them for a long time, before deciding not to free me. He heaves a huge sigh and sits down next to me.

"ShengSheng, why did you have to do this? Is something forcing you?" I never expected that he could still show such sincere affection for me at this stage, overflowing with generosity, clearly wanting me to play the role of the ungrateful person, wanting everyone to know his magnanimity, his sacrifice, ripping off any shred of integrity and honor from me, HuangSheng, in front of all of humanity. I suddenly start shouting:

"Don't ask! Don't ask me anything!" ShuTing didn't expect me to get so emotional, looking at me with tightly closed lips.

"That's right, I used you, I betrayed you. But I never loved you from the beginning to the end, not one bit. He ShuTing, what makes you think that you can win my love? HuangSheng's heart is made of steel. What makes you think you can torch it open?" I shout it out in one breath: "You don't need to come up with some altruistic excuse for me, I did all this calculatedly. Not for any particular reason, there's no success without poison, don't tell me you don't understand this saying? And you're born into a business family."

Every word seems like a whip to ShuTing, one by one lashing down on

him. With every word I say, his face becomes paler and paler. I
holler like a madman, surprising even myself with my
cruelty.

When I stop to take a breath, the atmosphere is terrifyingly
quiet. ShuTing's face is so pale that he is almost translucent, as
if even his veins were about to show on his face. His eyes, that
were always jet-black, actually loses their radiance, as if
lifeless. My heart suddenly pulls tight, in a crushing
pain.

"ShuTing, you've heard it all, this is the man you love so
much." The room door opens suddenly, the one that walks in, is
YuTing. Looking at the hatred in his eyes, I don't feel any
surprise. Between YuTing and I, there has long been a deep sea of
blood full of hatred. YuTing's face is covered in stubble,
showing **the**

huge change in his situation. The look he gives me
is ferociously terrifying. I feel a chill in my heart, I have
fallen into the hands of this person, clearly not a good
thing.

"Hmph, hmph, the day has actually come for you." YuTing
evaluates me coldly, while putting down the large sack on his
shoulder. Looking at the outline, it seems to hold a person.
ShuTing opens to sack and sure enough, there is someone inside. I
receive a huge shock:

"YuJiang!"

"Who would have guessed?" YuTing turns to look at the equally
surprised ShuTing saying: "How lucky, I found him pacing outside

Huang enterprise as if he has lost his soul, such that he didn't even notice me getting closer." YuJiang also has both hands tied behind his back, his eyes closed. I look at him with heartache and distress, not caring that both my hands are tied, I rush to YuJiang's side, shrieking:

"YuJiang! YuJiang! Are you alright?" YuTing looks at me with despise before hitting me forcefully, striking me to the ground. I don't know how but after a spell of earth and sky spinning, I find to strength to scramble up from the ground and rush towards YuJiang: "YuJiang, say something! Are you alright?" Right at this moment, it's as if that as long as I can get to his side, it will be the greatest accomplishment of my life. This time, the one to stand in my way, is ShuTing. He stands in front of me, gripping my shoulder, firmly but not roughly. He says:

"ShengSheng, calm down." How can I be calm? When I see YuJiang lying helpless under YuTing's hateful glare. I see the concern in ShuTing's eyes, it's as if I have found a straw to clutch on, I throw myself into his arms and say hurriedly:

"ShuTing, please don't let him hurt YuJiang! I beg you!"

"ShengSheng " YuTing's body stiffens, ice-cold as if it has been covered in snow for a million years.

"You promised that you will never let me feel sad, you promised!" I beg ShuTing over and over, my eyes looking fixedly over his shoulder, fixed on the unconscious YuJiang.

"ShuTing, I beg you, I beg you, ShuTing " ShuTing

appears to be unable to take it anymore, he reveals a pained expression, forcefully holding me close in his arms, hugging me tightly.

"ShengSheng, I really love you, you must know, I really love you " He whispers continuously to me. I suddenly start shouting agitatedly:

"YuJiang! YuJiang! Are you awake? Hurry and wake up!" Seeing a slight movement in YuJiang's shoulders, I get very excited, completely forgetting in whose arms I'm in. ShuTing, who is hugging me, seems to suffer a huge blow, stiffening for a few seconds before releasing me as if he was scalded. I only see this as a good opportunity for me, once again I rush to YuJiang's side. This time, YuTing doesn't stop me. He is apparently treating this as a game, like playing tricks on a mouse. I kneel by YuJiang's side, looking at his haggard appearance. Up until now, the YuJiang in my mind is always mighty and would stop at nothing, forever pulling the strings from above. Therefore, this haggard face, with his tightly furrowed brows, makes me feel even more heartache.

"YuJiang, please wake up." My hands tied behind my back, I can only use my head to nudge his face. YuJiang starts to move, starting out slowly, shaking his head left and right. My heart suddenly starts to race, almost jumping out of my mouth.

"En? ShengSheng?" YuJiang finally opens his mouth. Looking at him slowly opening his eyes, I almost start to wail. But I don't cry, looking into his eyes, I feel all my alertness and will to fight returning, I say calmly:

"YuJiang, we have both been captured. It's YuTing and ShuTing." YuJiang reacts instantly, he takes a look all around him, taking in all that's happening around us.

"YuTing, it's been a while." YuJiang sits up with difficulty, addressing YuTing. YuTing says coldly:

"It's been a while? Ha Ha, YuJiang, don't tell me you haven't been watching my every move?" YuJiang recovers his usual sharpness and quick wit, saying

"neither humble nor haughty">**flatly**:

"That's right, the day you managed to smoothly marry the young mistress of the He family, you should be grateful that I did not put a stop to it." ShuTing interjects coldly:

"Rong YuJiang, why do you want to harm my big sister?" In his heart, right now at this moment, he still truly does not blame me for causing his sister's death. I look at ShuTing, and can't help feeling touched. YuJiang smiles slightly, even though his life is in the hands of others, he still remains cool and composed:

"Of course it's because of you."

"Because of me?" ShuTing is shocked.

"Who asked you to take an interest in ShengSheng? You dared to take ShengSheng away with you, I want you to lose everything." These words tumble out of YuJiang's mouth naturally, without the least bit of shame.

"You are so cruel, just for that one reason, you actually destroyed the entire He enterprise!" ShuTing curses loudly, stepping forward and pulling YuJiang by the collar, shaking him over and over: "What did my big sister ever do to you, such that

you forced her into a corner?" YuJiang is not alarmed, rather he laughs saying:

"Why don't you ask your brother-in-law, ask him what he and his big sister did to ShengSheng?" His words are full of conviction, causing ShuTing to calm down. ShuTing turns around towards YuTing:

"Brother-in-law, what did the two of you do to ShengSheng?" Doubt and uncertainty are evident in his question. YuTing also doesn't deny it, actually nodding pointedly:

"That's right, the drugs in ShengSheng's traveling bag, was put there by us beforehand. ShuTing, you are so smart, you should have figured it out long ago. But you worship and adore and your big sister so much that you can't see things clearly."

"Drugs?" YuJiang looks on coldly as ShuTing pales, standing there unable to accept what he just heard, he adds:

"Far more than just that, why don't you ask YuTing what else he has done to ShengSheng?" I have been watching silently one on side, but I finally can't take it anymore screaming:

"Enough! YuJiang, what are you trying to say?" YuJiang says unhurriedly:

"I only want He ShuTing to understand, how much retribution they deserve." ShuTing seems to have suffered a huge blow, stressing word by word, asking:

"Brother-in-law, what have you done to ShengSheng?" Looking at the state ShuTing is in, I suddenly start screaming:

"Don't ask! ShuTing, don't ask anything anymore." I never expected that YuJiang has so much hatred for ShuTing, actually

wanting to rip his soul from him when he is still alive. Although I don't love him, I can't bear to watch it go on any longer. But putting a stop to this is beyond my control. YuTing feels no guilt for his past actions, he looks directly at ShuTing and says outright:

"I raped him, and I brought others in to gang-rape him. But no matter what, he ruined your sister, my wife, this is a fact. Don't you forget it." Facing YuTing's reply, ShuTing shakes his head slowly, as if telling himself that all this is not true. I watch as he suddenly hugs his limbs around himself, tears rushing out from the cracks between his fingers, his body trembling like fallen leaves blown about by the autumn wind. His heart has been split open. I watch quietly as he slowly breaks down, indescribable sadness floods my heart.

"ShengSheng " ShuTing turns to look at me. He asks:

"Is this all true?" He seems to take me as the victim for everything, having found the best defense for my actions. Faced with such unconditional love, I can't accept it. I shake my head saying:

"ShuTing, it's me who used you, everything else has nothing to do with you."

"ShuTing, you were however, manipulated by them." YuJiang, he actually coldly added one sentence at this time. Wanting to remind ShuTing that he was an inadvertent accomplice. I turn around furiously, glaring hatefully at YuJiang. YuJiang turns up his nose at my anger, his ice-cold eyes seem to pierce me like a needle right into my eyes, causing me to shrink suddenly. He hates

ShuTing. It's not just a simple hate, but an all encompassing hate.

A chill climbs up my spine.

"That's enough, now's not the time to debate these things."

YuTing finally speaks, not gloatingly, steam rising from his raised eyebrows, I had expected him to rub it in. Instead YuTing only says a chilling sentence to my face: "ShengSheng, finally you are once again going to die by my hands. Isn't this heaven's decree?"

ShuTing is shocked, saying breathlessly:

"What? You're going to kill him?"

"He's already all tied up, don't tell me you think I'm going to let him go?"

"You can't! You must not hurt him!" ShuTing stands in front of me: "Everything is Rong YuJiang's fault, if you want to kill someone, you should kill him." Shocked, I turn to look at YuJiang. A triumphant smile flashes across YuJiang's face. That shocks me for a few seconds before I realize what happened. Looks like he tried all he could to drag out everything that happened in the past before ShuTing in order to give him the final blow, to make him switch sides and come to protect me instead. No! My heart screams hysterically. This won't only destroy ShuTing, it will also destroy me. YuJiang, how cruel can you be, don't tell me you want me to bear the pain of losing you for the rest of my life? This isn't love, this is subjecting me to a lifetime of agony.

"ShuTing, you want to help him?" YuTing is not at all

surprised. ShuTing stands resolutely in front of me, blocking

YuTing, saying gravely:

"ShengSheng is innocent."

"You have been bewitched by him. ShuTing, don't tell me that in your heart, your big sister can't compare to one HuangSheng?" YuTing says this while taking something out from his chest. Shockingly, it's a jet-black pistol. This thing, so common on TV, but when faced with it suddenly in real life, it makes one have difficulty breathing. I look at the deadly weapon from the gap by ShuTing's arm.

"Brother-in-law, are you going to kill me?" YuTing is very calm, saying:

"ShuTing, there is no way I'm letting them off today. Think of your big sister who is no longer here, and step aside right now." ShuTing stands in front of me, slowly shaking his head. The next moment, I hear the sound of a shot. I'm already terrified out of my wits, only thinking that it sounded like the sound of an arrow hitting a target. Right then, ShuTing falls to the ground. Everything is so surreal, making me unable to react. I never knew that YuTing could pull the trigger so easily. He should at least have been a little conflicted. He wasn't. ShuTing's chest is completely bright red. Filling my eyes with red.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

LJ objects to this epic chapter, so there will be a part C

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昨天 by 風弄 Chapter 33 C

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

"ShengSheng, ShengSheng " He clutches his wound, struggling to put me in his field of vision. After that extremely terrifying moment, I feel inexplicably calm and composed, as calm as if I've thrown aside all worldly concerns. I slowly move my tied up body, getting closer to ShuTing.

"ShuTing." I kneel next to ShuTing. He will soon be dead, just like He enterprise, just like his older sister who always looked down on the world with disdain. What I find most unbearable is that even now, he still treasures me so much. If only I could fall in love with him, returning him a bit of his affection, I wouldn't be so hopelessly guilty right now.

"ShengSheng, there's no more for hope for this lifetime, the next " ShuTing stares blankly at me. There is no way for me not to reply, just when I was about to nod, YuJiang's voice travels over, restraining me.

"Since it won't happen in this life, why hope that it would happen in the next?" YuJiang says: "His next life, is also my next life." Just like this, there is really no way for me to refute YuJiang's words. So, I can only look at ShuTing. Expressing the guilt and shame in my heart through my grieved expression. ShuTing continues to stare blankly at me, a little while later, he closes his eyes, leaving the world. Instantly, I feel as if I have lost something extremely important to me. I turn my head and glare at

YuJiang, saying hatefully to YuJiang as if venting my frustration:

"He was already in such a critical condition, why couldn't you let me say a few words to ease his pain?" YuJiang replies:

"Because I believe in the next life." His demeanor is extremely serious. I am immediately speechless. YuTing interrupts at this moment:

"Next life, this life. Whether there will a next life for the both of you, we will find out today." I have always thought that only professional killers can look at a life slipping away by their own hands without missing a beat. I never expected that YuTing's aptitude for murder is actually inherent. When he pulled the trigger on ShuTing, there was not even a shred of hesitation or regret. Terrifyingly shocking. YuJiang seems to have expected this all along, saying to him:

"Looks like we won't escape death today."

"That's right."

"But to just shoot us dead, is probably not stimulating enough for you."

"Big brother, you know me very well." YuTing laughs sinisterly:

"The both of you made me lose everything, this marrow penetrating hate, how can it vanish just like that?" My scalp starts to tingle. YuJiang has always been struggling secretly with such a younger brother, enduring the injustice.

"YuTing, life is of course paramount, but wealth has its value. Me and ShengSheng, the ransom for any one of us, is enough

to last you comfortably for a lifetime." YuTing laughs **ha ha** grinding his teeth saying:

"Big brother, although I really do need the money, I have never considered exchanging the both of you for money. For one, I much prefer to see your corpses on the front page of the newspapers. Secondly, your capabilities are so fearsome, I fear that if I were to let the tiger return to the mountains, I will never be at ease." The second, is indeed the truth. YuJiang knows that YuTing already intends to kill, so he keeps his mouth closed.

YuTing starts to elaborate proudly on his plan to kill us. He pushes us into the kitchen at gun point. My hands and YuJiang's hands have both been handcuffed. I'm bound together hands and feet, locked onto a steel pipe. YuJiang fared a little better, handcuffed at the back, attached to a thick iron chain of limited range.

"ShengSheng, this is my last generous gift to you." YuTing confronts the both of us, affixing two knives onto the valve that controls the gas. Long glinting blades, shimmering with the threat of death. "You can take this opportunity to get to know my big brother thoroughly. Doesn't he love you heart and soul? See if he is willing to die for you?" YuTing stretches out his hand, and twists open the valve. The pungent smell of gas, slowly mixes into the air. "Big brother, your chain is just long enough for you to reach this valve. Of course the rules of the game is that you can't use your hands, you also can't use your feet. Are you willing to place your chest onto these knives, and use your teeth to close the

valve, to save your ShengSheng's life? **ha ha**,

of course, I can't guarantee that this method would be successful,
but an option is better still better than none, am I
right?"

"YuTing! You're a madman!" I look at the chilling blades, and
shout in fury.

"That's right, I'm a madman. And the two of you, dying at the
hands of a madman, how meaningful. Don't the two of of you pride
yourselves as a pair of

"called birds of the same fate, symbol of undying love">**mandarin
ducks**? Although I want to blow up your ugliness,
the gas is getting stronger and stronger, so I'll get going."

YuTing examines his handiwork again to see if it is perfect, before
smiling in satisfaction, walking to the door. "Oh, right," He turns
around to say: "this place is very remote, even if you were to
scream for help at the top of your voices, you wouldn't even
disturb anyone's dreams." He waltzes out the door. I hear the sound
of the door closing before fully understanding the hopeless
situation we're in. The gas starts to fill the air in the
room.

"What are we going to do? YuJiang, what are we going to do?"

YuJiang doesn't say a word, his head bowed, deep in thought. I
repeat impatiently: "YuJiang! Have you been scared out of your
mind? Say something, think of something."

"ShengSheng, isn't the solution right in front of us?" I see
the faint smile on his face, a chill runs through my heart. I
shudder, saying:

"Don't be crazy. ShuTing intends to torture us, the solution he gave us is of course fake." YuJiang actually looks fixedly at the gas valve.

"Real or fake, we can only know if we try."

"No! YuJiang, are you mad? You will die."

"I won't, I will try my best to not let the blades reach my heart, before closing the valve." He is clearly lying to me, the valve is surrounded by kitchen appliances, it can only be reached from one direction, with his hands and feet constrained, and barely able to reach the valve, how can he get pass the sharp blades? If he stays clear of the blades, his teeth wouldn't be able to reach the valve. Moreover, even if he is able to avoid one blade, how can he avoid two? A chill runs continuously through my heart.

"Don't fall for YuTing's evil plan, his hate is so deep, he wants you to take your own life." I plead: "YuJiang, I beg you, please don't." YuJiang looks at me, his eyes glinting.

"ShengSheng, do you still remember? You asked me before, if I regret it all." He continues softly: "I regret it." My throat, suddenly something burning hot rushes up and chokes it. Only when YuJiang slowly drags along the thick iron chain behind him, moving closer to the blades, do I find my voice back in a panic. I scream loudly:

"No! YuJiang, I love you, I have always loved you! Please don't do this." YuJiang seems to hear me not, his eyes fixed on the gas valve. The snow white blade has already pierced into his chest. My body shakes fiercely, as if what was cut open, is my own heart.

"YuJiang, you don't have to regret, I have never changed. No matter what happens, I will still love you, I will still forgive you! Please stop!" The second blade also pierces slowly into his chest. I finally break out in tears, wailing madly. "Don't leave me behind! Don't leave me all alone! I don't want to see you die in front of my eyes. You can't be this cruel, YuJiang! You can't do this to me!" Finally, YuJiang says, breathing heavily: "I have no choice." He says each word firmly: "I also can't bear to see you die in front of me. I'm sorry, ShengSheng. In the end, I am a selfish man."

"This is not fair! Absolutely unfair!" YuJiang smiles bitterly before suddenly pushing forward. I hear the sound of the knife stabbing into his flesh, I know that, those two knives have already pierced YuJiang to the bone. But, because of that, he can now reach the gas valve. Looking through my tear-filled eyes, I see him smile slightly before lowering his head, using his teeth to close the valve. I am not the slightest bit happy, really. I never knew that there are times, when life can actually mean nothing. But, YuJiang is unable to close to valve. He tries over and over again, before finally raising his head, saying weakly: "The valve is broken." The screw just won't turn. The almighty YuJiang is sprawled like a sacrificial lamb on the knives. He says to me: "I'm sorry, ShengSheng." I never imagined that receiving a sincere apology from him, would shake me to the core, making one long to close ones eyes, and leave this world forever. My heart is now in pieces. I unexpectedly calm down, and say

calmly:

"We've expected that all along, isn't that right?"

"You may die."

"Well, there is always the next life." Thank goodness I

didn't assent to ShuTing regarding the next life. The gas odor in the room gets thicker and thicker. We may lose consciousness at any time.

"ShengSheng," YuJiang struggles to breathe, asking: "do you love me?"

"I do, I love you, no matter when, no matter where, no matter what happens." I answer him fervently.

"I know you love me." YuJiang sighs: "It's just too bad that you don't realize just how much I love you." Freezing cold and scorching heat slam into my overworked heart at once, using their opposing natures to tear it apart, shredding it into countless splinters. My tears start to flow, an endless flow that can no longer be stopped. Just like the pain in my heart. Right this moment, I finally realize, that YuJiang loves me, loves me so much that it pains him so. I greedily drink in his face, praying that heaven would not strip me of this memory, allowing me to love this man in front of me wholeheartedly in my next life.

Time is running out. Right at the last minute, I hear the sound of voices. After getting over my excitement, before I could call for help, I hear the sound of the door being broken and people entering. Several men rush in, taking one look at the situation, and immediately dividing up the tasks, opening the window, twisting

the valve, unlocking the chains

"YuJiang! YuJiang! They're here, we are saved!" Even though my gas filled mind is in a mess, I am still conscious, surprised and elated. I don't know when YuJiang closed his eyes, as if sleeping peacefully. I suffer a huge shock, screaming loudly:

"YuJiang! YuJiang!" The men have already nimbly unlocked my hands and feet, I shudder and throw myself at YuJiang: "Don't die! Don't die! You can't do this!"

"Mr. Huang, please be careful, don't aggravate Mr. Rong's injuries." I am restrained by the men. Only then do I realize that YuJiang is not dead, maybe he passed out from losing too much blood. If I really had thrown myself at him, shifting the blades in his chest, that would be tantamount to me killing him. I break out in cold sweat right then and there. I let out a huge sigh.

"Doctor, find a doctor quickly." I grip my rescuer by the shoulders, shaking him, in an utter panic, my words unclear. The rescue unfolds quickly. Although we are at a remote vacation home, in this world, money is everything. A helicopter approaches thunderously, and lands at a forewarned first rate hospital. I watch as YuJiang is delivered into the operating room, and sit by the door, ill at ease. Those two knives were sawed away carefully from the valve by the rescuers, now still sticking out from YuJiang's chest, waiting to be removed by the operating surgeon.

"Mr. Huang, please have some water." At a loss, I take it and turn it round and round in my hands. This group of rescuers are

YuJiang's personal bodyguards. It's no wonder they are so proficient.

"If you guys had gotten to us earlier, YuJiang wouldn't be in this condition." This is just words uttered to vent my frustration, I definitely did not intend to criticize them.

"Mr. Huang, this incident, we bodyguards are definitely at fault." He continues: "But, every time Mr. Rong approaches Huang enterprise, we are not allowed to follow."

"Oh?" I thought he is someone that would never be without his bodyguards.

"Furthermore, every time Mr. Rong stops by Huang enterprise, his mood is usually very low, he would go off by himself, not wanting our protection. So, with regards to Mr. Rong going missing this time, we found out very late. After we found out that he is missing, we immediately turned on the tracker on his body. Because he was taken into the mountains, the signal was obstructed, so we took a little longer than expected." He concludes saying: "Of course it is our responsibility as a security company, we won't deny it. We will be responsible for all of Mr. Rong's expenses."

Right now, it's not the problem of expenses. I look at the light above the operating room door. I just want him to be safe, I just want him to be able to open his eyes. Even if I have to give up the entire Huang enterprise, what of it? I wait by the operating room through the night, unable to stop myself for imagining all sorts of outcomes. If YuJiang really dies, what will I do? What if the time of death between the two of us is too long, we will be

reincarnated at different times, doesn't that mean we won't see each other again? For my next life, let me be reincarnated as a woman, that way, we will be able to stay together without standing out. But then, as long as he loves me, why would care if I am a man or a woman.

I then start to pray to the surgeon operating on YuJiang, if

YuJiang were to die, please do not push YuJiang's corpse out of the room. Just let me stay here outside the operating room and keep hoping my whole life. I would rather be deceived, than to despair.

Just like this, my thoughts turning over and over, until finally the door of the operating room opens. I stand up in a panic, wanting to go over, only to discover that both my legs have lost their strength. I struggle to remain upright, craning my neck, the face of the person being pushed out of the room on the hospital bed is definitely not covered by a white cloth, immediately giving me some relief.

I slowly walk over, using my little finger to stroke

YuJiang's face. It's warm. YuJiang is still alive! I almost fainted with happiness, immediately feeling my spirits rise, before finally regaining the bearings of a normal person, turning around to catch hold of the doctor, asking:

"Doctor, how is his condition?" I can't tell if it's good or

bad from the doctor's expression, he slowly says:

"For now, the patient is stable " Before I could hear

him out, darkness suddenly falls over my eyes. Looks like I really fainted from happiness.

When I regain consciousness, I'm also lying on a hospital

bed. Dad and mom are both with me, looking at me with concern.

"YuJiang? How is YuJiang?" The first thing I ask is about

YuJiang. Dad says:

"YuJiang's condition is very stable, but you, your body has always been weak, and breathing in all that gas " I throw off the blanket, wanting to jump off the bed. Mom quickly asks:

"ShengSheng, what do you want? I'll get it for you."

"I want to see YuJiang."

"You yourself are in such a condition, rest a few days before going to see him. He has people taking care of him, you don't have to worry." Seeing them preventing me from going to see YuJiang, I suddenly get an ominous feeling. Right away my face pales, even my voice starts to quiver:

"What happened to YuJiang? Don't lie to me, what happened to YuJiang? What exactly happened to him? Dad and mom are frightened by the graveness of my voice. Dad shakes his head saying:

"Just take him over there, if he doesn't see YuJiang, he will only be having crazy thoughts, hopelessly incapacitated."

"Do you have to talk about your own son like this?" Mom scolds dad but still helps me out of the room. Only after I see YuJiang lying on the hospital bed, do I calm down, realizing how extremely paranoid I've become.

"YuJiang " I sit at his bedside, calling him softly.

This really is the first time, it's now my turn to sit by his bedside and watch his sleeping face.

"You **must**

absolutely not die." I say earnestly: "As long as you don't die, I will always love you, always be by your side." I say these words over and over, praying that he will hear them. But YuJiang doesn't wake. I really feel like shaking him awake. Mom tries everything to get me to return to my own hospital room, using both pleas and threats. After I understand that YuJiang is definitely not dead, I start to calm down, and listen obediently to mom's instructions.

As I'm lying on the bed, I faintly hear people speaking.

"Mr. Rong has woken up, he asks to see Mr. Huang immediately."

"But, ShengSheng has only just gone to sleep " I

force my eyes open and say loudly:

"I'll go!" I actually turned over and jumped down brightly

from the bed. Excited to no end. Entering YuJiang's hospital room, I see that that familiar pair of eyes are now open. Looking fixedly at me. Although I'm mentally prepared, my shoulders start to shake, almost wanting to wail loudly. YuJiang looks at me and says softly:

"It's good that you're not dead." He is still frail after the

surgery, after saying this sentence, he slowly closes his eyes, seeming incredibly relieved. I sit quietly at his side, watching him foolishly, not willing to leave him again not even for half a

step. After a long while, he wakes up again, opening his eyes and saying to me:

"I won't die."

"I know."

"But you have to love me and stay and by my side for the rest of our lives."

"I know." Far more than one lifetime, it should be at least three lifetimes. Just like this our injuries, no matter if they are physical or emotional, we gradually recovered completely. YuJiang's body healed very quickly. Even I suspect that heaven favors him. After he was no longer bedridden for a week, we quietly left the hospital without alerting the media, flying to HongKong together.

We stay side by side through the

"or 3 months">**month of March**, returning to the tenderness we once enjoyed. Everything feels like a spring dream. And when we wake, everything is still full of sunshine. With regards to YuJiang's actions, I am actually very touched. If someone is willing to give up his life for you, what else can you ask for? Furthermore, it was not just only one person that was willing to give up their lives for me, it's just that only one is still alive. Moreover, the one that is still alive is the one you love the most all your life.

At the end of March, the police headquarters notified us that the Malaysian police have arrested YuTing. How desperate he must have looked when he was finally arrested, I don't want to imagine. I really don't want to spoil this happy time thinking those

thoughts. The verdict was reached very quickly. He received the death penalty. What he was convicted of, was not just my kidnapping, but included other things, that I can't be bothered with. All this is within my expectations.

What I didn't expect is that YuTing actually asked to see me before he was put to death. How ridiculous, why would we need to see each other? When I received the request from the police headquarters, my initial reaction was to refuse. The person passing on the request on the phone hears my decision and says simply:

"Since Mr. Huang is not willing, we will also not insist." He accepted my decision so readily, leaving me a little surprised. Thinking it over carefully, things have already come to this, the last request from someone that is about to be put to death, treated as something of no importance, is actually a little cold-hearted. Me and YuTing, we have already spent more than enough time with each other. The person conveying the request could be a little more understanding, and try a little harder to fulfill his request. Or maybe it's because of my recent good mood, making me especially soft-hearted. Such that when I hear such an uncaring reply, I say after getting over my surprise:

"Please hold on a second " I think it over and ask: "Approximately how long would the visit be?"

"At most it would be an hour, but of course, if Mr. Huang has any misgivings, you have every right to leave at any time."

"Fine, I'll go." The same day, I book my flight to Malaysia.

YuJiang's injuries have already healed for the most part, hearing my decision, he says:

"I'll go with you, in case you start to feel afraid."

"What is there to fear?"

"YuTing is fearsome, Malaysia is also a fearsome place." I see his point, nodding:

"Then we should quickly book another ticket." YuJiang gives me a kiss, saying laughingly:

"You don't need to worry." After I recover my senses, I realize he had already done so a while ago. This person's **all encompassing** net, is truly never absent. We reach Malaysia the next day together. Thinking of the last time I came to Malaysia with ShuTing, setting off all sorts of calamities, I'm filled with regret. YuJiang drives me to the place where I am to meet YuTing, dropping me off.

"I'll wait for you here. He asked to see you, not me." I don't know why but I'm a little scared, looking at YuJiang separated from me by the car window, not moving for a few seconds. YuJiang sighs and rolls down the window, and pats me saying: "Don't be afraid, I will be waiting right here for you." I nod, finally going in by myself.

The prison guard that had been notified was waiting for me, once he sees me, he arranges the meeting. In reality, even though He enterprise has gone up in smoke, remnants of its power still remains. The YuTing that is in front of me is not as desperate as I had imagined, it's just that he has accepted his impending death,

but still neatly clothed and healthy. One look and you can tell that someone is looking after him in prison. I face YuTing, separated by a table. The room is deserted, with no guards in sight, I don't know if this is the special treatment given to death row inmates, or special treatment for the son-in-law of He enterprise.

"ShengSheng, I didn't think you would come." YuTing looks at me, extremely composed.

"I myself didn't think I would. YuTing, everything ends when one dies, I hope you will be able to get a little peace of mind."

Those are words of truth. Thinking of someone going to their death with a complicated heart, just does not seem right.

"That's right, everything ends when one dies. Ever since the day YuJiang existed, I have been doomed to see this day. You are no exception." I sigh:

"Even now, you want to drive a wedge between us."

"**Tsk tsk,**

ShengSheng, you are so naive." YuTing shakes his head: "YuJiang, this person, anything that falls within his sights, will never escape his

"five finger mountain (where Monkey God was imprisoned)">**grasp.**

That goes for me, you, even ShuTing, He enterprise and Rong enterprise." I listen to his long list, and realize that he has a lot to say, nodding:

"You can say whatever you want, but please remember, true are the words of a dying man."

"Fine, I'm just afraid that you won't listen." YuTing looks at me intently as if wanting to carve each and every one of his words into my mind: "First, let's consider Rong enterprise, how he got to power, you yourself are well aware."

"Indeed, there is no need for you to elaborate."

"Now for Huang enterprise, he took it over, then handed it over to you, and after turning round and round, in the end who exactly is in charge of Huang enterprise?"

"I'm in charge of Huang enterprise."

"Ha ha, ShengSheng, I don't know how you managed to obtain half the construction rights for Mainland China. But, based on YuJiang's character, unless he let you, you would never have been able to snatch even a little bit from his hands." I just nod:

"Fine, let's just say he let me. But Huang enterprise has been mine all along."

"It's only YuJiang presenting you with a toy, letting you proudly hold a water pistol, fully content in your heart and mind that you are of the same standing as him." YuJiang continues: "Of course, this is better than him not giving you any toys." Listening to YuTing's words, I can't say that I don't feel uncomfortable.

"Now we've come to He enterprise, YuJiang have long since spied on He enterprise, saying he wants to help you take revenge, at the very end, He enterprise did not end up falling by his hand. And then there's ShuTing, even if I didn't kill him, do you really think he would survive? Let me tell you, the one that YuJiang hates the most, is ShuTing, he was willing to let me go that year, but he

would never let go of ShuTing. If ShuTing did not die, YuJiang will definitely find a way to finish him off."

I try my best to stay calm, straight as a ramrod on the chair. I say softly:

"YuTing, even if YuJiang hates ShuTing, it's because he loves me. This one point, there is no way you can deny."

"You're right, ShengSheng, YuJiang really loves you." YuTing lowers his eyes, and uses the same soft voice to answer me: "What YuJiang did to save you, I had the pleasure of reading about it in the papers. But after I was arrested, and calmed down, I only realize someone like YuJiang, would he have been that easily captured by me? Those men that came bursting through the door, also came just in time, arriving just at the most critical moment. This kind of love, don't tell me you are not even a little afraid?"

I feel as if I have fallen through ice. I feel as if my mind has received a fierce blow. Just like a crack in the spider web, from inside out, spreading outwards. Only stopping just below the outermost layer, not showing any outward signs. This kind of love, don't tell me you are not even a little afraid? A thousand hundred thoughts swirl through my mind. But, I love YuJiang, not even a thousand twists and a hundred turns, will untie this unyielding knot. There is really no escape, our hearts are now joined. I can't not forgive him for everything, just like he can't not love the countless scars on my mind and body. I take a deep breath and say slowly:

"At least, his blood is real, his injuries are

real."

"Ha ha, ha ha " YuTing laughs with his eyes closed, shoulders shaking. He says: "ShengSheng, you and him are really made perfectly for each other, in heaven and on earth, there are no others as well matched as the both of you." I say coldly:

"Thank you for the compliment."

"Fine, fine, I'll admit that I fail to poke holes in the love you have for each other that is as high as the heavens, as deep as the oceans." YuTing puts away his smiling face and waves his hands at me. I let out a sigh. This final encounter, is not only a battle of wills between YuTing and me, it's becoming more like a test of the love between YuJiang and me. I didn't expect YuTing to use his last wish to keep at this struggle. To what end? I stand up, feeling a little disappointed. From the start, I never should have hoped that someone faced with death would

"wash heart, renew face">**turn over a new leaf.**

"Are you leaving?" YuTing raises his head.

"You still have something to say?"

"ShengSheng, the words I say today, not one of them is a lie."

"I know." I nod. But not one of his words, is without harmful intentions. YuTing asks:

"There is one final thing, would you like to hear it?"

Standing up looking down at him, I faintly feel a sense of pity. I get to leave, but he, he has to stay and await his death. What reason do I have to not let him have his last words?

"Go on, I'll listen."

"That night, I did not cut your face." He looks at me coldly:

"The one that disfigured you, is definitely not me." Then who could it be? Who else could it be? I am unable to take another breath, falling immediately onto the chair. The sky turns, the earth spins, my eyes are filled with stars. As if fireworks are exploding in front of my eyes, one after another, it's just that there is no sound. That night I felt a sharp pain when I was in a stupor, and when I woke up, I saw YuJiang's smiling face. He kissed my cuts tenderly, as if he didn't mind them. He once yelled at me: How much effort do I have to make, before all your former lovers stop trying to approach you! He hates everyone that gets close to me, that's why he hates ShuTing. I sprawl over the table before finally raising my head to look at YuTing.

"You don't believe me?" I reply hoarsely:

"I believe you." These three words are like knives. I am

assaulted by my own words, blood cascading out from my heart. I prop myself up, asking: "But, why did you wait until today to tell me this?" YuTing replies:

"I didn't have the chance, and even if I did have to chance

to tell you, you may not have believed me. Even if you did believe me, there was nothing in it for me." I can't deny that I hate this person in front of me. I know that I have fallen into the trap set by this doomed person. YuTing stands up, knowing that he has achieved his goal, and presses the buzzer. The guard appears immediately. "This is goodbye, ShengSheng. I will soon be free of this nightmare caused by YuJiang, what about you?" He walks away

without a care. Even if he is putting on a show, he still manages to seem carefree in front of me one last time.

I never knew that someone could be so malicious. The guard looks at me strangely. In his eyes, my expression is probably much worse than that of YuTing who would soon be put to death. I ask:

"Can you let me stay a little longer?" He nods and even considerately leaves the room, letting me have peace and quiet in the meeting room. I can't help replaying everything in my mind. Indeed, it's not that hard to put the pieces together. YuJiang, he still has complete control over me. He was always accurate, and he never left anything out. He has an infallible network of spies, and finesse that's heaven sent, unmatched in his schemes. If the winner is not him, wouldn't it be unfair? What is there for me to say?

Time flies by. This peace and quiet gives me the strength to think everything over. What I'm left with is not at all glorious, especially when it comes to the yesterday between me and YuJiang. Life is like that, when you experience it, it seems one way, but when you look back on it, it was actually something else altogether. **Traps**

were arranged in every direction, poised to be triggered by a single step, endless traction with one touch, never to be free.

I think about the scar on my forehead, and think about the scar on YuJiang's forehead, and think of how he has always refused to even consider plastic surgery. I think of him exclaiming while

holding the crying me in his arms: How can I heal the wounds? I beg you to teach me, ShengSheng. I go through all that have passed, among them sour, sweet, bitter, hot, tasting one after another. In this place, I will decide how to proceed. How ironic, it turns out that I'm fated to spend time in the prison in Malaysia, it's becoming the best place for me to straighten out my life. Have you heard of the sudden enlightenment of the

"of Zen Buddhism">**Sixth Patriarch?** Looks like

that really does exist in this world. How lucky is HuangSheng, to experience this a little.

When I emerge from the prison, the sun has already set behind the West mountain. To me, it's as if a lifetime has passed. YuJiang is leaning on the front of the car, he has been waiting for me outside all this time. Seeing me come out, he slowly straightens himself, not the least bit impatient.

"Done with your meeting with YuTing?" I nod. YuJiang asks:

"How do you feel?"

"How do you think I feel? YuJiang, you already knew that

YuTing would reveal the truth to me, why didn't you stop it? It would have been easy for you."

"I don't want to deceive you any longer." I raise my head

abruptly, and stare at him quietly. My facial expression changes like day and night one after another, without end, shrouded in mystery. Heavy thoughts roll through my heart, but can I give up something that was achieved after a thousand bitterness, ten thousand hardships? Finally, I open my mouth and say:

"YuJiang, let us go pay our respects at ShuTing's grave, how about it?" ShuTing's body was returned to the cemetery of the He family for burial, although it's not far, but by the time we arrive, the sky is already completely dark. The cemetery is deserted, apart from the cold chilling air. We stand silently in front of ShuTing's grave for a long time. I suddenly ask: "YuJiang, do you love me more, or did ShuTing love me more?" YuJiang doesn't make a sound, no one has ever been able to force him to answer what he doesn't want to answer. I ask: "YuJiang, the trust between us has been smashed and shattered, what about the love?" He stares at me intently and with a sudden long sigh, he folds me into his arms.

"In the time it takes to snap one's fingers, we can distinguish

"Buddhist teaching of impermanence">**sixty**

moments, an in that moment, time is eternal,

ShengSheng, if life is only made out of these eternal moments, how good would that be." I raise my head to look at him, not knowing when he turned so sentimental. I know that his heart has always been tangled and complicated, impossible to truly understand. I know his savage instincts, to do whatever it takes to keep the person he loves by his side. In order to make me stay, he doesn't hesitate to hurt me, he also doesn't hesitate to hurt himself.

Until we are both completely covered with scars, extremely worn out.

As for YuJiang's character, he is capable of driving me to

such a condition, what else is there to say? So many schemes, so many lies, so many frightening moments, just for one word of love. Right here and now, I am suddenly enlightened. Those who have true love, have struggled to achieve a heart of stone, bronzed skin and bones of steel, just so their heart would be able to summon the courage to accept the realities of love. The ugly side of love, only those who have gone through it can face it, only then can they let go of their ideals and embrace the imperfections of love. This very moment, I have

"realize my mistakes">**become Buddha on the spot**, achieving what I have struggled for, my mind is sufficiently at peace such that I able to accept all that YuJiang has done in the past, and all that he will do in the future.

"Indeed, this moment is eternal, why should we still think of yesterday?" I close my eyes and say softly: "YuJiang, right now is our eternity." After that, I feel a warm drop falling behind my ear. No matter what, I believe, that this teardrop, it is the real thing. This teardrop is the real thing ----- for this whole lifetime, I won't doubt it. Have you heard of the lighthouse? In the middle of the vast raging seas, as long as there is a faint light, one would know where one is headed. This teardrop, is my lighthouse. This is YuJiang's one true heart. Now that I have it, why would I need to keep asking for it? Yesterday has already vanished into nothingness. YuJiang, tonight, please enter my dreams.

THE END

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

There are two extras to this story.

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昨天 by 風弄 Special Chapter

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

Chinese New Year's Eve, I'm dressed up nicely and neatly,
receiving

"red envelopes containing gifts of money usually given by the married to the unmarried"> **red packets** from my parents. When I turn

around, some distant aunt whose name I can't remember
asks:

"ShengSheng, when will it be your turn to give out red

packets?" This abrupt question cuts at my heart. A joyous family
reunion for the spring festival, ruined by a tactless woman. I sulk
in my room for some time, before thinking, why should I get angry
over such an uncivilized woman? It's just that it's New Year's Eve.

It's just that YuJiang is not by my side. It's hard to break free
from the stickiness of my longing for him. I stare intently at the
hefty red packets, until the redness start to hurt my eyes, only to
admit just how much I miss him. If I have to long for him, it'd be
better if I make him long for me too, my heart feels resentful, I
make the long distance call, directly to the President of Rong
enterprise. YuJiang answers and says smoothly:

"One day of separation, feels as long as three autumns, which
autumn would today be?" My gloominess turns into laughter as I ask:

"Whichever one it is, let's just say you're right. Come to think of
it, let me give you a little test. Last night I had a strange
dream, can you guess what it was about?" The phone goes silent for

a while before I hear a chuckle from the other end.

"ShengSheng, when people have something they wish to say but dare not, they will use a dream as an excuse. What you want me to guess, is it your dream, or is it what's in your heart?"

"Who says I have such intentions?" I let out a *hmph* before hanging up the phone. I lean by the

window, watching the bright moon rising. The phone starts to ring, ringing endlessly, shaking the room with it buzzing, making one unable to ignore it. YuJiang says:

"Are you watching fireworks?"

"Fireworks from where?" I'm resentful. This is not China, New Years for the French is the first day of the new calendar, why would they celebrate Chinese New Year's Eve? He continues on saying:

"It's very festive here outside my window, burst after burst of fireworks coming together, simply beautiful." I was just about to give him a cold *hmph* when he says softly: "ShengSheng, if you were here, I would be able to see your joyful expression." Such

intimate tender words, causes that cold *hmph* to get stuck in my throat, unable to go up or down. I can only laugh

bitterly:

"Thank you for your kindness."

"Courtesy demands reciprocity," He actually demands repayment immediately: "answer me this question truthfully." He asks: "Are you thinking of me?"

"No."

"Do you want me to go over?" I'm surprised:

"Go where?"

"Where else?" My heart feels a little touched. I cast aside the phone and run to the door, pulling it open. Outside the door, it's as empty as ever, it's as if a bucket of cold water was poured over my head. I pick up the phone again:

"Where are you watching the fireworks?"

"By the window." Suddenly I hear a shrill whistling sound behind me, I quickly turn around, to see a firecracker soaring through the sky, *boom*, bursting into ten thousands and thousands of green flames. The explosions come one after another, without any breaks. Right this second, the sky is full of beautiful purples and brilliant reds, contending with each other, coming together colorfully, scaring away the bright moon and all the stars, seeming to take over the whole night sky.

"It's really beautiful." I hear a sigh behind me. Surprised, I turn around quickly. YuJiang smiles, turning me back around by the shoulder, to watch the fireworks together. Blooming fireworks, falling fireworks, moments of brilliance, seem to continue on, as if eternally.

"When did you arrive?"

"A few hours ago."

"Were you preparing the fireworks?"

"The fireworks were ready a long time ago, just awaiting my command." He turns to look at me, saying smilingly: "I was in the main hall downstairs handing out red packets, giving out so many, stunning a few women so much they turned pale, regretting a 100% that they have chosen the wrong husband." I smile slightly at him:

"Your spies are really formidable, 365 days a year, no matter

if it's big or small, reporting everything." He doesn't answer, but raises his hands to hold mine in his. The whole sky is breathtaking, blooming and vanishing, touching my soul, with trails of smoke. In the end, I'm just not like him, unable to stay silent, I ask him: "YuJiang, you're doing too much for me."
"I want to."

"But really, you don't have to put in so much thought into making right the past." He turns around quickly and stares at me. I'm startled, it has been a long time since I've seen him like this, I have almost forgotten that his eyes can be so piercing. He is no longer smiling, looking at me intently, stressing each word:

"ShengSheng, what do I still owe you?" I take a step back, unable to avoid his eyes that are following me like a shadow, piercing through to my marrow. "I treat you with love, with heart." He smiles bitterly: "Not atonement, only because I want to."

"YuJiang"

"Don't apologize." He stops me. My heart, my thoughts, he has never failed to figure them out. With nothing left to say, I sit on the bed, watching the fireworks light up the sky colorfully, the fireworks burst into magnificent flowers, bloom after bloom, fleeting brilliance, the result breathtaking. That New Year's Eve night, YuJiang conveyed a lot of words to me. I remember him sitting next to me, watching the fireworks outdo each other beautifully.

"Do you know, trying to guess what's in someone's heart, is

very very tiring."

"Loving someone, is also very very tiring."

"But to not guess and not love, is even even more tiring." He

sits by my side, his spine as straight as a javelin, his broad shoulders making one feel safe. I stare at him, he stares at the fireworks outside the window. I know that he is very very tired.

Again, I can't bear it, saying:

"YuJiang, you're tired." I move slightly: "Lean on my

shoulder, and rest a while." Hearing these words, his eyes glisten and he looks away. Instead he shakes his head.

"No, I don't need it now." He gives me a simple smile, his

face like tender jade: "But if one day, ShengSheng, if I'm really really tired, please use your shoulder to support me." That New Year's Eve day, we watch the fireworks together. The fireworks are never ending, blooming and dispersing, dispersing and blooming.

Such that the five brilliant colors, fill our eyes, fill our hearts. I lean on YuJiang's shoulder, feeling especially warm.

I know he is tired. But it doesn't matter. His tiredness,

also belongs to me. Just like, his love, also belongs to me. His

tiredness belongs to me. His schemes belong to me. His **all encompassing traps** belong to me. His plots and craftiness,

belong to me. Everything belongs to me. He belongs to me.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.

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昨天 by 風弄 Special Chapter ~ Trick

Yesterday by Feng Nong.

The new president's office that I just moved into, is about the same size as the previous one, however the style is completely different. I got rid of the european style desk, choosing one with curves in the classical style of the Ming and Qing dynasties, with the faint fragrance of rosewood, entering the nose, making one feel good. I finish signing the small neat pile of documents on the desk, put down the pen, and lean back.

I breathe in deeply the cool air that carries the fragrance of rosewood, while looking at the chinese fan painting that hangs on the wall. It is an antique that is from three to four hundred years ago. Marigold, calligraphy, it was nothing much to look at at first, but after looking at it a few more times, it becomes more pleasing the more you look at it. HongBing that little girl, her taste is getting better and better. I have an amusing thought, should the day come when she no longer wants to be a secretary, she could be a master of interior design.

"Boss." Speak of

"King of Wei, conveys the meaning - speak of the devil">**CaoCao**, and CaoCao arrives, just when I was thinking of her, I hear her voice. HongBing pushes the door open and comes in, she comes in as she always does, full of life, smiling "Good news."

"You're having a second child?"

"Of course not." she pulls a face, "This matter of giving

birth, once is enough, it's laborious and topped with suffering, how could that be good news?" She says excitedly: "Huge success, Singapore's Fantasy Star City accepted our bid."

"En."

"Boss. Is that all you have to say, 'en'?" My response was probably lacking in enthusiasm, she looks at me, almost filled with indignation, her small fists clenched, baring fangs and brandishing claws, "The significance of this bid is huge."

"What huge significance?"

"Of course it is," HongBing points out the significance,

"Rong enterprise also went all out for this project, but the one that got the contract, is us Huang enterprise." I laugh in spite of myself. This young lady, I don't know where she gets this will to fight, always clamoring to have a showdown with Rong enterprise.

"Boss, you're not taking this seriously." She rubs her fists and wipe her palms, "This calls for a big celebration, we can't treat it as nothing, I'll go plan a victory party."

I can only smile wryly at her petite and neat back. I really

don't understand the people around me, each one seemingly fierce and astute, each one better than the other. No need to consider YuJiang, that one was born like that. This young lady, when she first entered the company, she was like a lovable and cute little swan, after only a few years, shaking heaven and earth transforming into Wu ZeTian reincarnated, words once spoken, four horses can't take back, such that me, this president wouldn't be able to chase her down even if I ran until I broke my leg.

That night, of course after dressing appropriately under her

supervision, she escorts me to attend the celebration. I have to say that while her queenlike behavior increases day by day, HongBing's performance at work also improves correspondingly, I also don't know how many pairs of jade hands she has, arranging in one day what one would say is a perfect small cocktail party.

"The mermaid ice sculpture displayed on the long table, is one that I custom ordered, urging the master to complete it quickly, does it look good?"

"Good!" No matter what she asks, it's best that I just nod.

If not, for the next half month, there won't be even one good day. If it's not being scared to death by a mountain of files, then it would be tired to death by a completely stuffed itinerary.

"President, congratulations."

"This Singapore bid, will take our outstanding performance this year to the next level."

"Tonight, we should raise a glass properly, and celebrate."

Throughout the whole reception, the clear and melodious clinking of glasses ring out over and over. The color of fine wine fill up the crystal glasses, with each small sip, the sound of clinking glasses gets more and more pleasing. My cheeks start to heat up, I'm starting to feel just a little tipsy.

"ShengSheng." I turn around, and smile, placing a glass of red wine into his hand,

"Come, ZhenHong, cheers." ZhenHong is an old classmate from my schooldays, also from a business family, he went to New Zealand

to expand his business, only returning last month, calling me up a few times. He kept saying that the friends he has in France are becoming less and less, wanting to meet up with me to reminisce over the old days. We made several verbal appointments, but I had to cancel because of other engagements. I didn't expect HongBing to be so attentive, putting him on the guest list. Meeting an old friend, it gives a good feeling. "The sun in New Zealand is so brutal? You're tanned."

"Am I? Does it look bad?" ZhouHeng looks me up and down, "You are still as beautifully fair as ever." Not only is his skin dark, his eyes are also jet-black, shining like stars. I must be drunk, I suddenly thought I saw YuJiang's face, but after shaking myself, I see that it's not him.

"I've drunk too much." I support my forehead with my hand.

"Do you want to go home?" I want to shake my head. But when I raise my eyes, he had already taken out his car keys. Such a quick response. "Do you trust me?" He swings the keys hanging on his fingertip, causing the keys to tinkle, asking me laughingly. I find it funny. It's not a question of trust but a question of fear. Just like the old HuangSheng amusing himself with the temptations of the world, he is still like an embarrassed school kid, secretly in love with a beautiful woman. What's there to be afraid of?

"If you please, if you please." I nod my head.

Inconveniencing him one trip, is better than getting in HongBing's imperial chariot. While Her Highness the Empress Dowager drives, she would make me feel the familiar sense of guilt and I would

again vow to never again touch one drop of alcohol at cocktail parties. How exasperating, the reception is clearly her idea. I notify HongBing who is busy taking care of the guests, and follow unsteadily behind ZhenHong, pushing the door and leaving the room.

He says:

"I'll go get the car, be back in no time." Nodding, I stand by the door smiling. It's not even a moment before a limousine drives up, slowly coming to a stop at the foot of the stairs. I look at it a little stunned. I thought he said a sports car. I walk down the stairs, moving towards the rear door, pulling it open, I'm again stunned.

"Just as I expected." I slowly shake my slightly heavy head.

I had guessed he would show up, I just didn't think it would be so soon. That's right, it's YuJiang, it could only be YuJiang. If there is someone on this earth who goes overboard for love, even if we were to consider three thousand worlds, that person, would definitely be Rong YuJiang. YuJiang lets me get into the car. The leather seat is spacious and comfortable, once I take a seat, the drunkenness turns into sleepiness.

"ShengSheng, you drank again." My eyes closed, I hear a helpless sigh.

"We're celebrating, the Singapore project, HongBing said it is a rare win over Rong enterprise." My lips are covered, warm and moist, leaving me utterly satisfied.

"En, rare win over Rong enterprise justifies such a grand banquet?" YuJiang asks laughingly.

"Speaking of that, did you secretly help us out?" I lazily

open one eye.

"Why do you not have faith in your own strength?"

"Replying with a question instead of an answer, only means you're guilty." Understanding that, I close my eyes again, turning my back to him. "If you want to win, then win, why mix business with personal affairs." He turns me back around to face him.

"It's not mixing business with personal affairs, it's weighing my choices, Rong enterprise will be focusing on New Zealand for the next six months, so we decided to let Singapore go for now."

"New Zealand?" I ask this question. ZhenHong just went over there in preparation for his expansion. There is no way this is a coincidence.

"That's right, why, are you also interested in New Zealand?"

He looks me up and down, eyes shining brightly. What the hell. No matter how I look at him, he still has on a completely composed face. Clearly the barrel of vinegar is about to explode, yet he still appears like cloudless skies and light breeze, smiling slightly not revealing the impending explosion. I hold my breath,

"YuJiang, do you have to be like this?" He actually had the nerve to play dumb,

"What do you mean?"

"Rong enterprise is so mighty, it should be generous.

ZhenHong and I are only old schoolmates. You can't wipe out all the old schoolmates and old friends by my side."

"Which one is ZhenHong?" He asks amiably. I sneer. How come this conversation is turning more and more into an inquisition? I reply simply,

"It's the one you just saw, the man that came out together with me." He continues on laughing amiably,

"ShengSheng, what are you talking about? Meeting up with an old schoolmate at a party, talking about the old days, all everyday things, when did I ever say otherwise." Looking at him smiling without a care, I know that his jealousy is already as enormous as the Atlantic ocean. Can there really be such a capable and yet petty man on earth?

"I only met with him once today."

"O? So cold towards an old schoolmate? Not even a phone call?" It's really like trying to pry open my heart, I'm struggling so much that even my drunkenness disappeared.

"At most, it was only a few calls."

"Only phone calls? No plans to meet up?"

"There was, but I had to cancel because of other engagements, he doesn't mean anything special to me." He looks at me intently, his tender expression carries a hint of how he is carefully evaluating my response, after a while, the corners of his mouth curves upwards, saying tenderly:

"ShengSheng, you don't have to explain anything to me." I let out a huge sigh, really full of admiration for him. Such a huge barrel of vinegar, and he manages to not spill even a single drop. I can only resort to the method for confronting barrels of vinegar, letting them spill away. Without a word, I release his safety belt.

"What are you doing?" He asks knowing full well what I'm doing.

"Physical examination." My teeth itches. His smile widens immediately, reaching over to push me down. It's his turn to help me out of my safety belt. Asking carelessly while releasing the latch:

"How many old friends and relatives do you still have?"

"There's none left, other than the one that died of natural causes, the rest have been successfully eliminated by you. From now on, there nothing left for you to worry about, you can **be at ease**.

"How can I, there are too many men in this world, even women cannot be trusted." Heavens. Why do men of high intellect, often turn so childish when jealous? I ask:

"YuJiang, do you know that this type and day and night vigilance, will lead to nervous tension." YuJiang actually had the nerve to say:

"I'm used to it, if I don't see you, I will be even more nervous." He has already taken off all my clothes, taking advantage of my speechlessness, he slowly enters as if declaring ownership. I stifle a cry, gripping his shoulder tensely. Luckily the glass partition is raised, so my voice won't reach the ear of the third person. A whole two weeks not seeing each other, the desire, once ignited is impossible to repress.

Lingering sweetness permeates the compartment of the limo, from the reception to the villa that I'm now living in, it's still

not enough. YuJiang wraps me up in my clothes, carrying me to the second floor. I protest weakly from inside his arms,
"Are you going to punish me?" He laughs asking:
"You didn't do anything wrong, so why would I punish you?" He
kicks open the bedroom door, places me in the middle of the large bed, and tenderly pushes me down firmly.

"En YuJiang."

"ShengSheng, I love the way you call my name." He covers me from head to toe, not leaving even an inch uncovered. The heat is endless. "Why is it, that you're always making me worried?" His actions, and words both fills me with great force. Making one unable to ignore, every single word he says, every look he makes.

"Why is it, that you make me so

"pull intestines, suspend stomach">**anxious?**" I

let out soft cries, smiling complicatedly under his chest.

Who. Who makes who

"pull intestines, suspend stomach">**so anxious?**

How can it be HuangSheng, HuangSheng is always here, if not in the office, then in this villa, when occasionally attending parties, will be dragged into the car for an inquisition. I'm not the one, whose whereabouts for the day are not clear. I'm not the one, like a magical dragon, head is visible, but not the tail. So ultimately who is it that makes who so worried?

"En " I'm criticizing inwardly while moaning, my

neck pushed in deeply, looking at the ceiling that I stare at every time I have trouble sleeping. More, more. Two weeks of pent up lust

and desire, tinged with jealousy and I'm still not afraid. More.

Letting it all pour into me from YuJiang. HuangSheng is not afraid of anything.

It's only after a few days, that I return

"heavy head, light legs">**lightheadedly** to the

office for the first time. HongBing is already accustomed to my frequent absences every one to two weeks, once she sees I'm back, she will first reward me with a huge pile of accumulated files, then she would list the calls I missed when I was away, saying:

"Mr. Chen ZhenHong has been calling continuously, saying you **pulled a disappearing**

stunt on your old schoolmate, making him heartbroken." I huff coldly,

"If he's heartbroken then my body must be broken."

"Then do you still want to make arrangements for dinner with him?"

I let out a soft sigh. What is there to arrange? YuJiang had

already rushed back with murderous intent from the other side of the world. The tenderness that comes from someone so prone to jealousy comes with its consequences. I have become used to it.

But, since we're talking about that, there's always two sides to the story. If you fall in love with a very very busy man, how would you get him to your side at any time? Make a long distance phone call and say I miss you, is the clumsiest move. The simplest move, nothing can beat calling up a few old friends, say one or two

ambiguous words, and add an unexpected encounter on top of that, that would be more than enough. Against this exceedingly shrewd man, it is very effective. I have used this little trick ----- more than a few times.

I don't speak Chinese. Corrections welcomed.
Ok. as far as I know, that's all for this story

:)

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